THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.º D.¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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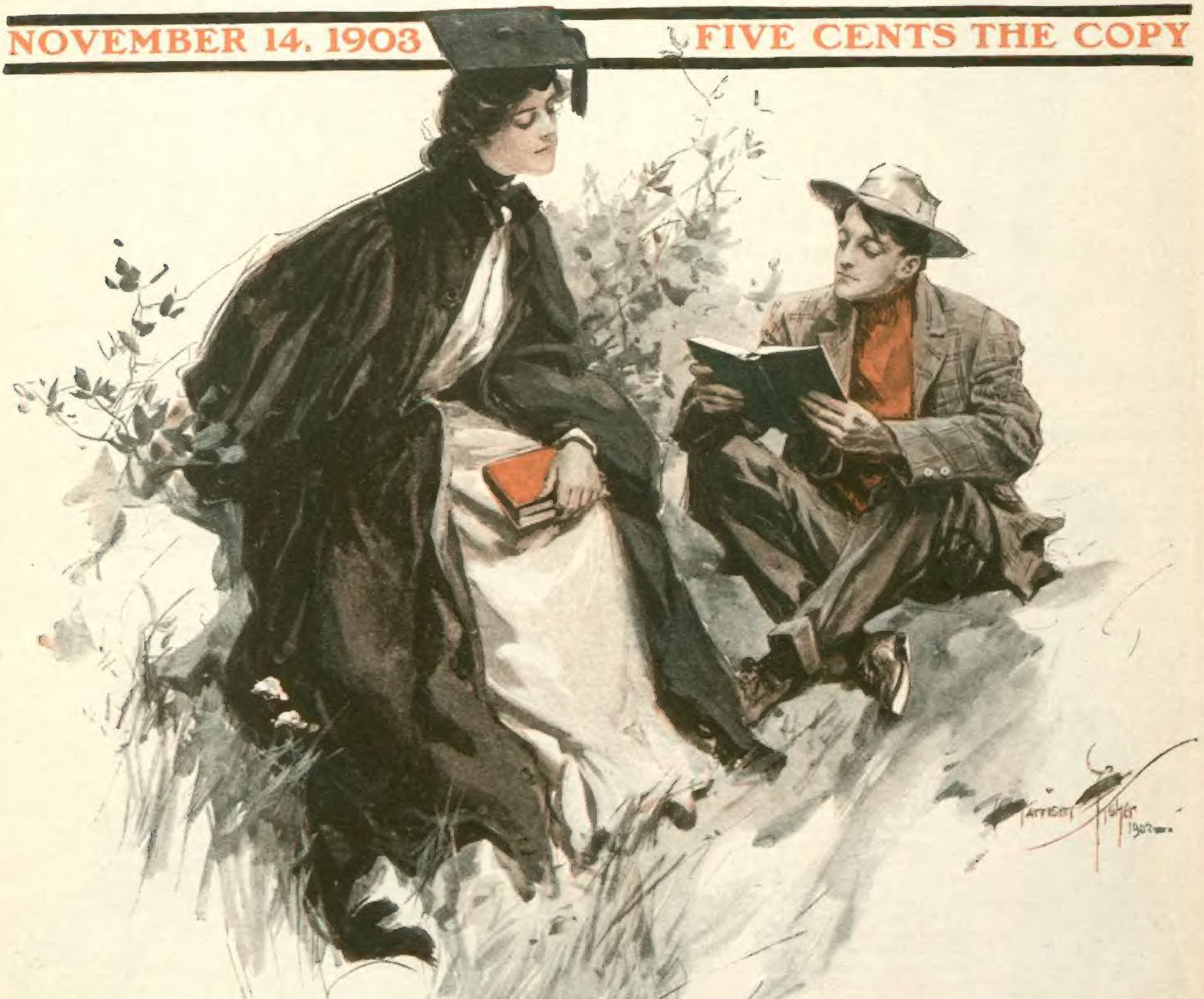

Beginning

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

BRITAIN'S BREAD

By W. C. Edgar

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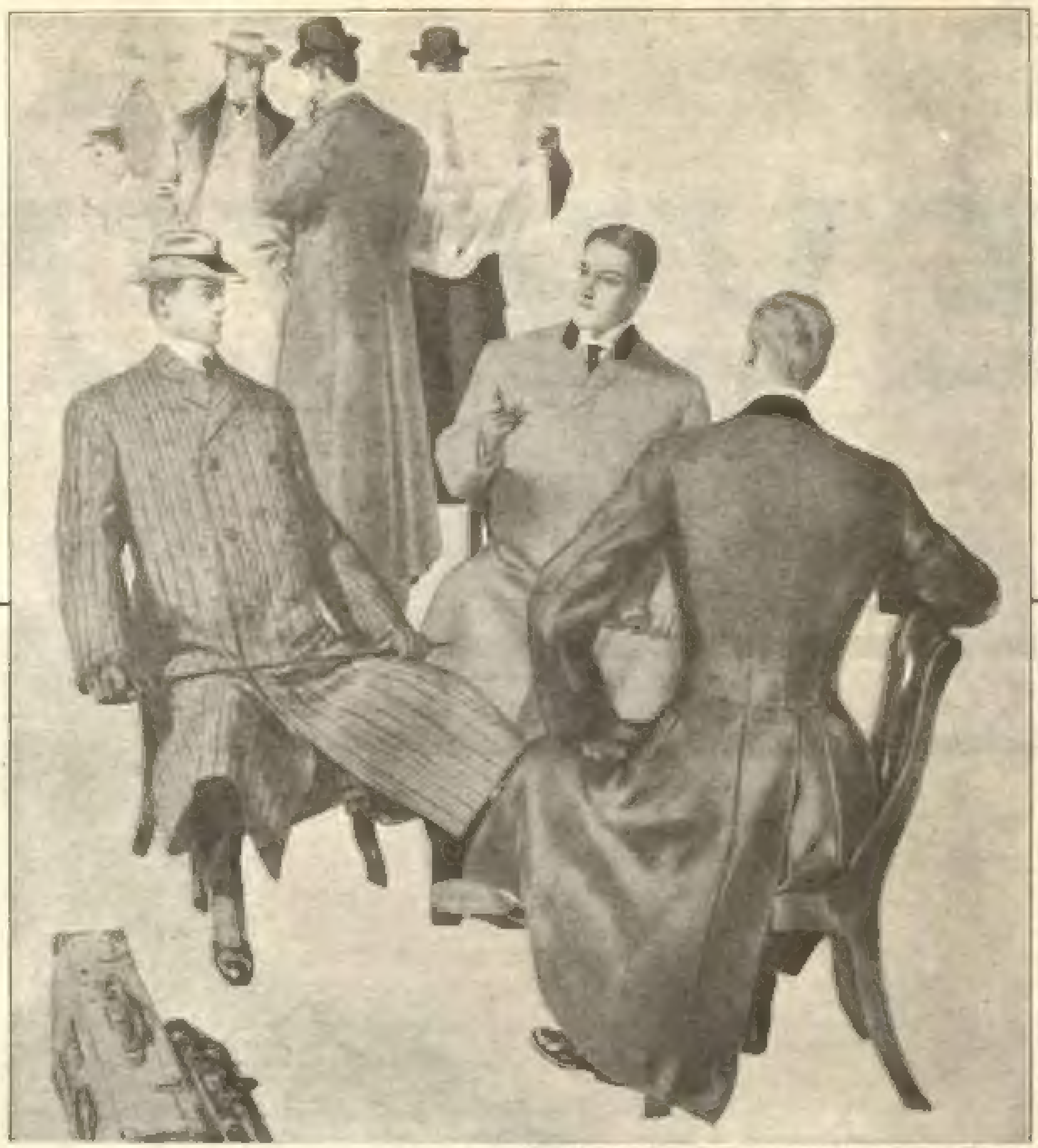

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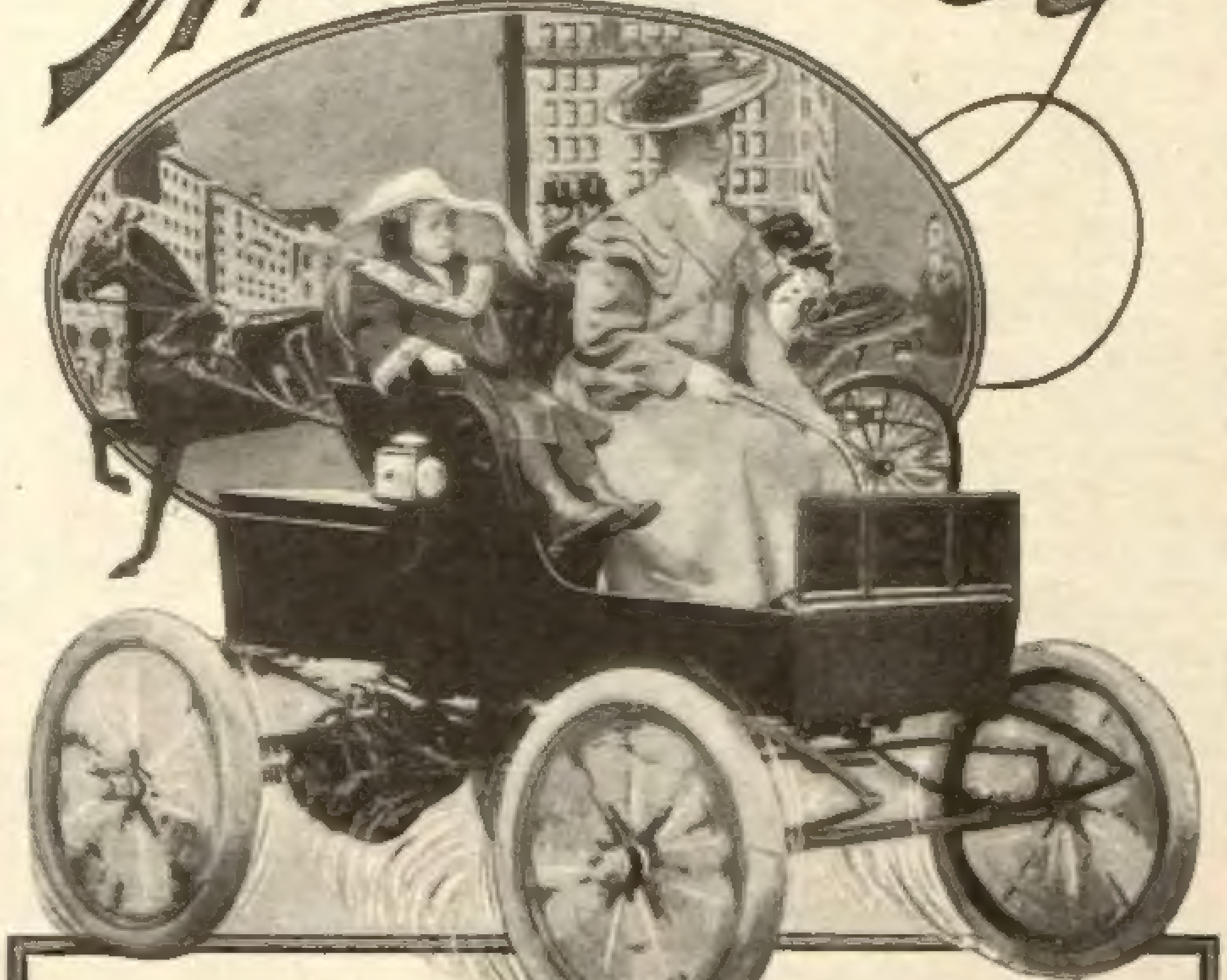

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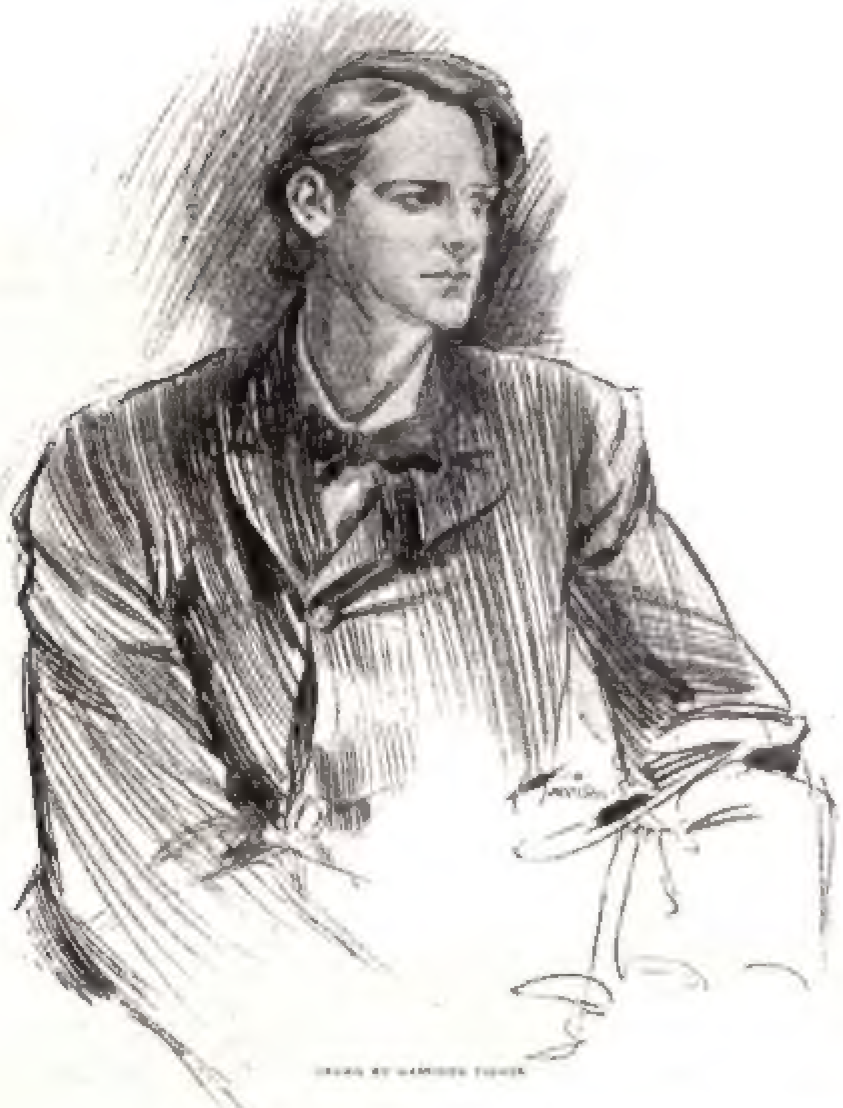
THE COST

A Tale of a Man and Two Women

By David Graham Phillips



"HE LOOKS LIKE A KING WHO HAD BEEN KIDNAPED AS A CHILD AND BROUGHT UP IN THE WILDS"

PAULINE GARDINER joined us on the day that we, the Second Reader class, moved from the basement to the top story of the old Central Public School. Her mother brought her and, leaving, looked round at us, meeting for an instant each pair of curious eyes with friendly appeal.

We knew well the fascinating house where she lived—stately, retreated far into large grounds in Jefferson Street; a high brick wall all round, and on top of the wall broken glass set in cement. Behind that impassable barrier which so teased our young audacity were flower-beds and "shrub" bushes whose blossoms were wonderfully sweet if held a while in the closed hand; grape arbors and shade and fruit trees, haunted by bees; winding walks strewn fresh each spring with tanbark that has such a clean, strong odor, especially just after a rain, and that is at once firm and soft beneath the feet. And in the midst stood the only apricot tree in Saint X. As few of us had tasted apricots, and as those few pronounced them better far than oranges or even bananas, that tree was the climax of our tantalizations.

The place had belonged to a childless old couple who hated children—or did they bar them out and drive them away because the sight and sound of them made the pain of empty old age too keen to bear? The husband died, the widow went away to her old-maid sister at Madison; and the Gardiners, coming from Cincinnati to live in the town where Colonel Gardiner was born and had spent his youth, bought the place. On our way to and from school in the first weeks of that term, pausing as always to gaze in through the iron gates of the drive, we had each day seen Pauline walking alone among the flowers. And she would stop and smile at us; but she was apparently too shy to come to the gates; and we, with the memory of the cross old couple still awing us, dared not attempt to make friends with her.

She was eight years old, tall for her age, slender but strong, and naturally graceful. Her hazel eyes were always dancing mischievously. She liked boys' games better than girls'. In her second week she induced several of the more daring girls to go with her to the pond below town and there engage in a raft-race with the boys. And when John Dumont, seeing that the girls' raft was about to win, thrust the one he was piloting into it and upset it, she was the only girl who did not scream at the shock of the sudden tumble into the water or rise in tears from the shallow, muddy bottom.

She tried going barefooted; she was always getting bruised or cut in attempts—usually successful—at boys' recklessness; yet her voice was sweet and her manner toward others gentle. She hid her face when Miss Stone whipped any one—more fearful far than the rise and fall of Miss Stone's ferule was the soaring and sinking of her awful eyebrows.

From the outset John Dumont took especial delight in teasing her—John Dumont, the roughest boy in the school. He was seven years older than she, but was only in the Fourth Reader—a laggard in his studies because his mind was incurious about books and the like, was absorbed in games, in playing at soldier and robber, in swimming and sledding, in orchard-looting and fighting. He was impudent and domineering, a bully but not a coward, good-natured when deferred to, the feared leader of a boisterous, imitative clique. Until Pauline came he had rarely noticed a girl—never except to play her some prank more or less cruel.

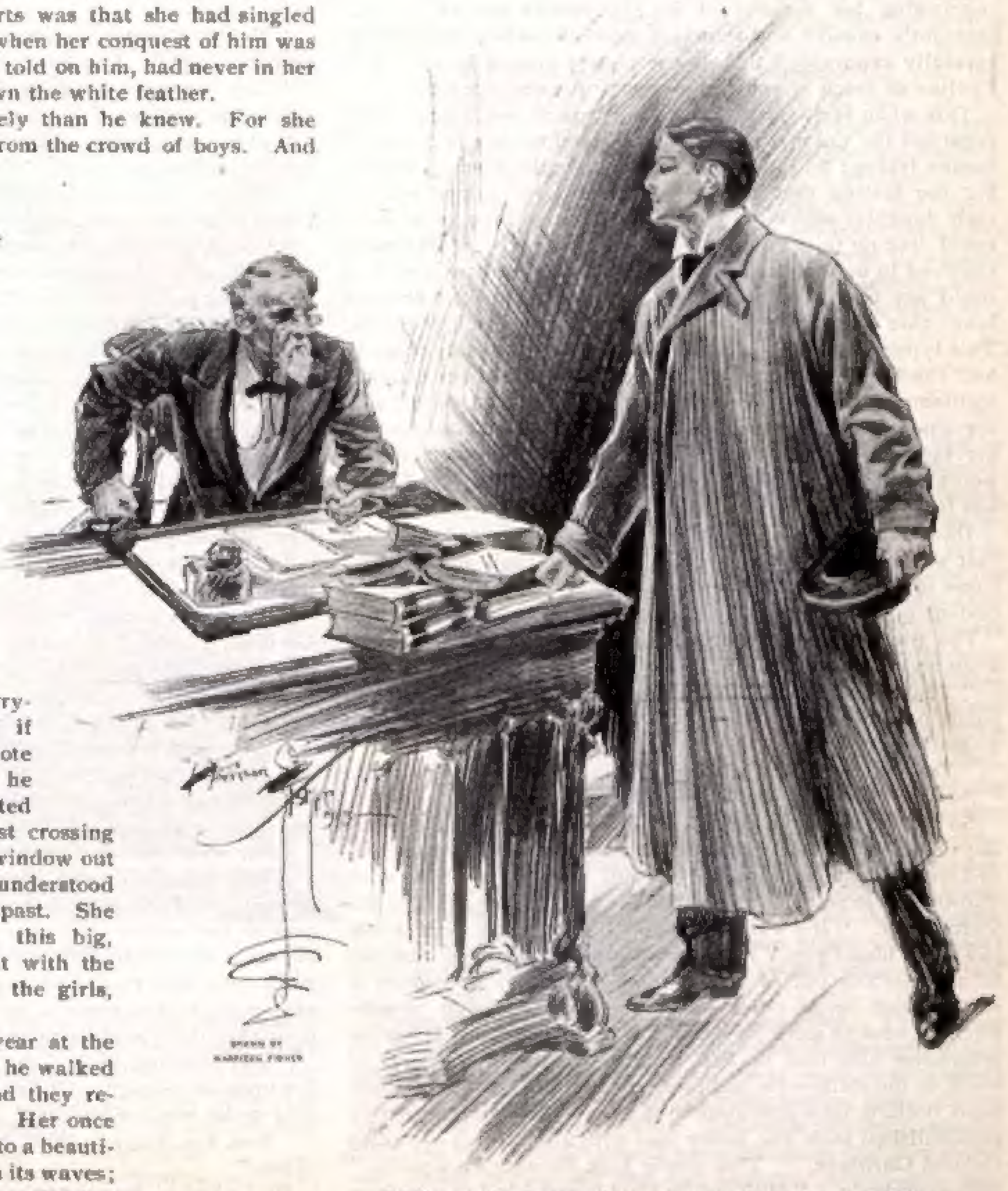
For a time after the adventure of the raft he watched Pauline afar off, revolving plans for approaching her without impairing his barbaric dignity, for subduing her without subduing himself to her. But he knew only one way of making friends, the only kind of friends he had or could conceive—loyal subjects, ruled through their weaknesses and fears. And as that way was to give the desired addition to his court a sound thrashing, he felt it must be modified somewhat to help him in his present conquest. He tied her hair to the back of her desk; he snowballed her and his sister Gladys home from school. He raided her playhouse and broke her dishes and—she giving battle with desperate and not wholly vain courage—made off with some of her dolls. With Gladys shrieking for their mother, he shook her out of a tree in their yard, and it sprained her ankle so severely that she had to stay away from school for a month. The net result of a year's arduous efforts was that she had singled him out for detestation—this when her conquest of him was complete because she had never told on him, had never in her worst encounters with him shown the white feather.

But he had acted more wisely than he knew. For she had at least singled him out from the crowd of boys. And there was a certain frank good-nature about him, a fearlessness—and she could not help admiring his strength and leadership. Presently she discovered his secret—that his persecutions were not through hatred of her but through anger at her resistance, anger at his own weakness in being fascinated by her. This discovery came while she was shut in the house with her sprained ankle. As she sat at her corner bay-window she saw him hovering in the neighborhood, now in the alley at the side of the house, now hurrying past, whistling loudly as if bent upon some gay and remote errand, now skulking along as if he had stolen something, again seated on the curbstone at the farthest crossing from which he could see her window out of the corner of his eye. She understood—and forthwith forgave the past. She was immensely flattered that this big, audacious creature, so arrogant with the boys, so contemptuous toward the girls, should be her captive.

When she was in her first year at the High School and he in his last he walked home with her every day; and they regarded themselves as engaged. Her once golden hair had darkened now to a beautiful brown with red flashing from its waves; and her skin was a clear olive—pallid but healthy. And she had shot up into a tall, slender young woman; her mother yielded to her pleadings, let her put her hair into a long knot at the back of her neck and wear skirts *almost* to the ground.

When he came from Ann Arbor for his first Christmas holidays each found the other grown into a new person. She thought him a marvel of worldly wisdom and worldly experience. He thought her a marvel of ideal womanhood—gay, lively, not a bit "narrow" in judging him, yet narrow to primness in her ideas of what she herself could do, and withal charming physically. He would not have cared to explain to any one how he came by the capacity for such sophisticated judgment of a young woman. They were to be married as soon as he had his degree; and he was immediately to be admitted to partnership in his father's woolen mills—the largest in the State of Indiana.

He had been home three weeks of the long vacation between his sophomore and junior years. There appeared on the town's big and busy stream of gossip stories of his life at Ann Arbor—of drinking and gambling and wild "tears" in Detroit. And it was noted that the fast young men of Saint X—so every one called Saint Christopher—were going a



"YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE COME FOR, SIR. I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME A TRIAL" more rapid gait. Those turbulent fretters against the dam of dullness and stern repression of even normal and harmless gayety had long caused scandal. But never before had they been so daring, so defiant.

One night after leaving Pauline he went to play poker in Charley Braddock's rooms. Braddock, only son of the richest banker in Saint X, had furnished the loft of his father's stable as bachelor quarters and entertained his friends there without fear that the noise would break the sleep and rouse the suspicions of his father. That night, besides Braddock and Dumont, there were Jim Cauldwell and his brother Will. As they played they drank; and Dumont, winning steadily, became offensive in his raillery. There was a quarrel, a fight; Will Cauldwell, accidentally toppled down the steep stairway by Dumont, was picked up with a broken arm and leg.

By noon the next day the town was boiling with this outbreak of deviltry in the leading young men, the sons and prospective successors of the "bulwarks of religion and morality." The Episcopalian and Campbellite preachers preached against Dumont, that "importer of Satan's ways into our peaceful midst," and against Charley Braddock with his "ante-room to Sheol"—the Reverend Sweetser had just learned the distinction between Sheol and Hades. The Presbyterian preacher wrestled spiritually with Will Cauldwell and so wrought upon his depression that he gave out a solemn statement of confession, remorse and reform. In painting himself in dark colors he painted Jack Dumont jet black.

Pauline had known that Dumont was "lively"—he was far too proud of his wild oats wholly to conceal them from her. And she had all the tolerance—admiration (?)—of feminine youth for the friskiness of masculine freedom. Thus, though she did not approve what he and his friends had done, she took no such serious view of it as did her parents and his. The most she could do with her father was to persuade him to suspend sentence pending the conclusion of an investigation into Jack's doings at the University of Michigan and in Detroit. Colonel Gardiner was not so narrow or so severe as Jack said or as Pauline thought. He loved his daughter; so he inquired thoroughly. He knew that his daughter loved Dumont; so he judged liberally. When he had done he ordered the engagement broken and forbade Dumont the house.

"He is not wild merely; he is—worse than you can imagine," said the Colonel to his wife in concluding his account of his discoveries and of Dumont's evasive and reluctant admissions—an account so carefully expurgated that it completely misled her. "Tell Pauline as much as you can—enough to convince her."

This when Mrs. Gardiner was not herself convinced. She regarded the Colonel as too high-minded to be a fit judge of human frailty; and his over-caution in explanation had given her the feeling that he had a standard for a husband for their daughter which only such another rare man as himself could live up to. Further, she had always been extremely reserved in mother-and-daughter talk with Pauline, and thus could not now give her a clear idea of what little she had been able to gather from Colonel Gardiner's half-truths. This typical enacting of a familiar domestic comedy-tragedy had the usual result: the girl was confirmed in her original opinion and stand. "Jack's been a little too lively," was her unexpressed conclusion from her mother's dilution of her father's dilution of the ugly truth. "He's sorry and won't do it again, and—well, I'd hate a milksop. Father has forgotten that he was young himself once."

Dumont's father and mother charged against Ann Arbor that which they might have charged against their own alternations of tyranny and license had they not been humanly lenient in self-excuse. "No more college!" said his father. "The place for you, young man, is my office, where I can keep an eye or two on you."

"That suits me," replied the son indifferently—he made small pretense of repentance at home. "I never wanted to go to college."

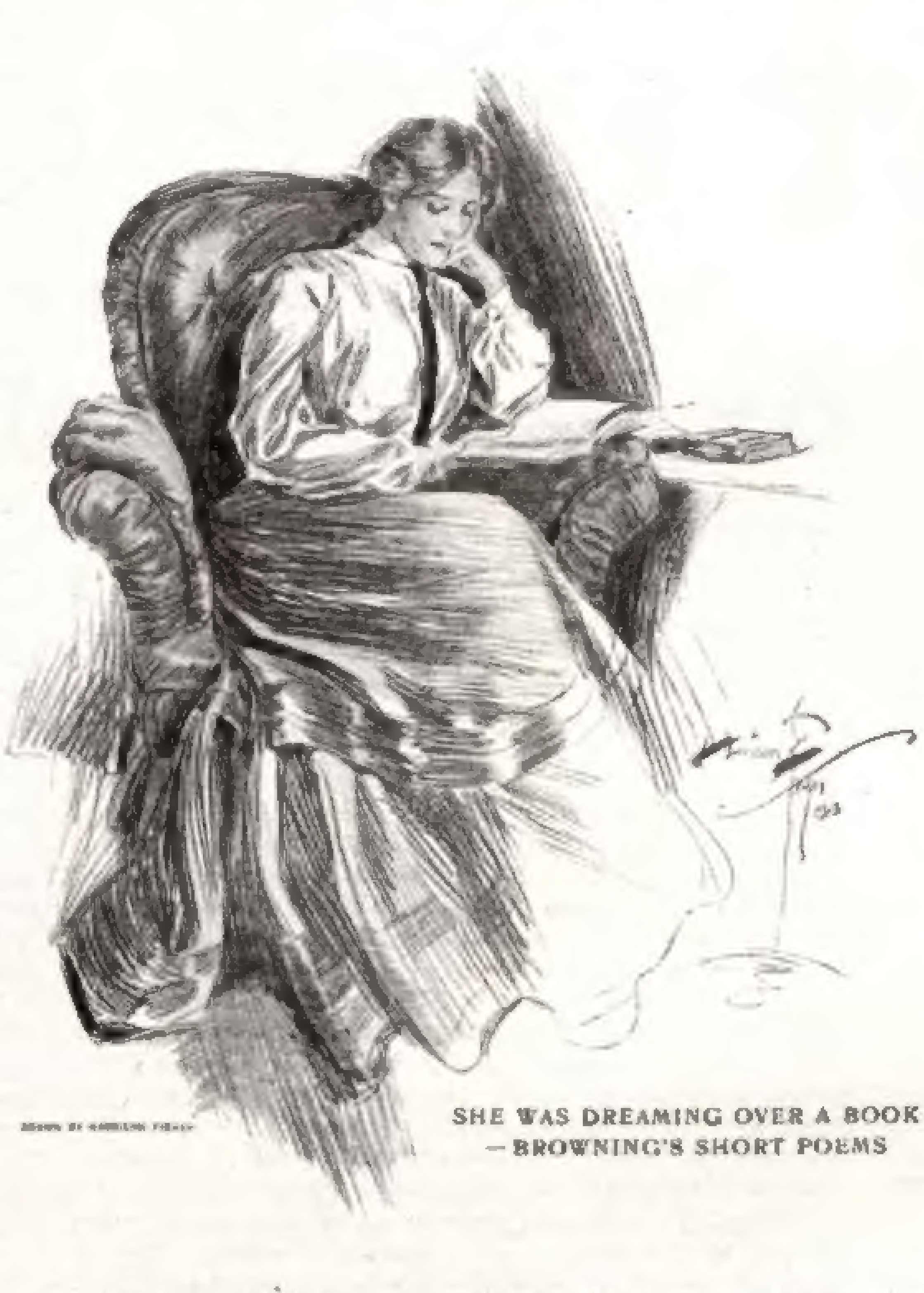
"Yes, it was your mother's doing," said old Dumont. "Now we'll try *my* way of educating a boy."

So Jack entered the service of his father's god-of-the-six-days, and immediately showed astonishing talent and twelve-to-fourteen-hour assiduity. He did not try to talk with Pauline. He went nowhere but to business; he avoided the young men. "It's a bad idea to let your home town know too much about you," he reflected, and he resolved that his future gambols out of bounds should be in the security of distant and large cities—and they were. Seven months after he went to work he amazed and delighted his father by informing him that he had bought five hundred shares of stock in the mills—he had made the money, fifty-odd thousand dollars, by a speculation in wool. He was completely reëstablished with his father and with all Saint X—except Colonel Gardiner. "That young Jack Dumont's a wonder," said everybody. "He'll make the biggest kind of a fortune or the biggest kind of a smash before he gets through."

He felt that he was fully entitled to the rights of the regenerate; he went to Colonel Gardiner's law office boldly to claim them.

At sight of him the Colonel's face hardened into an expression as near to hate as its habit of kindliness would concede. "Well, sir!" said he sharply, eying the young man over the tops of his glasses.

Dumont stiffened his strong, rather stocky figure and said, his face a study in youthful frankness: "You know what I've come for, sir. I want you to give me a trial."



SHE WAS DREAMING OVER A BOOK — BROWNING'S SHORT POEMS

"No!" Colonel Gardiner shut his lips firmly. "Good-morning, sir!" And he was writing again.

"You are very hard," said Dumont bitterly. "You are driving me to ruin."

"How *dare* you!" The old man rose and went up to him, eyes blazing scorn. "You deceive others, but not me—with my daughter's welfare as my first duty. It is an insult to her that you presume to lift your eyes to her."

Dumont colored and haughtily raised his head. He met the Colonel's fiery gaze without flinching. "I was no worse than other young men——"

"It's a slander upon young men for you to say that they—that any of them with a spark of decency—would do as you have done, as you *do!* Leave my office at once, sir!"

"I've not only repented—I've shown that I was ashamed of—of that," said Dumont. "Yet you refuse me a chance!"

The Colonel was shaking with anger. "You left here for New York last Thursday night," he said. "Where and how did you spend Saturday night and Sunday and Monday?"

Dumont's eyes shifted and sank. "It's false," he muttered. "It's lies."

"I expected this call from you," continued Colonel Gardiner, "and I prepared for it so that I could do what was right. I'd rather see my daughter in her shroud than in a wedding-dress for you."

Dumont left without speaking or looking up. "The old fox!" he said to himself. "Spying on me—what an idiot I was not to look out for that. The narrow old fool! He doesn't know what 'man of the world' means. But I'll marry her in spite of him. I'll let nobody cheat me out of what I want, what belongs to me."

A few nights afterward he went to a dance at Braddock's, hunted out Pauline and seated himself beside her—in a year he had not been so near her, though they had seen each the other every few days and he had written her many letters which she had read, had treasured, but had been held from answering by her sense of honor, unless her looks whenever their eyes met could be called answers.

"You mustn't, Jack," she said, her breath coming fast, her eyes fever-bright. "Father has forbidden me—and it'll only make him the harder."

"You, too, Polly? Well, then, I don't care what becomes of me."

He looked so desperate that she was frightened. "It isn't that, Jack—you *know* it isn't that."

"I've been to see your father. And he told me he'd never consent—never! I don't deserve that—and I can't stand it to lose you. No matter what I've done, God knows I love you, Polly."

Pauline's face was pale. Her hands, in her lap, were gripping her little handkerchief.

"You don't say that, too—you don't say 'never'?"

She raised her eyes to his and their look thrilled through and through him. "Yes, John, I say 'never'—I'll *never* give you up."

All the decent instincts in his nature showed in his handsome face, in which time had as yet had no chance clearly to write character. "No wonder I love you—there never was anybody so brave and true as you. But you must help me. I must see you and talk to you—once in a while, anyhow."

Pauline flushed painfully. "Not till—they—let me—or I'm older, John. They've always trusted me and left me free. And I can't deceive them."

He liked this—it was another proof that she was, through and through, the sort of woman who was worthy to be his wife. "Well—we'll wait," he said. "And if they won't be fair to us, why, we'll have a right to do the best we can." He gave her a tragic look. "I've set my heart on you, Polly, and I never can stand it not to get what I've set my heart on. If I lost you, I'd go straight to ruin."

She might have been a great deal older and wiser and still not have seen in this a confirmation of her father's judgment of her lover. And her parents had unconsciously driven her into a mental state in which, if he had committed a crime, it would have seemed to her their fault rather than his. The next day she opened the subject with her mother—the subject that was never out of their minds: "I can't forget him, mother. I *can't* give him up." With the splendid confidence of youth, "I can save him—he'll do anything for my sake." With the touching ignorance of youth, "He's done nothing so very dreadful, I'm sure—I'd believe him against the whole world."

And in the evening her mother approached her father. She was in sympathy with Pauline, though her loyalty to her husband made her careful not to show it. She had small confidence in a man's judgments of men on their womanside, great confidence in the power of women to change and uplift men. "Father," said she, when they were alone on the side porch after supper, "have you noticed how hard Polly is taking—*it?*"

His eyes and the sudden deepening of the lines in his face answered her.

"Don't you think maybe we've been a little—too—severe?"

"I've tried to think so, but——" He shook his head. "Maggie, he's hopeless, hopeless."

"I don't know much about those things." This was a mere form of speech. She thought she knew all there was to be known; and as she was an intelligent woman who had lived a long time and had a normal human curiosity she did know a great deal. But, after the fashion of many of the women of the older generation, she had left undisturbed his delusion that her goodness was the result not of intelligence but of ignorance. "But I can't help fearing it isn't right to condemn a young man forever because he was led away as a boy."

"I can't discuss it with you, Maggie—it's a degradation even to speak of him before a good woman. You must rely upon my judgment. Polly must put him out of her head."

"But what am I to tell her? You can't make a woman like our Pauline put a man out of her life when she loves him unless you give her a reason that satisfies her. And if you don't give *me* a reason that satisfies me, how can I give *her* a reason that will satisfy her?"

"I'll talk to her," said the Colonel after a long pause. "She must—she will give him up, mother."

"I've tried to persuade her to go visit Olivia," continued Mrs. Gardiner. "But she won't. And she doesn't want me to ask Olivia here."

"I'll ask Olivia before I speak to her."

Mrs. Gardiner went up to her daughter's room—it had been her playroom, then her study, and was now graduated into her sitting-room. She was dreaming over a book—Browning's short poems. She looked up, eyes full of hope.

"He has some good reason, dear," began her mother.

"What is it?" demanded Pauline.

"I can't tell you any more than I've told you already," replied her mother, trying not to show her feelings in her face.

"Why does he treat me—treat you—like two naughty little children?" said Pauline, impatiently tossing the book on the table.

"Pauline!" Her mother's voice was sharp in reproof. "How can you place any one before your father!"

Pauline was silent—she had dropped the veil over herself. "I—I—where did you place father—when—when——" Her eyes were laughing again.

"You know he'd never oppose your happiness, Polly." Mrs. Gardiner was smoothing her daughter's turbulent red-brown hair. "You'll only have to wait under a little more trying circumstances. And if he's right, the truth will come out. And if he's mistaken and John's all you think him, then that will come out."

Pauline knew her father was not opposing her through tyranny or pride of opinion or sheer prejudice; but she felt that his was another case of age's lack of sympathy with youth, felt it with all the intensity of infatuated seventeen made doubly determined by opposition and by concealment. The next evening he and she were walking together in the garden. He suddenly put his arm round her and drew her close to him and kissed her.

"You know I shouldn't if I didn't think it the only course—don't you, Pauline?" he said in a broken voice that went straight to her heart.

"Yes, father." Then, after a silence: "But—we—we've been sweethearts since we were children. And—I—father, I *must* stand by him."

"Won't you trust me, child? Won't you believe *me* rather than him?"

Pauline's only answer was a sigh. They loved each the other; he adored her, she reverenced him. But between them, thick and high, rose the barrier of custom and training. Comradeship, confidence were impossible.

II

WITH the first glance into Olivia's dark gray eyes Pauline ceased to resent her as an intruder. And soon she was feeling that some sort of dawn was assailing her night.

Olivia was the older by three years. She seemed—and, for her years, was—serious and wise because, as the eldest of a large family, she was lieutenant-general to her mother. Further, she had always had her own way—when it was the right way and did not conflict with justice to her brothers and sisters. And often her parents let her have her own way when it was the wrong way, nor did they spoil the lesson by mitigating disagreeable consequences. "Do as you please," her mother used to say when doing as she pleased would involve less of mischief than of valuable experience, "and perhaps you'll learn to please to do sensibly." Again, her father would restrain her mother from interference—"Oh, let the girl alone. She's got to teach herself how to behave, and she can't begin a minute too young." This training had produced a self-reliant and self-governing Olivia.

She wondered at the change in Pauline—Pauline, the light-hearted, the effervescent of laughter and life, now silent and almost sombre. It was two weeks before she, not easily won to the confiding mood for all her frankness, let Olivia into her secret. Of course, it was at night; of course, they were in the same bed. And when Olivia had heard she came nearer to the truth about Dumont than had Pauline's mother. But, while she felt sure there was a way to cure Pauline, she knew that way was not the one which had been pursued. "They've only made her obstinate," she thought, as she, lying with hands clasped behind her head, watched Pauline, propped upon an elbow, staring with dreamful determination into the moonlight.

"It'll come out all right," she said; her voice always suggested that she knew what she was talking about. "Your father'll give in sooner or later—if *you* don't change."

"But he's so bitter against Jack," replied Pauline. "He won't listen to his side—to our side—of it."

"Anyhow, what's the use of anticipating trouble? You wouldn't get married yet. And if he's worth while he'll wait."

Pauline had been even gentler than her own judgment in painting her lover for her cousin's inspection. So, she could not explain to her why there was necessity for haste, could not confess her conviction that every month he lived away from her was a month of peril to him. "We want it settled," she said evasively.

"I haven't seen him around anywhere," went on Olivia. "Is he here now?"

"He's in Chicago—in charge of his father's offices there. He may stay all winter."

"No, there's no hurry," went on Olivia. "Besides, you ought to meet other men. It isn't a good idea for a girl to marry the man she's been brought up with before she's had a chance to get acquainted with other men." Olivia drew this maxim from experience—she had been engaged to a schooldays lover when she went away to Battle Field to college; she broke it off when, going home on vacation, she saw him again from the point of wider view.

But Pauline scorned this theory; if Olivia had confessed the broken engagement she would have thought less of her, would have thought her shallow and untrustworthy. She was confident, with inexperience's sublime incapacity for self-doubt, that in all the wide world there was only one man whom she could have loved or could love. "Oh, I sha'n't change," she said in a tone that warned her cousin against discussion.

"At any rate," replied Olivia, "a little experience would do you no harm." She suddenly sat up in bed. "A splendid idea!" she exclaimed. "Why not come to Battle Field with me?"

"I'd like it," said Pauline, always eager for self-improvement and roused by Olivia's stories of her college experiences. "But father'd never let me go to Battle Field College."

"Battle Field *University*," corrected Olivia. "It has classical courses and scientific courses and a preparatory

(*Continued on Page 18*)

BRITAIN'S BREAD

If Mr. Chamberlain's Bold Plan Should be Adopted, a Dearer Loaf for the People and an International Commercial War Would Probably Result

BY WILLIAM C. EDGAR

Author of The Story of a Grain of Wheat

I. The Corn Law enacted in 1815, repealed in 1846.
II. The Registration Tax on grain and its products enacted in 1902, repealed in 1903.
III. Mr. Chamberlain's proposed tariff on grain.

DIFFERING in degree but not in principle, these three plans for taxing the bread-box of the British people, two of them accomplished in the past and one proposed for the future, are fundamentally identical. They have all sprung from a political temptation to make capital of one kind or another out of the sacred need of the masses; to tamper with the nation's food supply for political ends.

The Corn Law of 1815, modeled on the Corn Law of 1670, imposed a prohibitory duty on the importation of foreign grain. It was hurriedly enacted as a political measure to satisfy the landlords, who clamored for the protection of their wheat fields, and despite the protest of the masses who wanted cheap bread. The Registration Tax, which came nearly ninety years later, imposed a small duty on wheat and its object was revenue only. Mr. Chamberlain's proposal springs from a declared design to strengthen the empire and bring its colonies in closer relation with England. From a tax on bread for protection to a tax on bread for revenue, and a tax on bread for imperialism, the excuse has varied with the time, but always, from Peel to Chamberlain, the act itself, whether resorted to as a financial or political necessity, has actually meant making the bread eater bear the burden that others may benefit.

The people's bread-box is a constant temptation, and the more unscrupulous and plausible the statesman the more eager he is to get his hand in it and pilfer something from its loaves. The brilliant ex-colonial secretary declares his ability to perform the hitherto impossible feat of taxing bread without inflicting hardship upon the consumer, but the experiment has been tried before and has always failed, and if the flour and grain statistics of the last decade are reliable, it must inevitably fail again.

However one may differ with Mr. Chamberlain's views, the courage and audacity of his present stand certainly compel amazed admiration. There is a gallantry about it which appeals to the imagination, and judging by the reception given his recent Glasgow speech, his proposal to reverse Britain's traditional policy of free trade; to substitute protection against foreign nations, and to knit together in a trade zollverein the United Kingdom and the colonies by means of a preferential tariff, possesses a certain magnetic plausibility which, combined with its champion's forceful personality, his vigor, determination and blind confidence in the efficacy of his scheme, is very apt to assume the form of a craze quite similar to our own wild-fire free silver propaganda.

PHOTO. BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON

RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

The danger lies in the very suddenness of Mr. Chamberlain's move. For more than fifty years free trade has occupied the British citadel and become so much a part of the established order of things that it has come to be accepted as a practical permanancy. Continued security has made its supporters careless. 'The question of taxing bread was settled once for all in 1846, and few imagined that it would ever be revived. In his History of Our Own Times, Justin McCarthy says: "There is no more chance of a reaction against free trade in England than there is of a reaction of the rule of three." Taking advantage of free-trade's lazy security, Mr. Chamberlain suddenly seizes the banner of protection, rallies the people to its support and attempts to carry the defenses by assault, while the opposition, amazed at his audacity, is getting into fighting shape.

The Fate of Previous Attempts

THE cleverness and skill of this move can best be appreciated by recalling the malignant unpopularity of former attempts to tax the people's bread. The passage of the Corn Law of 1815 was accompanied by bread riots in London and elsewhere. Walls were chalked with such sentences as "Bread or Blood?" and "Guy Fawkes Forever!" A loaf soaked in blood was placed on Carlton House. The houses of many unpopular supporters of the measure were mobbed. Every pane of glass in Lord Eldon's house was broken, much of its furniture was destroyed and the iron railings surrounding it were torn up. The military was summoned and two persons were killed. Guards protected the houses of Parliament and the London streets were paraded by troops to overawe the mob. Elsewhere, in the provinces, similar demonstrations prevailed. Although the obnoxious law was passed in spite of these disturbances, time only added to the popular hatred of it, and the anti-corn law agitation led by Cobden and Bright soon became crystallized into the movement which finally resulted in the repeal of the measure.

From 1846 to 1902 Britain's bread was free. Then came Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a budget recommending the imposition of a tax, a very small tax, of but three cents a bushel on foreign wheat and eighteen cents a barrel on foreign flour. Although this duty actually protected the British miller to some extent, its declared object was simply to raise revenue, and certainly this revenue was needed. The opposition to the Chancellor's proposal was determined, but nevertheless the measure was finally adopted.

Its unpopularity was immediately apparent. Although the tax was small in itself, its principle was generally condemned. Fortunately the price of wheat did not materially advance during the year this tax was on, and consequently the bread-eater did not consciously suffer from it; nevertheless the rooted aversion to taxing bread, whether much or little, manifested itself clearly, the "little loaf" became a powerful political factor, and the Government was constantly threatened with popular disfavor on account of the duty. Sir Michael resigned, and his successor, Mr. Ritchie, a firm free trader, in presenting his budget for 1903 favored the removal of the tax, and general satisfaction marked the end of this short raid on the nation's cupboard. As a revenue producer the Registration Tax was a success; as a vote getter it was a horrible failure.

Again, the international grain trade settled down in the firm and comfortable conviction that England's policy of open ports, at least for breadstuffs, was a permanency, and that after the discomfiture attending this last experiment no statesman could be found with temerity enough to suggest a repetition of it. In this it reckoned without its host. Within a few weeks the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was to appear as the champion of a cause supposed to be dead and buried, and by his novel idea of putting the corn tax in a capsule agreeable to British taste, to so revive the hopes of the protectionists as to create almost instantly a formidable movement, which is undeniably gaining force and volume daily. The consummate courage required to thus seize upon a most unpopular idea and attempt to make it popular; to grasp the nettle danger firmly and compel it to yield success, is a wonderful political act, be its outcome what it may. It is a summons for the widely separated children of the empire to draw together in one grand coöperative alliance, offensive and defensive, the cement of which is to be commercial advantage. It is a challenge to the rest of the world, and particularly the United States, denying it free entrance to British ports, and threatening trade with Great Britain with a handicap which, in some instances, would prove prohibitory.

As the old Corn Law of 1815 caused the formation of the Anti-Corn Law Association, of which Cobden and Bright were conspicuous leaders, so Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is opposed, not only by the Cobden Club but by the newly-created Free Food League, of which the Duke of Devonshire has just accepted the presidency. The declared object of the League is a campaign against the fiscal policy of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, and especially the protection of the people's food against taxation. Strangely enough, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who proposed the Registration Tax of 1902, is one of its prominent members. Mr. Ritchie, his successor, who recently resigned from Balfour's cabinet, and Lord George Hamilton, late Secretary of State for India, are also members of the League.

The American Miller's Service to Britain

WHEN the tumult and the shouting dies, and the electrical disturbance resultant from Chamberlain's Glasgow speech subsides, his proposal, so far as food supplies are concerned, appears very plain and simple. The man of the hour delivered a discourse the meaning of which was clear and distinct. His plan is to tax foreign meat and dairy produce about five per cent., to levy a duty of about ten per cent. on manufactured goods, to tax foreign wheat six cents a bushel and foreign flour correspondingly, giving a preference to the British miller. Of the details of his plan it is unnecessary to speak. Reduced to simple facts, Mr. Chamberlain proposes to tax wheat entering Britain from foreign countries six cents a bushel, and flour more in proportion than wheat, so as to protect the home miller.

The idea is not new and by itself would not command attention were it not coupled with the further proposal to admit wheat and flour from the colonies free of all duty, thus establishing preferential trade relations with Britain's remote possessions, which heretofore have entered the markets of the United Kingdom in competition with wheat and flour from the United States on exactly the same basis. For the year ending June 30, 1903, this country shipped to the United Kingdom nearly fifty million bushels of wheat and about ten million barrels of flour. The United States is by far the largest contributor to Britain's food supply, and therefore it would be affected most seriously by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, hence the American citizen should know what to expect and prepare for should this radical proposal secure the approval of the British public.

A tax of six cents a bushel on wheat would mean about twenty-seven cents a barrel on flour, if wheat and flour were admitted at the same proportionate rate, but as Mr. Chamberlain desires to protect the home miller he intends to tax flour much more heavily than wheat, thus enabling the British miller to obtain his raw material proportionately cheaper than the competing manufactured product can enter the market. It is probable that American flour would be taxed about forty cents a barrel, as the British miller would consider nothing less than this an adequate protection, and he would probably clamor for more. However, a tax of twenty-seven cents a barrel would be quite sufficient to drive out American flour from the British markets and destroy the export flour trade, which now amounts to about forty million dollars annually.

What has the American miller done that his flour should be taxed out of the British market? What is his crime against the British bread-eater that he should be discriminated against in favor of the Canadian or English miller? He can be convicted only of one offense, if such it be. By his instrumentality the loaf of Britain has been made cheaper and better.

It is little more than thirty years since his agents went to London to introduce American flour. Because it was far whiter and cleaner than the flour made by the British mills of the time, the American product was reviled, and it was charged that the miller who made it used terra alba or other deleterious ingredients. Disproving all such silly slanders, by sheer merit American flour made its way in the estimation of the British public, and gained ground steadily.

Obliged to meet American competition, British millers remodeled their antiquated plants and new and modern mills were erected. The best of these, located at the great ports of the United Kingdom, are able to buy American wheat on a most favorable basis, and are now competing successfully with the mills of the United States. They have won well-merited success by honest and intelligent effort, and they need no protection to enable them to do a successful business, as their annual balance-sheets prove. There are other British mills which are unsuccessful, because they are not favorably located with respect to wheat supplies and freight rates, and some of them are not modern in construction. They can never be made successful by Act of Parliament, and if protection be given them they will still suffer from the competition of the more intelligent and progressive of their fellows.

The American miller, thousands of miles from the seaboard, fought his way to British bread-eaters over difficulties almost insurmountable. He straightened out the transportation tangles, and by selling at cost, or but little more, delivered his flour to the people of Britain on a through bill of lading. He was able at last to send the flour from his mills—the largest, best and most economical in production that history has ever recorded—to England, and put it into the hands of the British consumer with the least possible expense. It is now a fact that a sack of Minneapolis flour costs the London baker no more than it costs the baker in the city where it is ground.

The Effect on American Farmers and Millers

BRITAIN needed bread for her millions and it must be both good and cheap. The American saw the need and supplied it. He perfected his banking arrangements so that when he made a shipment of flour to the United Kingdom he could present the bill of lading, insurance certificate and hypothecation papers at his bank, and the same day get his money for the transaction. From being a complicated business, the export of flour became simple and easy. Knowing that Britain must have flour cheap, the American has made plain the once rough road between him and his customer, so that actually the British buyer gets his flour at less than the American buyer living within a hundred miles of the mill. The advantage in exporting flour lies not in the profit, but in enabling the miller to secure a prompt sale for his surplus and to obtain immediate cash returns. Thus he may dispose of the flour for which he has no immediate domestic demand by selling it abroad, and so he may keep his mills running day and night steadily, thereby reducing the cost per barrel on his entire out-turn.

Should Mr. Chamberlain's plans carry, the immediate effect upon the American miller would be the extinction of his flour trade with Britain. A differential against him of even half the proposed tax would automatically close British ports to him. He would therefore grind that much less flour and would consequently require that much less wheat, unless, meantime, he found new markets abroad. This would in turn force the American farmer to produce less wheat, because it is inconceivable that he should be willing to sell it at six cents a bushel less in order to meet the requirements of the British market.

Within a few years, two or three at the utmost, the situation would adjust itself, so far as the United States was concerned. The millers would devote their efforts entirely to their large and growing domestic market and such untaxed foreign connections as they could secure. The farmers would cease to plant with Britain's needs in view and would give increasing attention to diversified crops and stock raising, until such time as the home demand for flour caught up and passed the supply of wheat, when, responding to an increased price, they would revert to the greater cultivation of that cereal.

In a few years America would cease to notice the effect of the British tariff, inasmuch as her flour and grain interests would lie elsewhere. The country being large, developing and ever self-supporting and self-contained, would continue on its course as before, except that the item of exports of wheat and flour to Britain would disappear from its balance-sheets, quite as have disappeared those to France and other countries which have driven out American flour by tariff duties. American millers and farmers are quite capable of taking care of themselves if they must. An illustration: as compared with 1901, the exports of flour from Minneapolis for the year ending June, 1903, showed a loss of 460,000 barrels, owing to the Hicks-Beach tariff and certain railway discriminations, yet Minneapolis manufactured 400,000 barrels more flour during the same period.

This result to the American farmer and miller presupposes the fact that Britain and her colonies could, with the stimulus of preferential trade, grow enough wheat to supply the needs of the United Kingdom, and that the discrimination against American wheat and flour would be sufficient to drive these commodities out of the British markets entirely. This supposition viewed from a statistical standpoint is preposterous, as will be clearly shown. Therefore, to whatever extent flour and wheat would be taken from the United States, to that degree the tax would fall upon the British bread-eater. The American miller would not pay one farthing of it. If it was paid at all, the British consumer would be called upon to meet the entire tax. He would do so either by paying more for his loaf, by a reduction in its size, or by a very material deterioration in its quality; possibly by a combination of all these methods.

Who Pays the Tax

AN OPPORTUNITY to determine in a practical way who pays a British tariff on wheat and flour was afforded during the operation of the lately abrogated Registration Tax imposed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. This endured for one year. At the end of that period all interests concerned had time to cast up accounts and ascertain beyond question who had suffered by the measure. In amount the tax was small, but it was unquestionably protective to the British miller, wheat being admitted at a relatively lower rate than flour. In the beginning, Sir Michael contended that the Americans would pay the duty; in the end it was proven beyond doubt that they contributed no share of it whatever.

When the tax went into effect the American miller did not quote his flour in Britain a penny cheaper on account of its existence. The British importer of flour cabled his offers from time to time and they were accepted or declined purely on the relation they bore to the value of wheat, plus the cost of manufacture and transportation. If it equaled or exceeded the total of these items an offer was accepted and the flour shipped. Never did the American miller pause to consider the duty it would pay. That was the importer's affair. Many millers did not even know what the duty was. So, also, in the list of items which made up the miller's total cost price. Probably few American farmers knew that there was a corn tax in Britain; they certainly sold their wheat for nothing less because of it; American mill operatives abated no part of their wage on account of it; nor did the inland or ocean carriers reduce freight rates on flour a particle in consideration of the newly-imposed tax. Thus every item, cost of raw material, manufacture and carriage, contributing to the miller's expense, remained unaffected by the duty. The miller based his quotation and his acceptance or rejection of offers on his cost mark as before.

The British flour importer paid the duty when the flour arrived, but he simply tacked it on his selling price. When the British miller bought imported wheat he paid the duty and it went into the list of items which made up the basis for his selling price. He also passed on the additional tax to his customer. Finally, both American flour and British flour made from imported wheat went to the baker carrying all tariff charges with it.

And the baker, at last, paid Sir Michael's tax.

He either stood it himself, or he absorbed it in his mixture and gave a less valuable loaf to his customer. Unfortunately for the British baker, the tax, when worked out into loaves of bread was so small that he could not consistently, on its account alone, advance the price of the loaf to the bread-eater.

English currency has no coin to represent its value. Thus the baker was put to it to find a means of passing the tax on, and he sometimes found it in an inferior loaf, and often he himself stood the loss, as the year's accounts of many a British baker amply prove. The question as to who paid Sir Michael's tax is positively and definitely answered beyond peradventure.

The British Baker and the Bread-Eater

AMERICAN flour, whether made in America, or in Britain from American wheats, is essential to the British baker if he undertakes to make a loaf equal to his present standard. Should a duty of six cents a bushel be imposed, however, the tendency would be to lower British standards of flour and bread. If it were continued long enough, the average English bread would become as dark and uninviting, as much below modern standards, as it was before American competition forced the British millers to improve their methods. In time, Britain would retrograde in the matter of color and quality until it reached the black bread basis, and her poorer people would be glad to get even this.

Possibly a protective tariff on wheat and flour might benefit the British miller; it might increase, to a degree, the growth of wheat in Britain. With these advantages the list closes. It would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be a distinct loss to the British baker, who would no longer be able to buy cheap American flour, and by its use keep down the price of the home-milled article. The most serious hardship, however, would fall upon the British bread-eater, and when the entire transaction comes to its logical terminus, it is absolutely clear that "fall to each whate'er befall," the bread consumer pays it all. All, to the uttermost cent, will in the end fall upon the man who eats the loaf.

Should such a tax be imposed, American millers and American farmers will, in time, accustom themselves to changed conditions. They may raise less wheat and grind less flour, or they may find new markets in the West Indies, in South America, in China and Japan, or South Africa. Their home consumption is enormous and increasing rapidly. It needs but a comparatively slight adjustment of demand and supply to make the two harmonize. Their trade in Great Britain is valued, but, after all, it is but a question of a surplus above home requirements. It is not absolutely essential to their existence.

In 1902 the wheat crop of the United States was six hundred and seventy million bushels. The exports of wheat and flour to the United Kingdom that year were altogether about one hundred and eight million bushels. Shutting off the British market would probably result in giving the masses in America cheaper bread for a year or so, but this is not regarded as a calamity by the general public in the United States.

A Problem for Statesmen

IN THE Corn Trade Year Book (Liverpool) for 1902 this appears:

"Under present conditions it seems quite likely that the production of wheat in these islands will sink to a mere twenty million bushels, whereas if the population increase during the next twenty years at the same ratio as it has done in the last twenty years, we shall have fifty million people to feed who will require nearly three hundred and twenty million bushels per annum of wheat alone. On this basis the home production will be but six or seven per cent. of the total, say four weeks out of the twelve months." For a country approaching such an exposed position to levy a duty on imported flour and wheat seems nothing less than courting hunger. Rather, one would think, it would be wiser to offer every inducement, a bonus even, to keep the world's stream of wheat and flour flowing into her ports.

If Britain should tax American wheat six cents a bushel and admit Canadian wheat free, she would turn from a source of supply the width of a continent, extending from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, possessing a climate particularly favorable to wheat growing; producing a wheat crop of from 600 million to 700 million bushels annually; embracing fifty wheat-producing States; traversed by innumerable competitive railway and water routes to the sea, giving lower rates for transportation than the world has ever known before; with ports on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the Gulf of Mexico into which freely enter fleets of ships owned by British subjects and earning money for British investors; prepared to carry breadstuffs to England at low rates of freight that her people may be well and cheaply fed. To this, the greatest wheat-producing country on earth, equipped with every facility necessary to get bread to the world at a minimum cost, Britain, a nation of bread-eaters, would turn her back; cultivating, instead, on a more favorable basis, Canada, a country with its wheat fields limited to the western and more remote section of the Dominion, perilously near the Arctic circle; from which one line of railway with no competitors reaches the coast; with waterways closed to navigation by ice for at least five months of the year; hemmed in on the north by regions of perpetual snow and ice, on the south by a boundary line which its commerce may only cross by sufferance; with no first-class ports, and finally, a country which has shown its ability to provide for England's needs by the production of but two or three good crops of wheat.

PHOTO. BY BEDFORD LEMERE & CO., LONDON

THE LONDON CORN EXCHANGE

If this duty were levied, England would first exhaust the wheat supplies of her colonies before importing from other lands and paying the tax. Where would she find food for her people? In Australia? For two years the crop has been a failure there, and this year American millers have been shipping large quantities of flour to that colony.

To India? In 1901 the exports of that country were but 10,000 quarters. In 1902, 1,750,000 quarters. India's best record on wheat exports is but 7,050,000 quarters in 1891, due to the Russian famine and consequent high prices. In 1896 India imported 150,000 quarters of foreign wheat, and her history shows that, like Australia, her wheat crop is a precarious one. The home consumption of wheat in India is increasing, and both Australia and India will do well if they supply their own needs in the years to come. The same can be truly said of South Africa.

This leaves Canada as the sole reliance of Britain if she imposes a tariff on wheat and ceases to deal, except on an unfavorable basis, with her natural food purveyor, the United States — and not all of Canada at that, only the northwestern portion. Here, it is true, is found a great wheat region. No one familiar with the facts will disparage the possibilities of Northwestern Canada. Yet it must be remembered that it is exposed to certain hazards incident to its climate and it is too soon to pronounce it a sure and regular crop producer.

It is true that Manitoba and the Northwest territories produced about sixty-three million bushels of wheat in 1901, and probably sixty-eight million bushels the year following, but in 1896 the entire crop of Canada was but thirty-six million bushels, and for the three following years it averaged less than sixty million bushels, while in 1900 it was but forty million bushels. The limit to the wheat-producing area of Canada has not yet been definitely ascertained, and the damage of early frosts may be forgotten in a few seasons of good fortune, yet it still exists.

In 1902-3 the United Kingdom actually imported wheat and flour amounting to twenty-five and one-half million quarters. This year its requirements are estimated at the same figure. This is equivalent to 204 million bushels. The combined exportable surplus of Canada, India and Australia, even at the most liberal estimate, does not exceed, this year, eighty million bushels, which, if the tariff proposed by Mr. Chamberlain were now in force, would leave 124 millions to come from countries outside the zollverein and consequently subject to the tax of six cents a bushel. Statesmen are clever at juggling figures, but practical men of business, especially those familiar with the details of the flour and grain trade, need no ghost risen from the grave to prove that British bread-eaters would this year be out of pocket not less than $8,000,000 if Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade idea were to-day a consummated fact.

The average needs of Britain for ten years, ending 1901, were 236,500,000 bushels of wheat. To supply them the United Kingdom raised an average crop of 55,327,000 bushels, leaving 181,173,000 bushels to be imported. The average exports of Canada for three years, ending 1901, were nineteen million bushels; of Australasia ten millions; and of India, for ten years, fifteen and three-fourths millions. Had Chamberlain's preferential trade tariff been in existence, Britain's total resources available before wheat bearing a tax of six cents was required would have been only 100 million bushels, leaving 136½ millions still to come from the wheat growers outside the combination.

It is claimed that the six-cent bonus will encourage wheat growing in the United Kingdom and the colonies. Even so, there will still be a great shortage to be made up from the outside. Preferential trade will not stay the killing frosts of Northwestern Canada nor open her ice-bound ports. If we allow an average of thirty millions as Canada's exportable surplus for the next three years, it will be a liberal estimate, and giving India as much, Australia ten millions, and the United Kingdom twenty-five per cent. increase over her present average crop, the total, say 140 millions, would still lack about 100 millions of the average amount required to feed the British public during the last ten years.

This estimate is based on the assumption that the entire colonial surplus would go to Britain and that her population would not increase from what it is now. Even allowing such impossible suppositions to stand, there would be an annual tax of $6,000,000 on England's bread. To this should be added the advance in price which the colonial and home farmers would naturally expect and obtain, owing to the restriction of competition and the monopoly of the trade which they would enjoy. Altogether and from any point of view it is difficult to see how the British bread-eaters could escape paying an annual bonus of from twelve to twenty million dollars for the doubtful privilege of trading with her colonies in flour and wheat on Mr. Chamberlain's plan. Perhaps it is worth the price, but although the ex-colonial secretary says that the duty "may probably be wholly paid, and will certainly be partly paid, by the foreigner," and that "the dear food cry is an imposture and the little loaf a bugbear," the British public will realize that the exact contrary is true if it tries the experiment.

As to Retaliation

AMERICANS consider Canada, India, Australia and the United Kingdom as fiscal entities — separate commercial nations. Acting separately, their tariff laws are their own affair and cannot logically be resented so long as the United States maintains its present trade barriers. Should they act jointly, however, and impose a tax on American wheat and flour, while admitting colonial products free, it is inconceivable that this country would not regard the arrangement as a combination formed for its harm, practically a declaration of commercial warfare. Unquestionably such an act would provoke instant and positive retaliation.

What form this would take it is difficult to say, but a counter move would surely follow. Smarting under the attack on its flour and grain trade, and suffering temporarily and immediately from its effect, the Central West, the Northwest and the Southwest, the chief wheat-raising sections of the United States, would instantly move on the President and Congress to invoke retaliatory measures of the most aggressive kind. The inland railway interests would join their influence to that of the farmers and millers. The commercial classes of the country would be in sympathy, and to such a pressure the Government would scarcely prove oblivious.

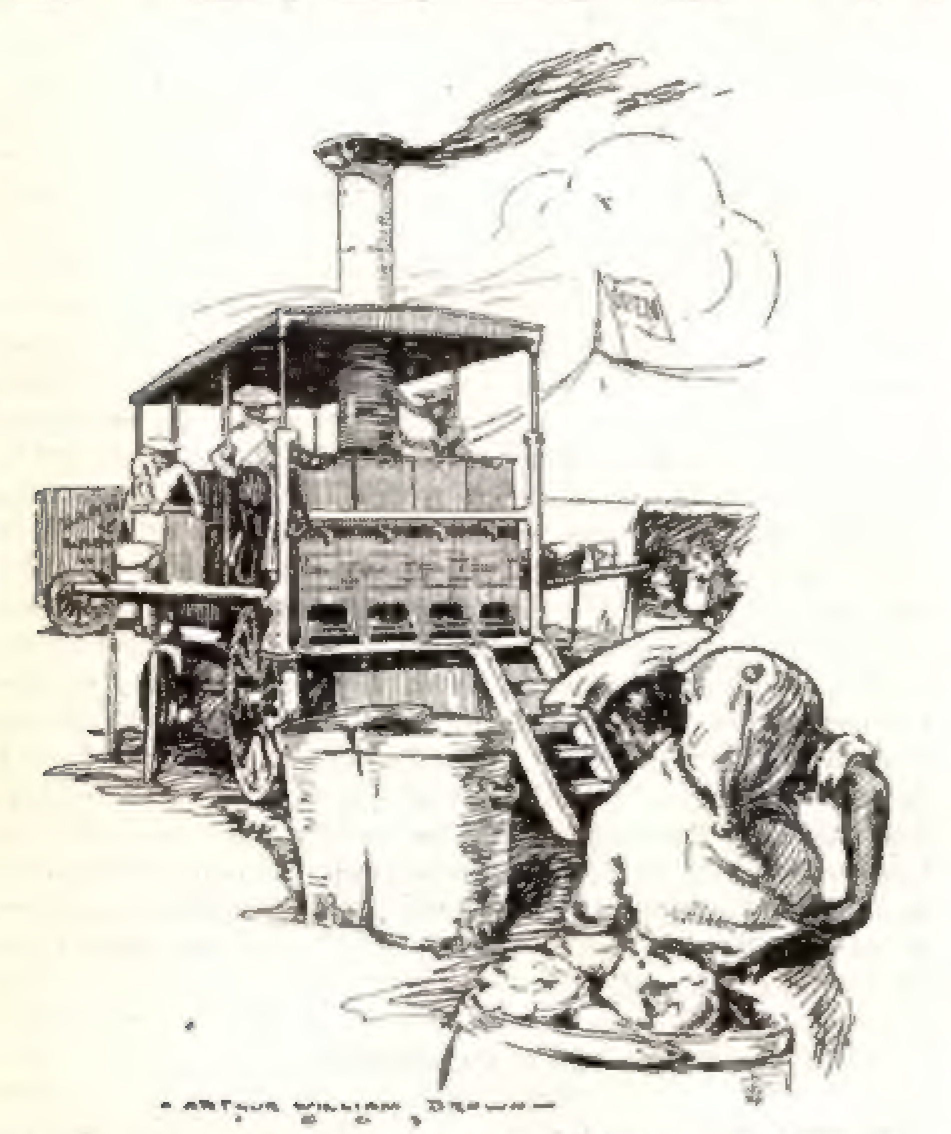
Doubtless the bonding privileges whereby Canadian shippers utilize American ports would be instantly withdrawn; the tariff on goods now imported from Britain and her colonies might be increased to an absolutely prohibitive rate; British corporations doing business in the United States would probably have to meet adverse legislation designed to curtail if not end their operations in this country; British shipping would be a heavy sufferer, not only in the loss of freights consequent upon the suspension of the export trade in grain, but because of legislation intended to discriminate against it and in favor of American steamship lines. Other ways could be found by which Britain's act could be repaid in kind.

In the event of such a war the odds would be heavily against the United Kingdom. Even Mr. Chamberlain would probably admit that America is self-contained and self-supporting. Whatever may come, it can always feed and clothe its people without outside assistance. Money it might lack, but never the necessaries of life. Other nations outside the zollverein would doubtless act in harmony with the United States, and should they do so Britain would be starved out, even if her colonies could produce impossible crops.

FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

ON THE LOT



—ENOUGH TO COOK SOME THIRTY-THREE HUNDRED MEALS

THE range-wagon of a great circus is a very essential vehicle; and, as it must have a range comprehensive enough to cook some thirty-three hundred meals in ten hours, of necessity its weight is like that of the plain but useful freight-car. Now what would happen if, as it left the train for the "lot," it should become hopelessly bogged? We asked an old circus man.

"We'd have to hook on more horses," he said.

"But if that wouldn't move her?"

"Put on *more* horses. Double 'em up. Let 'em pull V-shape."

"But if she still stayed put?"

"Give her *more* horses, then. Try thirty-six."

"Then you'd reach your limit?"

"Then we'd get out old 'Babe' to push behind. I reckon that'd fetch her!"

"But Mr. Conklin, in the menagerie tent, says that often an elephant, by having a sort of downward push, only gets a wagon further in. Supposing that happened now. Supposing that range-wagon was worse stuck in the mud than any wheeled rig since the time of ox-carts in Chicago. If nothing on earth would move her, what would you do?"

That feazed him for a while. But after a minute he saw his way out of it. "In *that* case," he said, "we'd have to —put on more horses!"

A few days later we heard two clowns in the dressing-room holding a mighty argument on whether or not anything was impossible.

"If you was shooting a gun one way and I was shooting one the other—could them bullets ever meet?"

"Well—they might *some* time."

"Say, do you *hear* that! Wouldn't that make you——! Well, I'll just give you one more: Could I jump up to the moon?"

"Well, with all the discoveries and inventions you hear of being thought up every day——"

The defender of the argument, if maintaining a somewhat difficult thesis, was at least of the true circus school of philosophy. The impossible is an idea not to be entertained. It is only a matter of "putting on more horses." "You've got to keep just everlastingly plugging ahead, no matter what kind of weather you're handed out," another old showman put it. "If you don't give any parade, the yaps think you're not going to show in the afternoon; and if you don't show in the afternoon they're dead sure you're not going to show at night!"

But there must be very much more than the dogged to keep a great modern circus going. The preceding paper made manifest how much system is put into preparing the way for it. What of the management of things "on the lot"? We have compared a big show to an army brigade. But as a matter of logic it must be a much wiser thing than any army brigade, for its officers have all of them seen from fifteen to fifty years of continuous campaigning. To govern this brigade, therefore, there is no mixture of Sandhurst and the Soldier's Pocketbook. There is a multiplied accumulation of perhaps one thousand years of active service, of compounded experience. And its organization and principles of action are this compounded experience crystallized. That organization and those principles of action may in many ways seem in nowise remarkable or inspired; but at least there is good reason for believing that they contain as reliable a quality of practical working wisdom as has been devised for every-day use up to the present year of grace.

In a great show the organization is a very simple and natural one. There is first the proprietor. He is supreme, but he rarely takes any important step without a kind of cabinet meeting of his heads of departments. Throughout the most of the season, in actual authority on the lot is the managing director, the prime minister, as it were. And he with his personal staff may be said to constitute the legislative branch. The big show, like most modern forms of government, has learned to divide the legislative and the executive pretty clearly. The treasurer and his assistants are responsible only to the director and proprietor. So, also, are the press-tent men, the solicitor and legal adjuster, the Bank of England representative who travels with the show, the Pinkerton man, and the head of the privileges—who contracts for the cook-tent, side-show and candy-stands. Otherwise, and for everything else, the superintendent is responsible. Under him—though under is hardly a justifiable word—are the various department heads. There are the equestrian director, the property man, the mistress of the wardrobe on the woman's side (the "circus mother"), the boss canvas-man, the boss hostler, the head of the menagerie, the transportation boss, the head porter. All of them have their assistants. Some of them are chiefs over hundreds.

Then, too, there is a certain discipline, though it is not positive after the martinet manner, but rather warningly negative. As soon as you "join on" you find there are a lot of places where you must walk wary. A circus takes no note of whether you are pagan, Jew or Gentile, yellow, black or white. Whether you are director or canvas-man you are in a true democracy: all eat together in the same unpartitioned cook-tent. But there are certain things which the show has made up its mind it cannot afford to let you do.

You must not swear. It is unnecessary, it lowers the standard of the show, and many circus patrons find it highly objectionable.

You must not "be gay." If you as much as speak to any of the ladies of the circus you stand the best of chances of paying a twenty-five-dollar fine. For the second offense you will be "jacked up"—which is circus for instantaneous dismissal. If your car is next to a ladies' car you must not put your foot across to the platform of that car. It is idle to expect the public to believe this, but a big circus is more rigidly supervised than any ladies' school.

No cards, dice or strong drink are in any wise tolerated, either on the grounds or in the cars. There is one show whose owner holds that a man will do his work better if he has his dram, so he carries a kind of canteen car. Significantly that circus is known as the "hoodoo'd show" because its chapter of woes and tribulations is unending. One day one of the "bull men" of another circus showed himself tipsy on parade. He was a good man, a splendid trainer, and all but essential to the much-advertised elephant act of the performance. But when the lot was reached again he was sent to the ticket-wagon to get his money. And before he had got it another man was practicing his "stunt." You can't chance having a "bull" stampede in a tent containing fifteen thousand people.

The good behavior of the working force is further guaranteed by a system of holding back a certain very considerable percentage of the salary until the end of the season. Nor, in view of the fact that many of the performers ask leave to bank with the management, can this be looked on as any hardship.

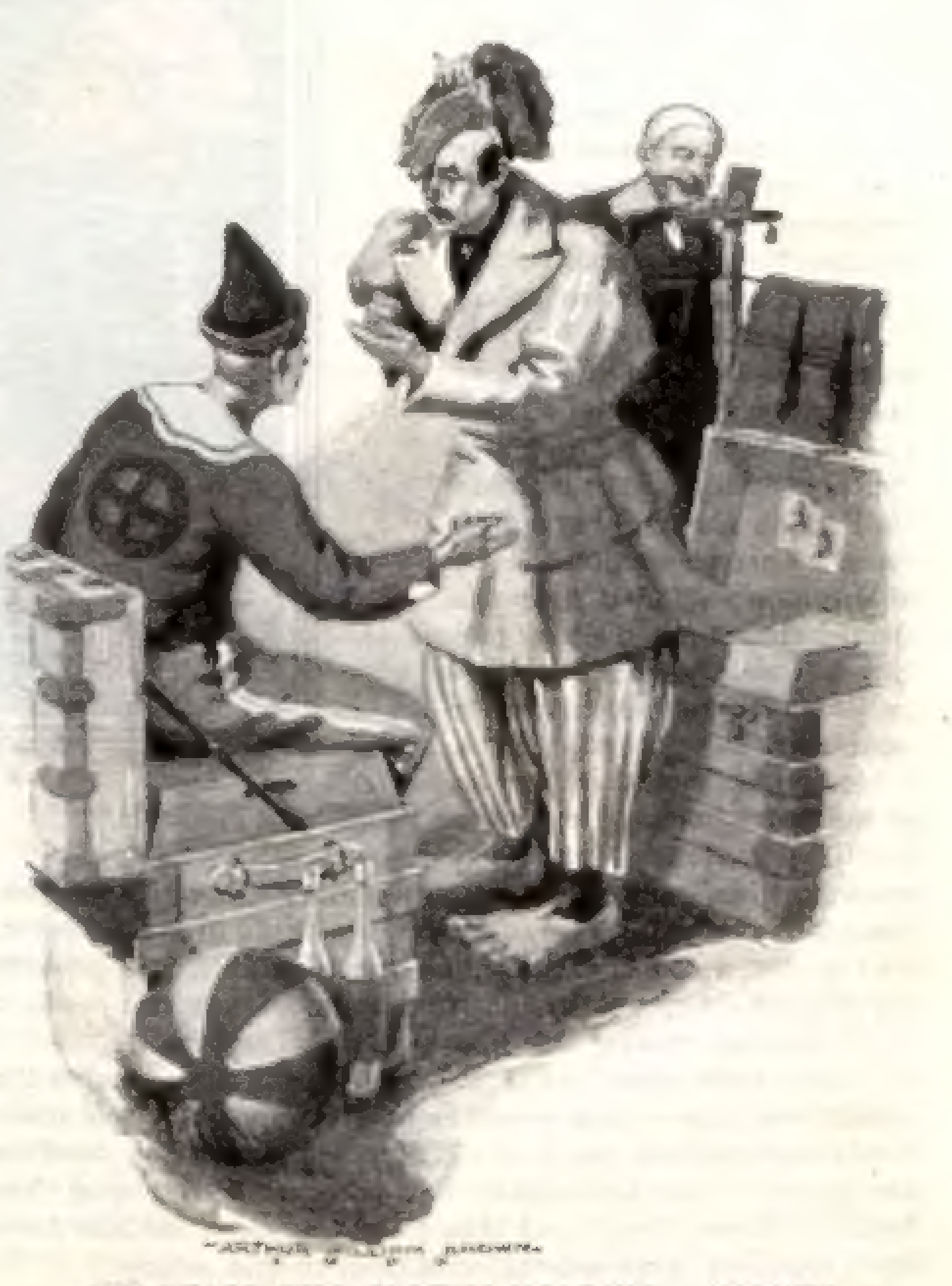
On the lot means on the lot. If you are a subordinate you must not leave it without the permission of your chief. The present writer once saw the circus detective hale a canvas-man before his boss. He had seen him loitering about downtown. He pleaded sick, and was told that he could choose between enjoying all future sicknesses on the lot and hunting a new job. If you are the head of a department and wish to leave the grounds, you must stop in at the director's tent and mention the matter before you go, and your assistant must be in your place. The director himself does not leave without telling his general aide where he may be found and how soon he may be expected back.

Also, you will see discipline in a very active form if a bad thunderstorm blows up. Three notes from the superintendent's whistle, and almost on the instant there is a man at every guy rope and "safety." It is quicker work than a lifeboat drill at sea. One of the early Roman coliseums, built of wood, once had a little blow-down and some fifty thousand people were killed or injured. The modern form of coliseum is not looking for that kind of advertisement.

As far, too, as it is any way possible within the peculiar nature of the show business, to the last dot of an *i* there is system in the arrangement of things. One afternoon I had been doing some writing in one of the tents, and noticed later, when the circus was on its way to the cars, that I had left my cuffs behind. "They will be in Box 3, Wagon 100," I was told, and that without a moment's hesitation.

Every wagon is either numbered or lettered. Every box and bale is either numbered, or it is stenciled with a legend which tells its proper place beyond any possibility of mislaying. A thousand and one things are daily loaded into every property-wagon in an order hardly less unvaryingly absolute than goes to the correct building together of a Chinese block puzzle. The four sections of the circus train arrive in a certain sequence; the wagons leave the cars and reach the lot in a certain sequence; and they are themselves placed and unloaded in a certain sequence. Come out to the grounds early in the morning, when the show is just getting into being. Off to the right and left two tents are completely up. In the foreground the centre-poles of another are struggling to follow the rising sun, while the biggest tent of all is represented only by a great oval of red-flagged steel pins. Obviously less than one-third of the circus has as yet arrived. All seems to be at odd and even. Here and there great vans are hurrying over the field with men jerking stakes and side-poles from the backs of them. Other wagons moving as much at random are tumbling out behemoth-like rolls of canvas. If you have been a country boy, the shouting, the hollow bo's'n's whistles sounding at intervals, the crowds of men in jumpers, the horses, the smell of hay and straw in the fresh morning air, the clunking clank of the tank-wagon, the steam calliope, and those big red vans as they lumber to the lot, will irresistibly remind you of threshing day. Only it is all multiplied a thousandfold, and here is going to be a very late and "skew-haw" start indeed.

You may spare your anxiety. The tents completely up have gone up first because they contain the gear for feeding both men and horses—and neither are going to work much more until they *have* been fed! The wagons dropping out stakes and side-poles are dropping them exactly where they



WE HEARD TWO CLOWNS HOLDING A MIGHTY ARGUMENT

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. McFarlane on the organization and management of the big shows. The next will appear in an early number.

will be needed. The behemoth-like rolls of canvas, tumbled out at random, will unroll to the very pegs and coils of rope which make them fast by that famous circus half-hitch. And they will unroll so that their edges come together line and line for the lacing stage. Only a third of the show is as yet on the lot because the other two-thirds would be very much in the way. The great tent, as yet only mapped out like a Napoleonic campaign, is the big top; and, as it is not needed until two in the afternoon, it will very logically be the last to reach completion. There is a curiously general belief that all the work of pitching a circus camp is entirely finished before less early birds are eating their respective breakfast foods; and also that there will be nothing more to do until the performance is over at night. As a matter of fact, the last touches are often not put upon the big top until the band has taken its place. And the work of taking *down* the circus again begins shortly after four! If you have not gone to your dinner by five you may go hungry; for by then the huge boxes of dishes are being lifted into the supply-wagons. It is very profitable to do things quickly; but to pay six or seven hundred canvas and "prop" men for some four hours' work per day is neither economy of time or money.

But a circus is, above all, notable among the businesses of this earth for getting the greatest amount of specialized work done in the shortest possible time. It should have its own theories regarding the handling of labor. It has. First for the minor ones.

System is always sought in preference to individual speed. The fastest half-mile sprinter in the world cannot carry a baseball to a goal in one-third the time in which ten good pitchers can drive it thither by working in a chain. A circus puts upon a job enough men to change their individual movements into the swift, regular, not-to-be-interrupted movement of a machine. Thus the stake drivers are not worked singly, but in rings of six and seven. Their eighteen-pound sledges follow one another upon the big four-foot pegs with the galloping rapidity of a pawl running upon a winch. The stake has no time to stop and grip the clay. Still less can any man of the ring halt or slacken in his labor.

It puts upon a job as many men as can, without crowding one another, work upon that job. When the big top is going up, men are simultaneously making fast the side-walls, setting in the quarter-poles, tightening up the guys, hoisting and attaching the trapeze apparatus, building the rings, leveling the race-course with adzes, spreading the tan bark, and putting up the boxes and reserves.

Again, the big gangs of men who are respectively setting up the seats on the right side and the left are racing. It is as natural that they should race as that the squads of rival farm hands should be fired with emulation at a barn raising. They do it in half the time by racing, and the circus people so fix it that if the men have any blood in them at all they *will* race.

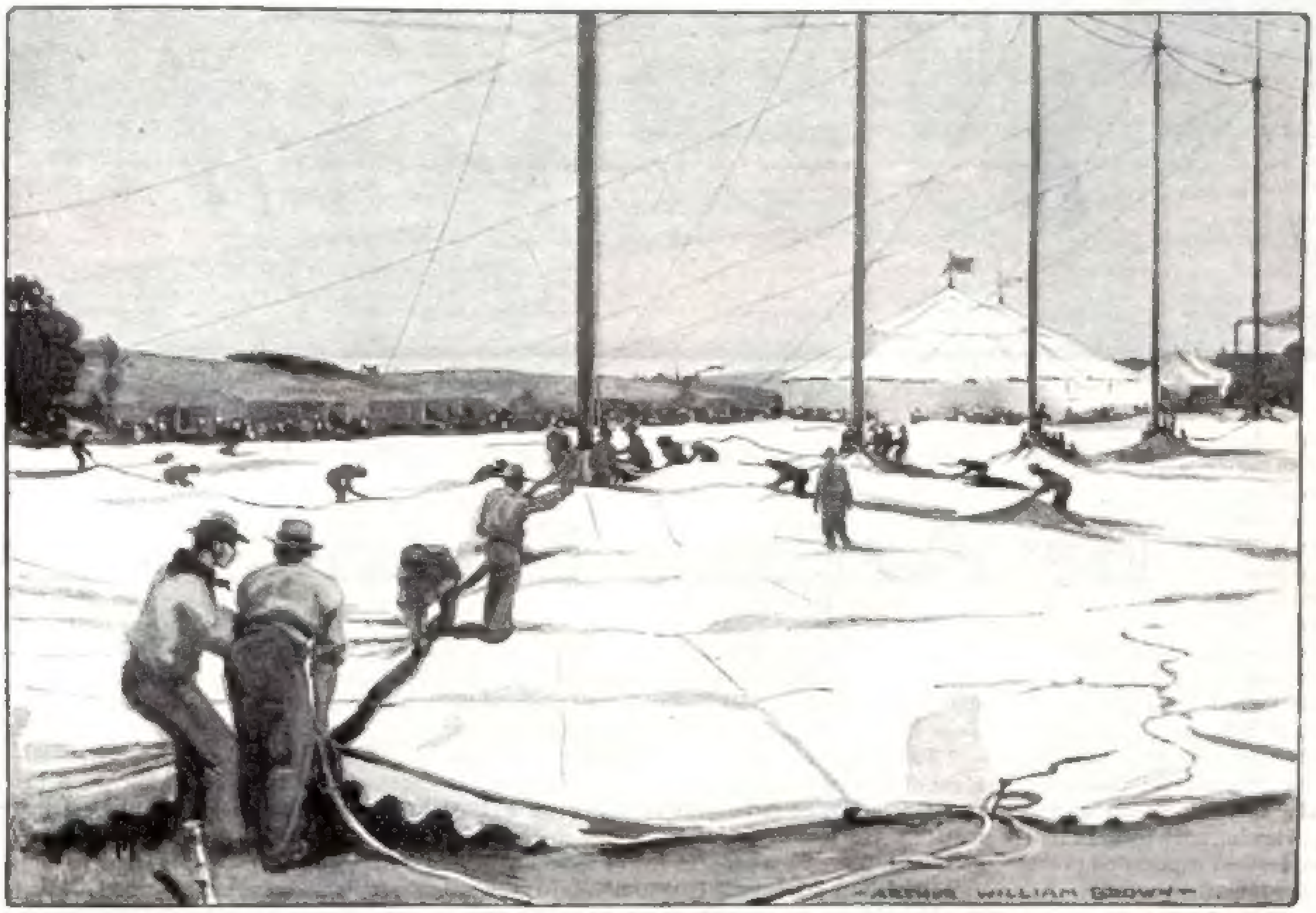
Again, the gang of negroes raising the jacks and stringers are keeping time to a sort of wildly chanted ragtime. That, too, is something to be encouraged. It is the military band which adds ten miles a day to the soldier's marching capacity.

But surely there must be something more behind circus speed and efficiency than the foregoing. There is. In the Boer army, though every man led or belonged to some one commando, he was given to understand that his first care must be for the good of the whole, and above all, he must think for himself. It was a most revolutionary principle, which all the good old pipe-clayed military authorities asseverated would result in all kinds of disasters. It did — to the forces of the other side. European eyes stared wide: so then, when it came to the wrenching, twisting and hammering of the campaign, the rubber came out better than the cast-iron!

American circus men have been telling army people that for the last twenty years. What the military thinks is looseness is really elasticity. The ten-ton weight of a show wagon is supported on springs, each of which consists of ten or twelve underleaved but separate laminæ. A very violent jolt might snap some one of them. It could not snap them all. The organization of a circus tries to rest itself on the thinking brains of one thousand men instead of upon those of twenty or thirty. It recognizes and encourages the initiative in the individual eternally and always. It has learned that for a man to do something for himself is the one sign of good stuff in him. One day we noticed that two door boys had been dropped off overnight. "Why did you let them go?" we asked.

"Oh, they'd never have been any good to us. You can't do anything with chaps that always need to be told."

Three thousand canvas-men had gone through that winnowing mill inside of four months. In the mean time, several of them had got their feet on the second and third rungs of the ladder. One had climbed straight up to general announcer and assistant press agent! "There's always room in the boxes" is the circus translation of a good familiar proverb.



EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN THE SHOW IS JUST GETTING INTO BEING

And this constant appeal to the man to develop himself brings out work which no course of drill in the world could produce. Stand in the back of one of the ticket-wagons during the rush hour. Two young fellows deal out and make change for seven thousand tickets in sixty or eighty minutes. Stretching up to them is a tangled thicket of beckoning fingers — scores upon scores of them surging in at once.

"How in the name of the wonderful can you tell which heads belong to which hands?" you ask.

"We don't," you are told. "We hardly ever see the faces at all. We get into the way of connecting each voice with the waving of some particular bunch of fingers — and into them we put the number of tickets asked for. How can we avoid counterfeit money? Oh, in about four different ways. We couldn't get a glimpse of it without knowing it on *sight*. You couldn't lay a dollar down so gently but what we'd know it for "phoney" by the *sound* it makes. We couldn't pick it up without being tipped off by the greasy *feel* it has. And then there's the peculiar twitch of the man's hand as he shoves it at you." And all this while their fingers are going like Paderewski's! It is just one specialized order of intelligence which the natural selection of the circus has evolved.

Go over to the dining-tent, with its twelve cooks and threescore waiters. Talk to the superintendent. You won't hear from him how he worked out the seating and serving system of this big hotel of canvas. His mind is on the human part of it. "Sometimes they're so dead broke when they join on that they can't afford clean linen. We see that they get enough coin to start with to look respectable and as good as the rest of them." Again the appeal to the man, this time to the pride in him. And again, what sort of work does it produce? Sixty tons of material belong to the cook-tent department, and every piece and pound of it must be handled by those young fellows alone. The tent must be unloaded and put up, the seats for eleven hundred laid, the tables built and covered and set. That tent goes up "a-shouting!" It has been open and serving its hundreds a three-course hot breakfast within fifty-five minutes after the first of its wagons reached the lot! I wonder what Prussian lieutenant, with eighty Hans Schmidts terrified into mental numbness, could do that?

You can see the same forces at work in every department of the circus. Watch the grooms and hostlers, the farriers and harness-makers of the horse-tents. There is no whip for the big Percherons and Shires. And when, on the signal for removal, the canvas is twitched from above them almost like some gigantic blanket, they do not run away. When loading the cars at night they wind in and out among the beacons, and never a torch do they upset. The very animals seem to have learned to think and act for themselves.

A circus is a great, never-stopping wheel. From it, as it hugely spins, there is ever being thrown off the useless and the parasitic. To the centre of it there are as constantly pressing the true atoms and molecules of the whirling metal. And it spins thus evenly and swiftly because it is spinning upon a most thoroughly set and finely balanced human axis.

As children, probably most of us have believed that at the very centre of every big, humming fly-wheel there is one point — the tiniest of dots in the innermost tiny ring — which did not move. Again and again that thought came curiously back to us when in the little tent of the managing director: which tent is the tiny dot of the centre of this big circus wheel. It is the quietest place in all the acres of the great "lot." It is not the manager's business to play Atlas, but to come to quick decisions, and then to touch the proper buttons. He shows his power not by bellowing commands and doing tremendous feats of strenuosity, but by being quiet, low-voiced, gentle-mannered, by never losing either nerve or temper. The famous *equestrienne* from Paris is out on strike, the local newspaper is trying something very like blackmail, a great hole has been torn in the big top, a walking delegate has appeared on the lot, the trick pony has gone lame, something must be done regarding the water being supplied the show or half its people will be ill — all the innumerable troubles and snarls, the cruxes and crises of every day on the road focus and radiate into his little tent; but he has surrounded himself with an atmosphere which seems to take from those angry rays all their power to burn and sear, and leave in them only light by which to see how the same troubles and snarls and crises may be avoided in the future. The manager is in some ways inclined to be a bit of a pessimist; but there could be no better argument for optimism than the man himself and the organic policy which has built up the self-reliant, self-sufficient intelligence of the modern circus.

An Unsentimental Fence

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH SIBLEY, of Pennsylvania, the millionaire oil man and horseman, who came to Congress once as a Democrat and returned the next session as a Republican, has a beautiful summer home on the shore of Lake Champlain, not far from Plattsburg, New York.

It is Sibley's delight to take a party of Congressional friends up to Lake Champlain with him and keep them as long as they will stay.

John Sharpe Williams, the Mississippi statesman, was one of Sibley's guests and never ceased to talk of the beauties of the place.

On a dull day in the latest session of Congress, Williams wrote busily at his desk for an hour and then walked over to Sibley.

"Joe," he said, "here's some poetry I've written about that place of yours."

"Let's see it," demanded Sibley.

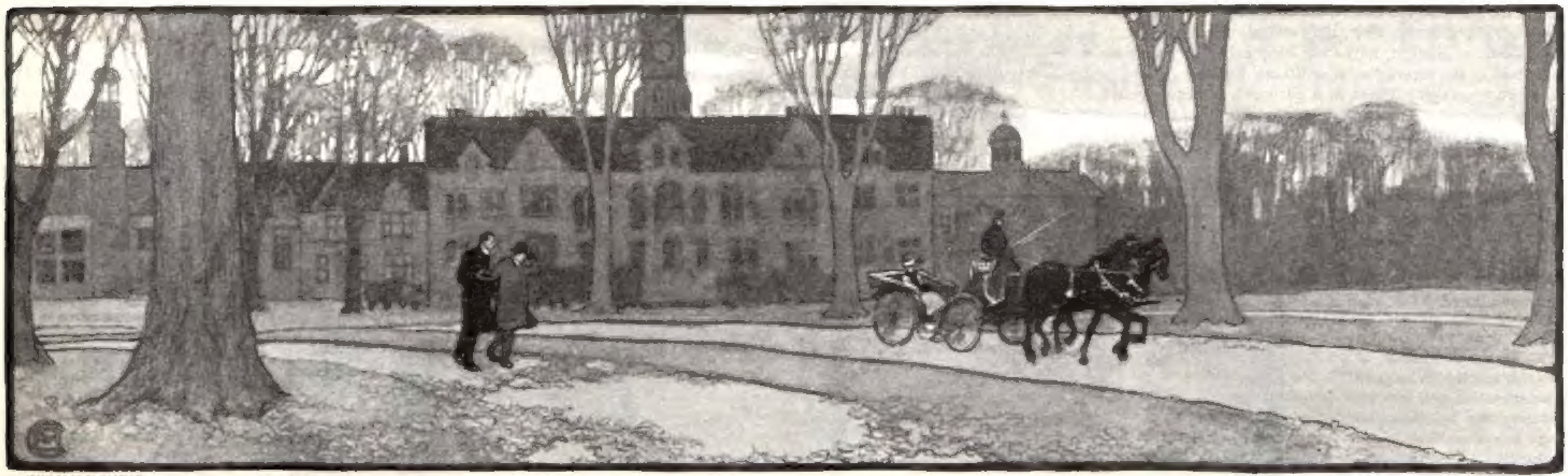
"It's about a pair of lovers sitting on the fence in your park, repeating their vows while the moon rises over the lake."

Sibley laughed immoderately. "It can't be done," he gasped.

"Why not?" asked Williams indignantly. "Are the residents of that region so lost to sentiment that such an episode is impossible."

"It isn't that," Sibley replied, between laughs, "but, you see, all my fence is made of barbed wire."

THE PROFESSOR OF GREEK



How He Found the Hellenes Again

By Arthur Stringer

AT PRECISELY half-past four the Professor of Greek knocked on the door of the Fellow in Mathematics. Then, in response to a hearty "Come in!" he entered the bare little half-cloistral room, abstractedly seating himself, as was his wont, while the pencil of the Fellow in Mathematics hovered and dashed over the last of a great pile of written papers.

"Just one minute, Erben; one minute!" said the man at the desk, as he raced through his last sheet, sprang from his chair, stretched himself, and dodged into another room for his coat and gloves. For at exactly the same hour each day of the week it was the custom of the Professor of Greek and the Fellow in Mathematics to take their afternoon outing, eagerly and yet half begrudgingly, viewing each frugal excursion, indeed, as a not altogether unpleasant concession to that sadly exigent body which housed the impatient mind.

It was a clear, cool afternoon early in November—a day intangibly melancholy in aspect, and yet keenly exhilarating in effect. About the wide campus of the University of Elsewhere the yellow leaves blew in ragged lines and ever narrowing circles, while over the half-bare trees that fringed the west, beyond the soft verdure of the ravine, an amber-colored sunset glowed through broken clouds, flaming above the fine lacework of the maple and elm boughs, burning over the old gray college buildings and the dormitories and the library with lights already twinkling from its serried windows.

A sudden little frolic of snow pattered and rustled against the leaves that strewed the walks of College Park.

"Hello, the first of the season!" cried Richardson, the cheery little Fellow in Mathematics; and he straightened his broad, bent shoulders and sniffed eagerly at the chilly air, holding in deep breaths of it until his plump cheeks were pursed out with the effort, as his short, thick legs hurried on beside the long, mechanical strides of the gaunter young Professor of Greek. As they hurried on a flashing little victoria rumbled down the mellow quietness of University Avenue, and from among its mauve cushions a young woman in a muffling boa and heavily plumed hat bowed deferentially to the two young scholars. Erben, the Professor of Greek, flushed boyishly under the brightness of that passing smile, and gazed after the glinting victoria in wistful silence. The ever alert eyes of the Mathematician observed the sudden flush on his companion's gaunt cheeks, and he wondered, a little ruefully, just why it was they saw so little of woman-folk.

"Wonderfully well-groomed woman, that Matilda Struthers!" he cried in his artlessly enthusiastic way. "Fine creature, fine creature!" he repeated with a sigh, as he gazed after the disappearing carriage.

If Erben agreed with his companion he remained discreetly silent on the matter. He was remembering, with a warm little tremulous glow at the thought, that twice during the past week he had surreptitiously taken tea with Matilda Struthers, that once he had dined with her, when, indeed, he ought to have been giving the finishing touches to the Thirty-ninth Chapter of his Decay of the Greek Civilization. It had been a pleasant dinner, a more than pleasant dinner, he felt, yet all through that evening of disquieting happiness the shadow of an unfinished Thirty-ninth Chapter had hung over him, ominously and eloquently, and it was with almost a sense of relief that he had once more hurried back to his book-littered little library, where, however, he did not by any means plunge into work, but sat before his fire late into the night. And Erben sighed a little, in turn, as he gazed after the disappearing carriage and the figure within it, a fading glow of color amid the universal grayness of things.

"The Greeks, however, considered the blond type the ideal of beauty," murmured Erben aloud. Then he started slightly, and glanced down at the little Fellow in Mathematics. He found, to his great relief, that his companion had not followed his progression of thought.

"Oh, those Greeks of yours," said the other testily; "you're always harping back to 'em, Erben, for everything worth thinking of!"

"And why not?" asked Erben pensively. "They were the only people who ever knew what Beauty is."

"But they're all dead and gone so long ago," argued Richardson. "Though I *do* believe you'd rather sit and look at that low-browed plaster Clytie of yours than a woman of to-day, alive, surging with feeling, teeming with life, warm, vital, modern—a woman like—well, like Matilda Struthers, for instance!"

For the second time that afternoon the Professor of Greek flushed a little, and caught with a sense of escape at the side-issue of the prevailing low brow of the Athenian.

"Winckelmann, among others, has pointed out, you know, that Greek women with a high forehead always placed a band over it, the obvious design being to make it appear lower."

As they walked on in momentary silence a sudden great chorus of deep-toned, lusty cheering, mingled with the notes of discordant horns, floated through the half-bare trees to them, incontestably signifying that Elsewhere had scored in some near-by football match. Richardson paused to listen to the great, jovial thunder of far-away sound, saying, as he listened, that there was something human and wholesome about it.

"It has often occurred to me, you know," resumed the Professor of Greek, as the two university men once more took up their walk down the leaf-carpeted paths—"it has often occurred to me that those early Greeks lived a life that was positively ideal. Did you ever think of it?"

"Oh, yes," said the other easily, "often. The world was young in those days. But just listen to that cheering again! 'Varsity *must* have scored!"

The Professor of Greek preferred to stick to his subject; he even furrowed his high, pale brow with a gentle little frown of impatience.

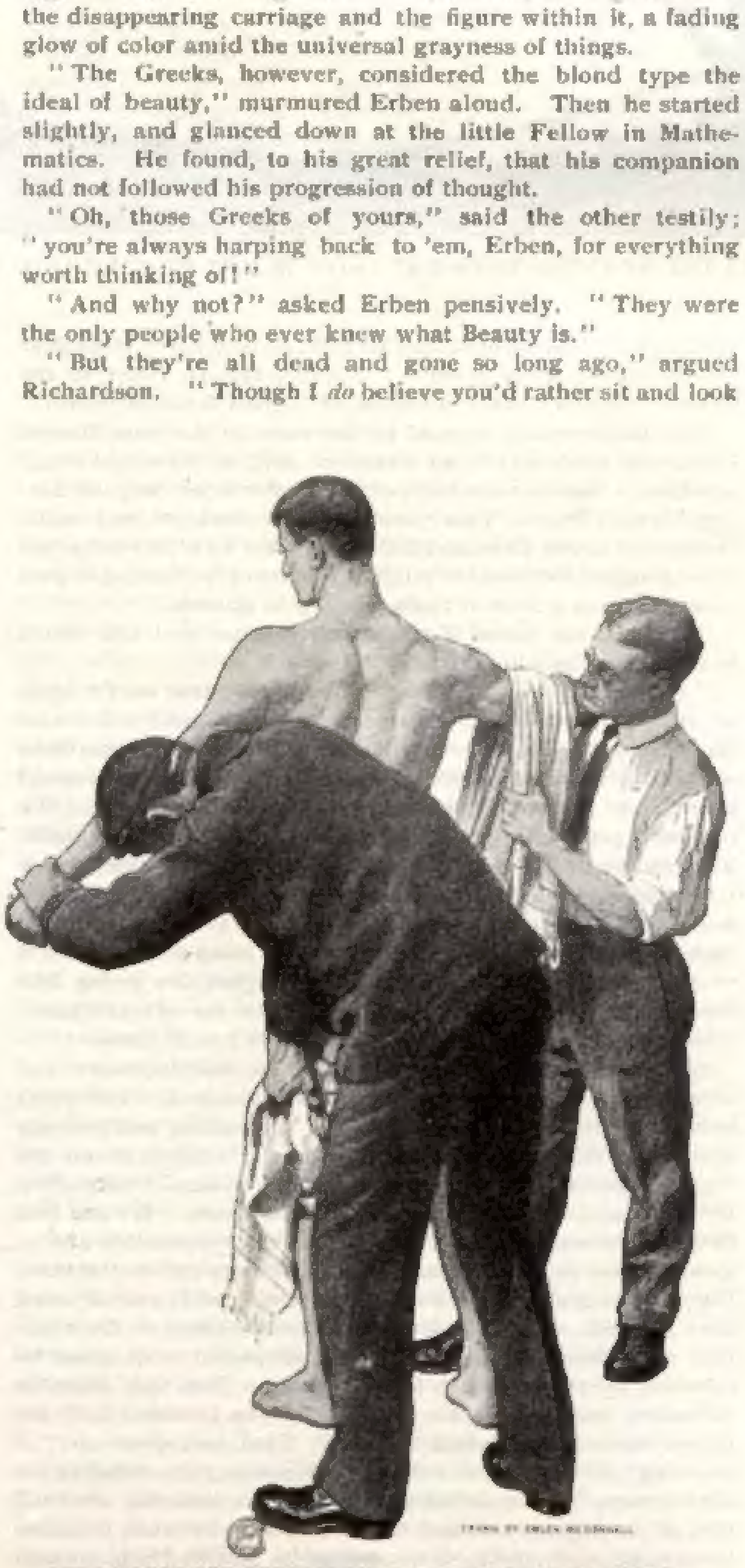
"They had their fine, equable, southern climate, in the first place, Richardson; and then they had their open-air lives, their manly games, and their athletics, and they never seemed to have known what nerves were. They lived like little children, with their simple, open, childlike lives! It makes us feel nowadays as if we were always old and ailing—as though our bodies and souls, in some way, were second-hand! We moderns, indeed, seem to be born old!"

The little Fellow in Mathematics laughed grimly: he was thinking of the Youth that housed perennially beneath him, where so often through the night air there floated up to him the lilt of mandolins and guitars and the sound of light, undergraduate laughter and song, while he himself bent over his books and knew at times that much study was indeed a weariness to the flesh.

"Even our children, Richardson, have forgotten how to be young—the scientific little pedants! I tell you, we have too much of this eternal poking about after book-learning, too much of this paper-chase after Culture! We're all sick with the disease of our century! We're too self-conscious; we're too analytical; we're too bookish!"

Richardson noticed the flush that had spread over Erben's pale, solemn, half-sorrowful face, but said nothing. He also noticed the painful stoop that day by day was growing more marked in the narrow, sensitive shoulders of his older friend, and for certain reasons inwardly remarked that he would be glad when the last page of The Decay of the Greek Civilization was written and forgotten.

"So it isn't so strange," the other went on determinedly, as they walked down the gray, autumnal paths, carpeted thickly with fallen leaves—"it isn't so strange that nowadays we find it hard to imagine that early, light-hearted health of the Greek, as he journeyed, say,



THE CARELESS STRENGTH OF THE YOUTH'S RIGID BODY, AS TWO SOPHOMORE ADMIRERS RUBBED HIM VIGOROUSLY DOWN

down to his Olympian games, to display his skill and try the strength he had won by four years of patient exercise. And what a long, silent, patient four years they must have been practicing and testing and hardening, up there somewhere in his out-of-the-way mountain home, unseen, uncommended and without the evening editions filling their sporting pages with all his latest verbal bravado! What a perfect happy being he must have been as he struggled there in the sunlight and the open air of his *pulvis Olympicus*, straining for his few sprays of pine, his sprig of wild olive, or his priceless little bunch of parsley!'

"But think of our own boat-crews, or even our football men!" broke in Richardson. "They fight finely and disinterestedly for their little rag of silk or paper, whichever it may happen to be."

"Perhaps, perhaps!" continued the young Professor abstractedly, "but these early Greeks always seemed to me like happy children playing in the sun, half naked, in their mellow purity of health. And even their women—it was the sound-bodied man they honored and sought out and mated with. We're degenerates: we can't imagine the difference. We've lost that old eternal child heartedness of the Greeks, who hardly knew they had a brain, or a stomach, or a nervous system. And they, Richardson, old and dead and gone as you say they are, they will stand the ideal type, because with them mind was not regarded as the whole, the entire machine—it was only a beautiful flowering of that beautiful machinery of the body!"

Richardson shrugged a vaguely dissenting shoulder. He was thinking of his early days when he was "the scholar" of his little New England village, of the sacrifices that had been made for his schooling, of his ten years of ever widening mental toil, of his plans for the future, of the academic possibilities that might still widen out before him. And the passion of intellectual conquest seemed sweet to him as he laughed again and told Erben that the eggs of the body often had to be broken for the omelet of the mind.

"Oh, yes," cried Erben, in mild exasperation, "I suppose your whole mathematical generation will eventually develop into an intellectual sort of animal, all head, sans feet, sans arms, sans stomach, imbibing self-digestive fluids and condensed oxygen, and forever building some new and infinitely complex *pons asinorum!* What an enormity a good all round athlete will be to you, and what a curiosity a good pair of legs."

Richardson's eye instinctively fell on the none too opulent members of his gaunt companion. But again he remained silent, though as they circled about and once more drew nearer the gray pile of the University buildings his keen gray eyes lightened with a sudden determination.

Already along the wide, winding pathways and drives the crowds were returning from the football match. Many of the merry-looking, loud voiced, gayly-dressed young men wore immense chrysanthemums in their buttonholes; nearly every one, to Erben's eyes, seemed to be brightened with a touch of the 'Varsity colors; some of the girls and young women even carrying streamers of these same colors, and little triangular flags and tin horns. Among the many bright-eyed, well-dressed, easy-gaited young men not a few bowed respectfully to the Professor of Greek and his companion, lowering their voices for a moment as they passed the older men. Every now and then amid the steady stream of merrymakers the more alert young Fellow in Mathematics noticed a handsome woman, or a prettier brown-faced, well-gowned young girl, or a merrier four-in hand load of singing undergraduates, or a carriage with a brighter flash of color about it.

The Professor of Greek seemed scarcely to take note of the tide of laughing and chattering humanity that flowed so lightly past him beyond bowing absent mindedly to a familiar face or two. He strode on, wrapt in his own busy thoughts, until suddenly the sharper rattle of carriage wheels on the gravel near by told him that some one had driven to the curb beside him. He turned quickly, and saw Matilda Struthers smiling down on him from her victoria. He would have fled incontinently had not the Fellow in Mathematics assured him that she had spoken and was motioning for him. So lifting his hat, and flushing pink to his prominent cheekbones, he approached the waiting carriage, and the next moment found himself shaking in his own a firm and well gloved little hand.

"That's old Erben—we call him 'dried Erbs' round 'Varsity!" laughed a passing undergraduate to a group of seminary girls, and as the words fell on the ear of the Professor of Greek a hotter and deeper flush spread over his averted face.

"It's so fortunate I met you again, Professor Erben," the voice from the victoria was saying to him. "We're having a few in to dinner on Friday, and I *do* want you to come!"

"Thank you, it would be a very great pleasure indeed, Miss Struthers," he said warmly, yet with a stiff, old-world bow that stood a confession of his embarrassed mind. And as she leaned down from her seat and chattered to him for a glowing minute or two he decided that Richardson was eminently right—that she was indeed a well-groomed woman, a remarkably well groomed woman.

Although Richardson said nothing as they resumed their walk, he guided his absent-minded companion around the western wing of the college building, past the tennis-courts and the laboratory, to the entrance to the still unfinished new gymnasium. It was already quite dark. They found it somewhat difficult to walk up the tottering planks temporarily serving for steps. The little Fellow in Mathematics had scarcely led his wondering companion into the great, chilly gymnasium bathroom before the football men and their trainers and undergraduate admirers came crowding and trooping in with a great clatter of feet and uproar of voices.

The two older men stood back under one of the remoter gas-jets and watched the noisy crowd as they came flocking and laughing and romping in, carrying their captain on their triumphant shoulders, the thick padding about the hips and knees of their mud-covered, grass-stained canvas suits giving them a beguiling appearance of heaviness, even of uncouth awkwardness. Then one by one each of the team pulled off his woolen sweater and unlaced his tight-fitting canvas vest. Willing freshmen, proud of the honor, stripped each man of his moist jersey, pulling it with difficulty, often, over the wearer's head. In the cool air a little cloud of steam drifted up from every pair of stalwart white shoulders, though the amazed Erben noticed that none of them seemed to note the chilliness as they undressed, laughing and joking childishly in wearied exuberance of spirits. A half-back who, it seemed, had that day played an heroic game, carefully released a brass-plate laced to his side, to protect a spot where two ribs had been broken in a previous game. A strong, pungent odor of liniment crept through the place. A stalwart guard, sitting on his wet sweater, quite naked, asked a young medical student, bustling ominously about with his important-looking surgical-bag, to put a stitch or two in a gash in his knee. Erben, back under the gas-jet, felt a little faint as he saw the curved little needle push carelessly through the guard's flesh, and the next moment was glad to look away and watch the different players as they took their turn under the shower-baths, giving vent, as they did so, to sharp cries, half pleasure, half agony, while the icy water rushed down their warm shoulders, washing the mud from their tangled hair, whipping and beating on their bodies till they deepened to a pale rose-color.

Out of his wondering, short-sighted eyes the Professor of Greek watched with particular interest the muscular young giant, Summering, for it was Summering who twice that week had come to him with a half-piteous appeal to be crowded through his Supplemental examinations. This stalwart young barbarian, Erben remembered, was not so brilliant of mind as he was broad of shoulders. And there was an indignant parent, and many reasons why the languid-minded child of wealth should not fail again. As the supple-limbed young athlete bent forward to remove a long rubber band wrapped tightly about an injured ankle, the stooping figure with its firm lines and hint of close, muscular tissue in some way brought back to Erben's mind a picture of Myron's "Discobolus," which years before he had seen, he remembered in the Vatican at Rome. The careless strength of the youth's rigid body, as two sophomore admirers rubbed him vigorously down with rough towels, the unstudied sense of power in the upthrust arms, brought mysteriously to the Professor of Greek a sense of depression, and he coughed once or twice and shivered with the cold as he looked once more in wonder at the sinewy young barbarians standing about in their unconscious nudity. Then he turned to the Fellow in Mathematics and said they had better be going.

Walking home through the darkness the Professor of Greek said to his friend, almost as though replying to a question, "Yes, yes, you may be right—perhaps we still have our *pulvis Olympicus*, after all!"

In the many-columned corridor of Strahan Hall they met the Dean of Elsewhere, burdened with mud and a golf-bag, and the three friends walked together toward their rooms. Through the darkness the lights of the dormitories and halls looked homelike and cheering. The Professor of Greek was just about to enter his study, for a hurried hour of work on The Decay of the Greek Civilization, when Summering, adjusting a tie as he ran, overtook him.

"Could I trouble you, sir, for a moment!" he cried, respectfully enough. With a sudden unexpected intimacy of movement the Professor of Greek placed a hand on the brawny shoulder of the huge football guard. Somewhere, deep down in his heart, he was wishing that he had those shoulders. And as he did so the placid Summering was looking at the pale brow of the man beside him and wishing that he had that head.

"Step in, Summering; step in, by all means!"

But once inside the book-lined, paper-strewn little room, so eloquent of its hours, of its years of study and toil, Summering found it hard to utter himself.

"It's about that examination, sir!" he began inadequately.

"Yes, yes, of course," said the young Professor in his thin, kindly, equable voice.

"I've *got* to get that exam!" the other burst out desperately. "The governor has threatened to—well, he's threatened more than I'd care to tell you—and if you'd only say a word or two to old—I mean to Professor Haddow, he'd understand, and let me come up in December! Could you, sir?"

"I shall do everything, Summering, everything I legitimately can."

"It would mean so much to me!" hesitated the young man.

The older man smiled a little wearily; it always did mean so much to all of them. He had come to their help so often, and so often they had passed out into the world, sometimes

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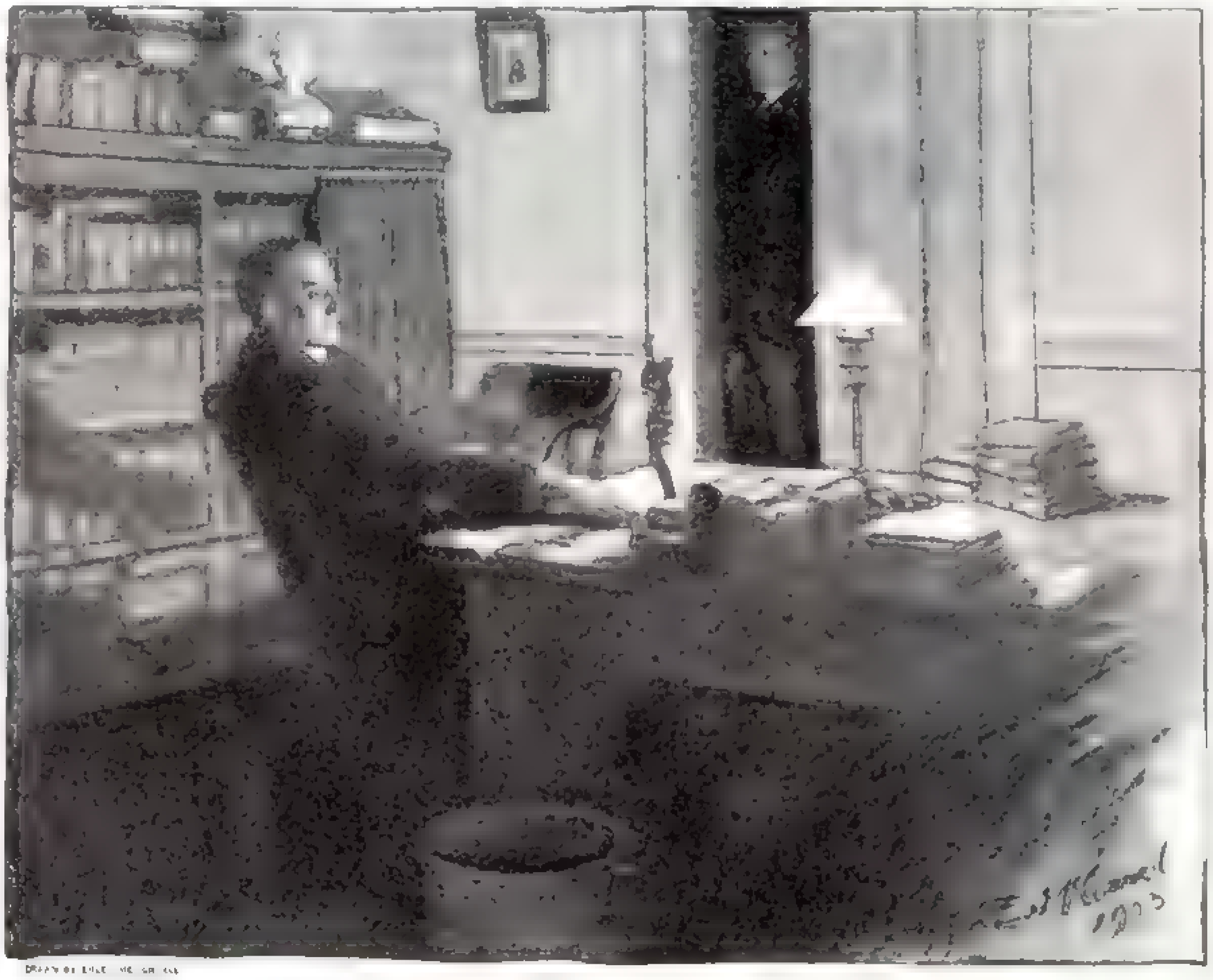

THE PROFESSOR OF GREEK PUSHED BACK HIS LITTLE ARMLESS WHITE VENUS AND SIGHED PROFOUNDLY

HIGH LIFE AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION

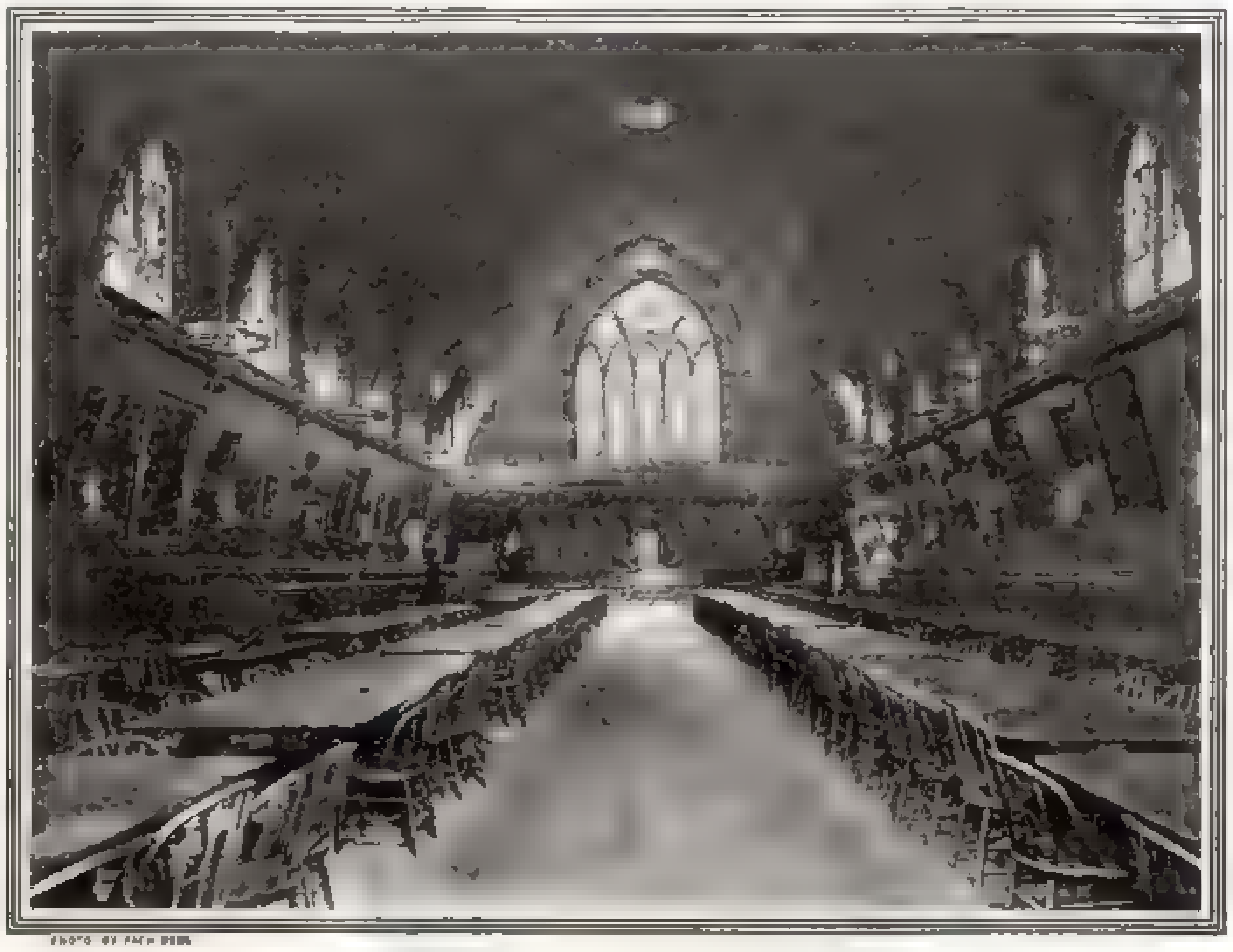
PHOTO BY PACH BROS.

MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD COLLEGE

Is the Growth of Luxury a Menace in American Colleges?

BY JOHN CORBIN

THE growth of luxury in the life of American college men was very dramatically pointed out not long ago by the head of one of the smaller colleges in New York. The undergraduates, he said, were every year finding new and more expensive sports, affecting more extensive and varied wardrobes, building larger and more commodious club and fraternity houses—often accustoming themselves to indulgences they had never known at home and could not have after leaving college. Meanwhile the men of character and learning, charged with their moral and intellectual welfare, were doomed to live on a mere pittance, often supporting large families on less than individual pupils spent upon themselves. A similar outcry against luxury has lately been raised at Yale, where the dormitories of the eighteenth century are rapidly giving place to splendid abodes of twentieth century comfort. It needed only a vivid protest or two to fix in the popular mind the notion that all our institutions of learning are hotbeds of corruption and decay. The prejudice against college life, which is always striving for mastery in American character with the prejudice in favor of college training, has for the moment got the upper hand.

The First Blast of the Trumpet

THE increase in luxury has been rapid enough. It is not yet twenty years since the charge of overindulgence, now trumpeted from a small inland college, was first prominently urged against the oldest and the largest of our institutions of learning in the phrases "The rich man's college," and "The fast set at Harvard." Mr. Post's Harvard Stories have been in print a single decade; yet they reflect a time when the fashionable undergraduate preferred to live in the bare, austere dormitories of the college yard. Even if he lived in Holworthy, the best of these, he warmed his three spacious chambers with a single open fire, while wintry blasts rattled his storm windows and raged at his hall door. He had no hot water, even to shave with, except such as he heated in a pipkin shivering over his grate; and if he insisted on the luxury of a flat tin bathtub tucked under his bed, as some few men did, he was not able to get more than a single pitcher of water for all day, except by a special arrangement with the porter. One of the buildings of that time, it is true, was an abode of luxury, where men not only had bathtubs, but could, if they chose, keep a valet, as some men did. But Beck Hall was then looked down upon as the abode of rich and unpopular men whose rooms far excelled their company. An old graduate at that time declared in a letter to The Crimson that Harvard could never hope to beat Yale as long as the men in Beck had window-boxes of flowers. He found a ready ear.

Only five years later, when Mr Flandrau's Harvard Episodes was printed, Beck Hall was old-fashioned. The flourishing undergraduates lived in a building fully furnished with steam heat and porcelain tubs and glorying in a marble bathing tank in the cellar. Who can ever forget how, in the deliciously absurd Class Day Idyll, the disheveled, apoplectic, hard-breathing, middle-aged romancer of a Class Day girl called for Bill and claimed his hospitality as a relative, and how he was found in the tank-room, where he had been skating himself over the slippery floor on his back, and dragged out in a wrapper to meet her in the hall!

These two books only mark the crisis in a long period of increasing luxury. Unless one misreads the anecdote of the youth of John Fiske, he made his own bed. Under the motherly eye of a goody he would hardly have been allowed to go without sheets and spend the money on a set of the works of Voltaire! And it was not unusual for an undergraduate to make his own fire and to fetch his own water from the college pump, as some few men do still who need to save the expense of a porter. On the other hand, the era of growing indulgence seems by no means closed. The man with a valet has become less and less a nine days' wonder; and the time will no doubt come when tank-rooms will be so planned that the luxurious youth who is dragged out of them in a bath wrapper will be able to regain his raiment and his right mind before encountering his female relatives, real or alleged, on the staircase.

Very few of the pursuits of mankind are as alluring as lamenting the birds in last year's nests. The ideal of a college where low living joins hands with high thinking, where the difference between man and man is scarcely seen, or not at all, has a charm that can be appreciated even without the striking perspective given it by the insufficiencies of professorial salaries. The thought of young Ralph Waldo Emerson meeting the richest and the greatest of his classmates at the college pump, where all have collected to draw water for the morning bath (we will give them the benefit of the doubt as to ablutions) floats before one in a transcendental haze of glory. But did such scenes ever take place? One has his doubts. It is true that in rural America, at least in the North, what is now regarded as service, for generations bore no mark of inferiority; and this is still the case in districts remote from the march of wealth. The farmer did his chores; his wife cooked and kept house. If an extra hand was needed, a neighbor's son or daughter was called in, who lived in the house on terms of perfect equality. When a boy went to college from such surroundings it was only natural that he should do his own fetching and carrying. To have a porter would have been as immorally luxurious as for the sons of a modern business man to have a valet. But even at that time the old and rich families in the towns had long been accustomed to personal service, and their sons in college enjoyed the attention of goody and porter for an extra fee. Farther back still, in the Colonial days, there was the sharpest of social differences between the merchants, whose portraits in flowing silks and turbans were painted by Copley, and the rugged farmer—the difference between those who did and those who did not do their own chores. Is it not largely the glittering foreground of marble tanks and steam heat that makes the past seem democratic?

That folly and vice exist is not denied. Many silly youths spend their four years in seeking the companionship of richer and more fashionable classmates for no other reason than that they are richer and more fashionable. They waste their fathers' money and the opportunity of building up mind and body, only to acquire habits of thought and of living that, harmless in themselves, perhaps, are for them false and vicious. They end by being that most repulsive of all reptiles, the toady snob. Too often the men they emulate are themselves positively bad. Mr. F. J. Stimpson's Guerndale (by "J. S. of Dale") is one of the earliest pictures of the fast American college man, abounding in adventures of gambling and carousal, and stifling with the atmosphere of debauch

A year or two ago I happened to see in the study of a graduate of the Guerndale period a photograph of his comrades in one of the most fashionable college clubs, the members of which are supposed to have furnished Mr. Stimpson with the originals of his reckless undergraduates. I asked whether the picture of Harvard life in Guerndale were overdrawn. My friend shook his head, and went over the lives of his old clubmates one by one. It was not an edifying recital. Idleness and gambling, ruin and divorce, delirium tremens and suicide, were the outcome of the lives of almost a majority of the fellows who looked so promising in that fading old photograph. But it is to be added that not all of those young men went wrong in college; and many of them have lived to be the best of citizens. My informant is one of the sincerest and one of the most high-minded and able of modern American men of letters. Besides, the doings of his classmates established a record of recklessness that has long endured. Twenty years later the class of Seventy-blank was a byword at Harvard for the extreme of debauchery.

The Question of Large Allowances

YET the Guerndale type of undergraduate exists to-day. The rapid increase of vast private fortunes has quadrupled the number of young men who are thrown on the college world with bank accounts all out of proportion to their legitimate needs. Eight, ten, even twelve thousand dollars a year is no unusual sum. This is not so much as it may seem. Certain of the undergraduate clubs add upward of a thousand dollars a year to a man's expenses, and the regular athletic sports, to say nothing of yachting and polo, are the cause of heavy drains. Yet, at the best, such sums are madly in excess. As long as youth and human nature are what they are, the spending of so much money can only lead to vicious self-indulgence. Why do parents give such allowances? In part, perhaps, because having been poor themselves, they do not realize how surely too much money corrupts. More often their folly is the result of social ambition. With sudden wealth far beyond their desires they find themselves debarred from the life of gayety and fashion, and they wish to provide better for their children. They know that the great colleges afford the easiest field for their sons to make brilliant acquaintances. If a young man is bright and companionable, and not too much of a boor, he can go anywhere in the undergraduate world, and especially if he has had the advantage of making friends in the more democratic atmosphere of the fashionable preparatory schools—Saint Paul's, Lawrenceville, Groton, Saint Mark's, Exeter and Andover. And many parents whose wealth is older, whose social position has long been assured, are equally unwise. In certain colleges the Guerndale type of undergraduate is in a measure characteristic of the most exclusive clubs. Young men whose families live in the atmosphere of smart New York society, and who spend their summers at Newport and Bar Harbor, are not likely to transform their ideas of life to suit the more solid traditions of Harvard or Yale or Columbia. The standards of their classmates are much more likely to be bent to theirs. For the discipline of honest scholarship such men have no liking. Even the joy of manly sports has little charm. Yet in the purely social world they are the leaders, and they succeed to a considerable extent in perverting fellows of a far sounder stamp. Year after year good scholars and good athletes, in proportion as they are more and more closely assimilated by the leading clubs, are seen to fall little by little out of the general life of the college. At Oxford, in England, there is the Bullingdon Club, the chief sport of which is fox hunting, and the members of which belong mainly to the nobility, and which is known positively to discourage such athletic sports—rowing, running, football—as require careful and self-denying training. It is not quite so bad as that yet anywhere in America, but we are tending dangerously in that direction. Some one remarked some years ago that the exclusive clubs at Harvard were becoming more and more a sort of pool pocket, so that the moment a man got into them he was permanently out of the game of undergraduate life.

Bad as all this is, it is by no means certain that the proportion of wrong-doing is greater than in the fabled Golden Age

In the picturesque sense, of course, there is a difference between those who drink too much hard cider in a village back yard and those who drink too much champagne at Delmonico's, between those who squander a parent's money for a porter's service and those who squander it for a valet and for a marble swimming-tank, between those who toady to the son of an East India merchant and those who toady to the son of a king of the trusts. But in their effect upon character these follies are all the same. In a university of four thousand, those who lead loose and luxurious lives are far more numerous, far more prominently organized than in a college of two hundred; but it does not follow that in proportion they are more important. Is not the present one of those instances in which the fledglings of last year's nest seem fairer than those in the apple tree by the window?

It will not do, moreover, to stigmatize every man who learns new standards of living at college. The four undergraduate years are the richest of all in opportunities for making friends, and the friends made in college are those that last longest. If one happens to fall in with fellows who have more money and a larger experience of life, as many a lad does on the athletic field and in the classroom, is it not worth some sacrifice to keep them as friends? I have known men who thought so, and whenever these have been men of ability the friends they sought for their own sake proved in the end worth while on the most prudent grounds. When a lad has his way to make in the world his most valuable asset, next to his character and education, is a personal address that puts him everywhere at his ease, and a close acquaintance with the men who are likely to become employers and the friends of employers.

Twelve Hundred a Year Spells Riches

IT MAY be put down, as a rule, that the charges of luxury and debauchery set forth in the newspapers, and even in the most stately reviews, are exaggerated. Some years ago, at the season when Princeton alumni gather at Old Nassau for commencement, the members of a recently graduated class were seated, according to the custom, in a little amphitheatre in the campus, discussing affairs of state. The orator of the occasion was discoursing on this same eternal question of the increase of undergraduate luxury, and was taking the side which those who have been through the mill almost invariably take. "They say that the undergraduate of to-day," he asseverated, "has discarded the democratic and odoriferous sweater of our time for knickerbockers and golf-blazers. Yonder goes one of the moderns" (pointing to a youth who was sauntering by in full uniform). "To our eyes he is a popinjay. But look at those pants. It cost him fifty cents to have a pair of fringed and baggy old trousers chopped off at the knee by a basement tailor. Look at that blazer! Any one of us can get one like it at a department store for five forty nine!" Careful canvasses of the expenses of undergraduates in the leading Eastern universities have shown that, while the extreme of luxury has unquestionably risen, the average of expenses is gaining very slowly. With twelve hundred dollars a year a man of proper tastes is positively rich; with eight hundred a year he is well-to do; many fellows get an education with only five hundred dollars a year, and I have known men to earn their own way through Harvard and yet belong to all but the most expensive clubs.

Alfred the Great and His Tin Tub

AT THE worst the increase of luxury is only a symptom of what is happening the world over. There is a popular superstition, and especially in America, that the morning tub was invented by Alfred the Great, and that for over a thousand years any true-born Englishman was liable to shrivel up and die if he were deprived of it. But in the archives of a certain Oxford college there is record of a test case that came before the master as late as the second half of the century just past. A certain undergraduate insisted that his "scout" bring him a pail of water every morning for his flat tin tub. The scout held there was no precedent for the demand. After mature deliberation the master decided in favor of the tub

At Harvard a similar case arose fifteen years ago, and was decided against the cause of comfort and cleanliness, with disastrous results. Two of the older buildings afforded none of the conveniences of the bathroom, and even the palatial Holworthy, abode of well-to-do seniors, had not even a shower-bath. Time and again the undergraduates demanded bathrooms in every building. None were put in. The college said it could not afford them. Private capitalists read the signs of the times more shrewdly, and erected building after building on the most magnificent plan. That was what made the difference between the Harvard of Mr. Post and the Harvard of Mr. Flandrau. The rooms in the old buildings, for which there had once been the keenest competition among all sorts and conditions of men, were many of them unrented year after year at a loss very far in excess of what baths would have cost. The college yard, which had for centuries been the centre of the college life and the college traditions, in which the poorest lived on terms of something like equality with the richest, was given over to men of limited means. More than ever, the college tended to split up into cliques, greatly to the detriment of all that was best in its traditions.

Such circumstances give color to the often repeated charge that in our great universities it is only the very rich who can succeed in making themselves recognized. It would be futile to deny the power of money. The economists tell us that it is the lubricant of trade, without which the wheels soon grate and stop. But in society, as in trade, it is only the lubricant. No type is commoner than the millionaire's son whose life is as isolated as that of the poorest "grind." While reading undergraduate compositions I became the confessor of several such. They were right-thinking and friendly fellows, but they had no abilities in athletics, in writing for the college papers, or in debating, and they lacked the social charm to make themselves liked for themselves alone. Their known wealth only served to emphasize their lack of friends. On the other hand, many of the richest and most popular fellows, and especially those in whose families wealth and cultivation were a tradition, dress simply, live in the barest rooms and are the most eager to seek out friends for their own sake. At Harvard, and everywhere else, I suppose, no type of undergraduate is commoner than fellows belonging to the richest and most cultivated families who are simple and democratic in their dress and sometimes—though not always—in their manners.

The Best Kind of College

WOULD it have been better if our colleges had maintained in its integrity the much-lauded standard of low living and high thinking, granting that such a standard ever obtained? It may be doubted. If they are to accomplish their mission, it must be by keeping in immediate and vital contact with all strata of American life. Any effort to alter radically the standard of living must result, as it resulted with regard to the baths in Holworthy, in throwing the more important functions of the undergraduate world out of gear. It is a decided limitation in the more conservative class of American parents that they regard education only as so much book learning and mental training. Quite as important to the average youth is the development of a sound knowledge of the world and of effective character. These can be best attained in a college where every phase of our life and character is fully represented. Sooner or later one has to accustom himself to the fact that men are richer, more luxurious

(*Concluded on Page 20*)

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN the first gust was over the Reverend Bronson showed sad rather than enraged. He reproached the machine for the failure of his efforts against that gambling den

"But why do you call yourself defeated?" I asked. It was no part of my purpose to concede, even by my silence, that either I or Tammany was opposed to the Reverend Bronson. "You should put the matter to the test of a trial before you say that."

"What can I do without Inspector McCue? And he has been removed from the affair. I talked with him concerning it; he told me, himself, there was no hope."

"Now what were his words?" said I, for I was willing to discover how far Inspector McCue had used my name.

"Why, then," returned the Reverend Bronson, with a faint smile at the recollection, "if I am to give you the precise words, our talk ran somewhat like this:

"'Doctor, what's the use?' said Inspector McCue. 'We're up against it; we can't move a wheel.'

"'There's such a word as law,' said I, advancing much the argument you have just now given me; 'and such a thing as justice.'

"'Not in the face of the machine,' responded Inspector McCue. 'The will of the machine stands for all the law and all the justice we're likely to get. The machine has the courts, the juries, the prosecuting officers and the police. Every force we need is in its hands. Personally, of course, they couldn't touch you; but if I were to so much as lift a finger I'd be destroyed. Some day I, myself, may be chief; and if I am, for once in a way I'll guarantee the decent people of this town a run for their money.'

"'And yet,' said I, 'we prate of liberty!'

"'Liberty!' cried he, 'Doctor, our liberties are in hock to the politicians, and we've lost the ticket.'"

It was in my mind to have the stripes and buttons off the loquacious, honest Inspector McCue. The Reverend Bronson must have caught some gleam of it in my eye; he remonstrated with a gentle hand upon my arm.

"Promise me that no more harm shall come to McCue," he said. "I ought not to have repeated his words. He has been banished to the Bronx; isn't that punishment enough for doing right?"

"Yes," I returned, after a pause, "I give you my word your friend is in no further peril. You should tell him, however, to forget the name 'machine.' Also, he has too many opinions for a policeman."

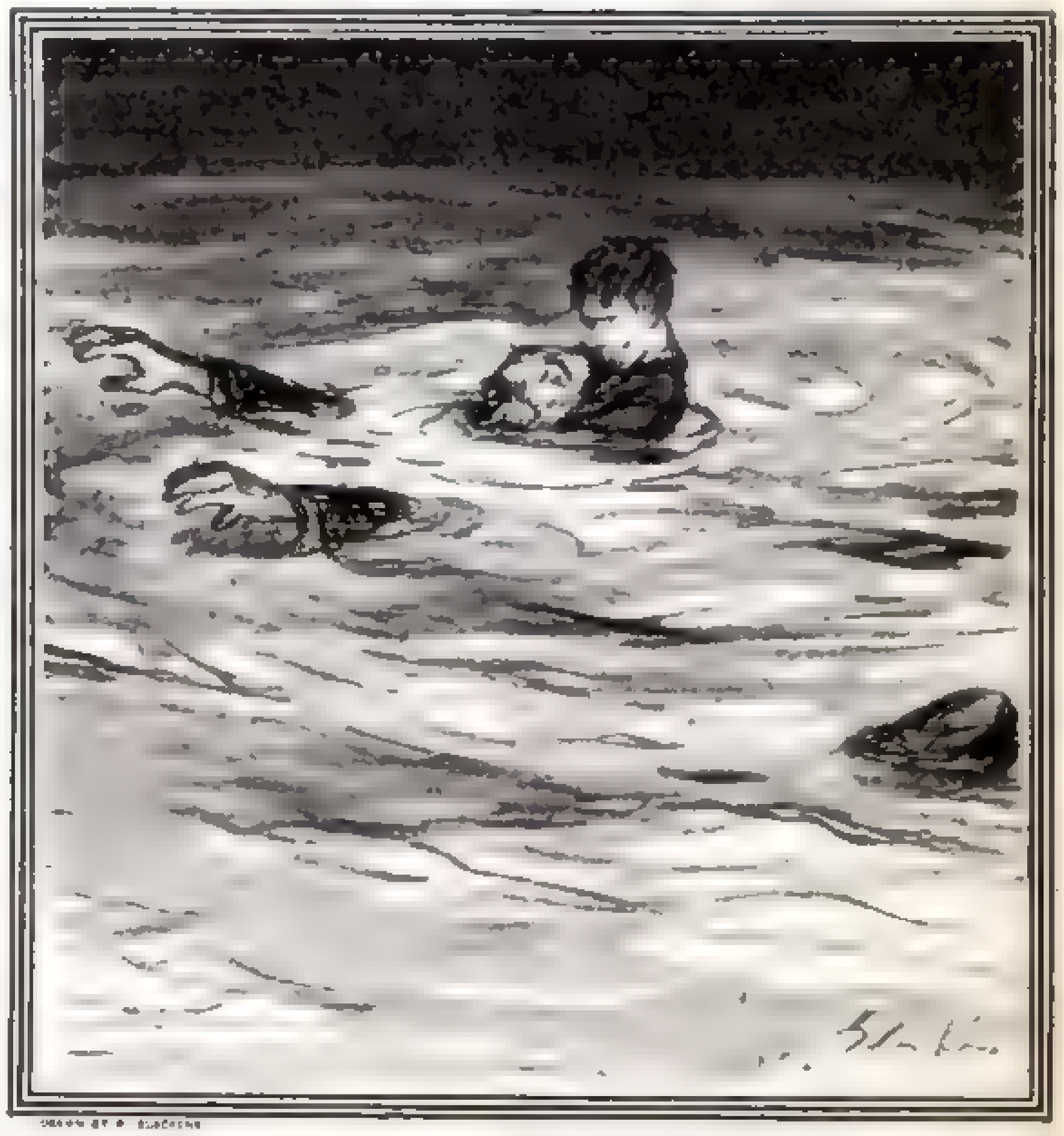
The longer I considered the more it was clear that it would not be a cautious policy to cashier McCue. It would make an uproar which I did not care to court when so near hand to an election. It was not difficult, therefore, to give the Reverend Bronson that promise, and I did it with a fair good grace.

Encouraged by my compliance, the Reverend Bronson pushed into an argument, the object of which was to bring me to his elbow for the town's reform.

I am afraid I smiled a bit cynically at his ardor and optimism, for he took me in sharp hand.

"Oh! I shall not lack recruits," said he, "and some will come from corners you might least suspect. I met your great orator, Mr. Gutterglory, but a moment ago and he gave me his hand and promised his eloquence to the cause of reform."

"Nor does that surprise me," said I. Then with a flush of wrath: "You should say to Orator Gutterglory that I may have something to remind him of when he takes the stump in your support."



"HE PILES HIMSELF ON GOTHECORE'S BACK"

My anger over Gutterglory owned a certain propriety of foundation. He was that sodden Cicero who marred the scene when long before I called on Big Kennedy, with the reputable old gentleman and Morton, to consult over the Gas Company's injunction antics touching Mulberry Traction. By some wonderful chance, Gutterglory had turned into sober walks. Big Kennedy, while he lived, and afterward I, myself, had upheld him and put him in the way of money. He paid us with eloquence in conventions and campaigns, and on show occasions when Tammany would celebrate a holiday or a victory. From low he soared to high. On every chance I thrust him forward; and I was sedulous to see that always a stream of profit went running his way.

Morton, I remember, did not share my enthusiasm. It was when I suggested Gutterglory as counsel for Mulberry.

"But really now," objected Morton, with just a taint of his old time lisp, "the creature doesn't know enough. He's as shallow as a skimming dish, don't y' know."

"Gutterglory is the most eloquent of men," I protested.

"I grant you the beggar is quite a talker, and all that," retorted Morton, twirling that potential eyeglass, "but the trouble is, old chap, that when we've said that we've said all. Gutterglory is a mere rhetorical freak. He ought to take a rest, and give his brains a chance to grow up to his vocabulary, don't y' know."

What Morton said had no effect on me; I clung to Gutterglory, and made his life worth while. I was given my return when I learned that for years he had gone about, unknown to me, extorting money from people with the use of my name. Scores have paid peace-money to Gutterglory and thought it was I who bled them. So much are we at the mercy of rascals who win our confidence!

It was the fact of his learning that did it. I could never be called a good judge of one who knew books; I was over prone to think him of finest honor who wrote himself a man of letters, for it was my weakness to trust where I admired. In the end, I discovered the villain duplicity of Gutterglory and cast him out; at that, the scoundrel was rich with six figures to his fortune, and every dime of it the harvest of some blackmail in my name.

He became a great fop, did Gutterglory; and when last I saw him—it being Easter day, as I stepped from the Cathedral where I'd been with Blossom—he was teetering along Fifth Avenue, face powdered and a glow of rouge on each cheekbone, stayed in at the waist, top hat, frock coat, checkered trousers, snowy "spats" over his patent leathers, a violet in his buttonhole, a cane carried endwise in his hand, elbows crooked, shoulders bowed, the body pitched forward on his toes, a perfect picture of that most pitiful of things—an age-seamed, doddering old dandy! This was he whom the Reverend Bronson vaunted as an ally

"You are welcome to Gutterglory," said I to my reverend visitor on that time he named him as one to become eloquent for reform. "It proves the truth of what Big John Kennedy so often said: Any rogue kicked out of Tammany Hall for his scoundrelisms can always be sure of a job as a 'reformer.'"

For over nine years—ever since the death of Big Kennedy—I had kept the town in my hands, and nothing strong enough to shake my hold upon it. This must have its end, that much I knew. It was not in the chapter of chance that any one's rule should be uninterrupted. Men turn themselves in bed, if for no reason than just to lie the other way.

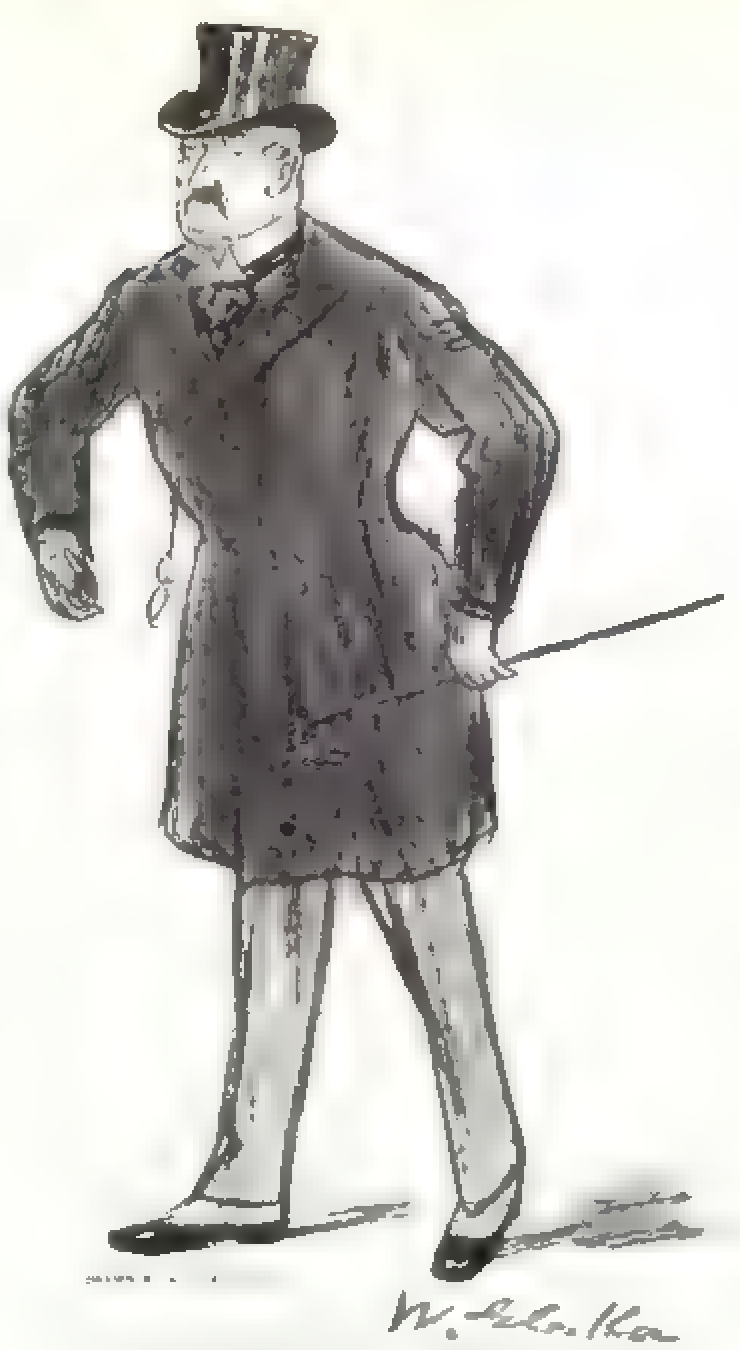
However, when the Reverend Bronson left me, vowing insurrection, I had no fears of the immediate. The times were not hysterical nor ripe for change. I should re-carry the city; the Reverend Bronson—if his strength were to last that long with those moralists he enlisted—might defeat me on some other distant day. For the election at hand, however, I was safe by every sign

As I pored over the possibilities I could discern no present argument in his favor. He himself might be morally sure of machine protection for those men of Barclay Street. But to the public he could offer no practical proof. Should he tell the ruin of young Van Flange, no one would pay peculiar heed. Such tales were frequent. Nor would the fate of young Van Flange, who had employed his name and his fortune solely as the bed-plates of an endless dissipation, evoke a sympathy. Indeed, those who knew him best—those who had seen him then, and who saw him now at his Mulberry Traction desk, industrious, sober, respectable in a hall-bedroom way on his narrow nine hundred a year, did not scruple to declare that his so-called ruin was his regeneration, and those card-criminals who took his money had but worked marvels for his good. No; I could not smell defeat in the contest coming down. I was safe for the next election; and the eyes of no politician, let me tell you, are strong enough to see farther than the ballot just ahead

On these facts and their deductions, though I should have preferred peace between the Reverend Bronson and the machine, and might have conceded not a little to preserve it, I owned no instant fears of that earnest gentleman, nor any fires of politics he might kindle.

And I should have come through as I forejudged had it not been for that element of the unlooked-for to enter into the best arranged equation, and which this time turned against me. There came marching down upon me a sudden procession of blood in a sort of red lockstep of death. In it was carried away that boy of my door, Melting Moses, and I may say that his going clouded my eye. Gothecore went also; but I felt no sorrow for the death of that ignobility in blue, since it was the rock of his murderous, coarse brutality on which I split. There was a third to die, an innocent and a stranger; however, I may the better give the story of it by beginning with a different thread.

In that day when the Reverend Bronson and Inspector McCue worked for the condemnation of those brigands of Barclay Street there was one whom they proposed as a witness when a case should be called in court. This man had been a waiter in the restaurant which robbed young Van Flange, and in whose pillage Gothecore himself was said to have had his share. After Inspector McCue was put away in the Bronx and the Reverend Bronson made to give up his direct war upon the gambling dens, this would be witness was arrested and cast into the cells of the station where Gothecore held sway. The Reverend Bronson declared that the arrested one had been seized by order of Gothecore, and for revenge. Gothecore, ignorant, cruel, rapacious, violent and with never a glint of innate fineness to teach him those external decencies which go between man and man as courtesy, gave a deal of plausibility to the charge


AN AGE SEAMED, DODDERING OLD DANDY!

"Get out of my station," cried Gothecore with a rain of oath upon oath, "get out, or I'll have you chucked out." This was when the Reverend Bronson demanded the charge on which the former waiter was held. "Do a sneak!" roared Gothecore as the Reverend Bronson stood in silent indignation. "I'll have no pulpit-thumper doggin' me! You show your mug in here ag'in an' you'll get th' next cell to that hash-slingin' stoolpigeon of yours. You can bet your life I ain't called Clean Sweep Bill for fun!"

As though this were not enough, there arrived in its wake another bit of news that made me, who was on the threshold of my campaign to retain the town, bite my lip and dig my palms with the anger it unloosed within me. By way of added fuel to flames already high, that once waiter, but the day before prisoner to Gothecore, must be picked up dead in the streets, his head club battered

Who murdered the man? Half the town said Gothecore For myself, I do not care to dwell upon that poor man's butchery, and my veins run cold only to think of it. There arises the less call for elaboration, since within hours—for it was the night of that very day on which the murdered man was found—the life was stricken from the heart of Gothecore He, too, was gone; and Melting Moses had gone with him By his own choice, this last, as I have cause to know.

"I'll do him before I'm through," sobbed Melting Moses as he was held back from Gothecore on the day when he would have gone foaming for his throat, "I'll get him, if I have to go wit' him."

It was the Chief of Police who brought me word. I had sent for him with the purpose of ordering charges against Gothecore preliminary to his dismissal from the force. Aside from my liking for the Reverend Bronson, and the resentment I felt for the outrage put upon him, Gothecore must go as a defensive move of politics.

The Chief's eye, when he arrived, popped and stared with a fishy horror, and for all the coolness of the early morning his brow showed clammy and damp. I was in too hot a hurry to either notice or comment on these phenomena; I reeled off my commands before the visitor could find a chair

"You're too late, Gov'nor," returned the Chief, munching uneasily, his fat jowls working; "for once in a way you've gone to leeward of the lighthouse."

"What do you mean?" said I

Then he told the story; and how Gothecore and Melting Moses were taken from the river not four hours before.

"It was a fire in th' box factory," said the Chief; "that factory buttin' on th' docks. Gothecore goes down from his station. The night's as dark as the inside of a cow. He's jimmin' along th' edge of the wharf, an' no one noticin' in partic'lar. Then of a sudden there's an oath an' a big splash

"'Man overboard!' yells some guy

"The man overboard is Gothecore. Two or three come chasin' up to lend a hand

"'Some duck jumps after him to save him,' says this party who yells 'overboard!' 'First one, an' then t'other, hits th' water. They oughter be some'ers about.'

"That second party in th' river was Melting Moses. An' say! Gov'nor, he didn't go after Gothecore to save him; not he! Melting Moses had shoved Gothecore in; an' seein' him swimmin' hard, an' likely to get ashore, he goes after him to cinch th' play. I'll tell you one thing: he cinches it. He piles himself on Gothecore's back; then he crooks his right arm about Gothecore's neck—the reg'lar garotte hug an' enough to choke th' life out by itself. They both was dead as mackerels when they got 'em out. Oh, well!" concluded the Chief, "I told Gothecore his finish more'n once. 'Don't rough people around so, Bill,' I'd say; 'you'll dig up more snakes than you can kill yet.' But he wouldn't listen he was all for th' strong arm an' th' knock-about! It's a bad system. Nothin's lost by bein' smooth, Gov'nor nothin's lost by bein' smooth!" And the Chief sighed lugubriously, after which he mopped his forehead and looked pensively from the window.

Your sailor on the blackest night will feel the tide for its ebb or flow by putting his fingers in the water. In a manner of speaking, I could now as plainly feel the popular current setting against the machine. It was like a strong flood, and with my experience of the town and its tempers I knew that we were lost. That murdered man who might have been a witness, and the violence done to the Reverend Bronson, were arguments in everybody's mouth.

And so the storm fell; the machine was swept away There was no sleight of the ballot that might have saved the day; our money proved no defense. The people fell upon Tammany and crushed it, and the town went from under my hand

Morton could see disaster on its way almost as soon as I.

"And, really! I don't half like it," drawled that languid king of traction. "It will cost me a round fifty thousand dollars, don't y' know! Of course, I shall give Tammany the usual fifty thousand, if only for the memory of old days. But, by jove! there's those other chaps. Now they're going to win, in the language of our departed friend, Mr. Kennedy, I'll have to 'sweeten' them. It's a deuced bore, contributing to both parties, but this time I can't avoid it—really!" And Morton glared feebly into space, as though the situation held him utterly helpless with its perplexities

There is one worth while matter to be the offspring of defeat. A beaten man may tell the names of his friends On the day after I scored a victory my anterooms had been thronged Following that disaster to the machine, I sat as much alone as though Fourteenth Street were the centre of a pathless waste

However, I was not to be wholly deserted. It was in the first shadows of the evening when a soiled bit of paper doing crumpled duty as a card was brought me. I glanced at it indifferently. I had nothing to give; why should any one seek me? There was no name, but my interest flamed up at this line of sinister identification:

"The Man with the Knife!"

CHAPTER XXIV

GRAY, weather-worn, beaten of years, there in the door was my Sicilian! I observed, as he took the chair I offered, how he limped, with one leg drawn and distorted My Sicilian and I sat looking one upon the other. It was well nigh the full quarter of a century since I'd clapped eyes on him. And to me the thing marvelous was that I did not hate him What a procession of disasters, and he to be its origin, was represented in that little weasened man, with his dark skin, monkey face, and eyes that shone like beads! That heart breaking trial for murder; the death of Apple Cheek; Blossom, and the mark of the rope—all from him! He was the reef upon which my life had been cast away! These thoughts ran in my head like a mill-race; and yet, I felt only a friendly warmth as though he were some good poor friend of long ago

My Sicilian's story was soon told. He had fallen into the hold of a vessel and broken his leg. It was healed in so bad a fashion that he must now be tied to the shore with it and never sail again. Could I find him work?—something, even a little, that he might live by? He put this in a manner indescribably plaintive.

Then I took a notion full of the whimsical. I would see how far a beaten Chief of Tammany Hall might command There were countless small berths about the public offices and courts where a man might have a meagre salary, perhaps five hundred dollars a year, for a no greater service than just throwing up a window or arranging the papers on a desk These were within the appointment of what judges or officers prevailed in the departments or courtrooms to which they belonged. I would offer my Sicilian for one

And I had a plan. I knew what would be the fate of the fallen. I had met defeat; also, personally, I had been the target of every flinging slander which the enemy might invent It was a time when men would fear my friendship as much as on another day they had feared my power. I was an Ishmael of politics. The timid and the time-serving would shrink away from me. There might, however, be found one who possessed the courage and the gratitude, some one whom I had made and who remembered it, to take my orders. I decided to search for such a man. Likewise (and this was my plan) I resolved — for I knew better than most folk how the town would be in my hands again — to make that one mayor when time should serve.

"Come with me," said I. "You shall have a berth; and I've nothing now to do but seek for it."

There was a sullen comicality to the situation which came close to making me laugh — I, the late dictator, abroad begging a five-hundred-dollar place!

Twenty men I went to; and if I had been a leper I could not have filled them with a wider terror. One and all they would do nothing. These fools thought my downfall permanent; they owed everything to me, but forgot it on my day of loss. They were of the flock of that Frenchman who was grateful only for favors to come. Tarred with the Tammany stick as much as was I, myself, each had turned white in a night, and must mimic mugwumpery, when now the machine was overborne. Many were those whom I marked for slaughter that day; and I may tell you that in a later hour, one and all, I knocked them on the head.

Now in the finish of it I discovered one of a gallant fidelity, and who was brave above mugwump threat. He was a judge; and, withal, a man indomitably honest. But as it is with many bred of the machine, his instinct was blindly military. Like Old Mike, he regarded politics as another name for war. To the last, he would execute my orders without demur. With this judge I left my Sicilian to dust tables and chairs for forty dollars a month. It was the wealth of Dives to the poor, broken sailorman, and he thanked me with tears on his face. In a secret, lock-fast compartment of my memory I put away the name of that judge. He should be made first in the town for that work.

My late defeat meant, so far as my private matters were involved, nothing more serious than a jolt to my self esteem. Nor hardly that, since I did not blame myself for the loss of the election. It was the fortune of battle; and because I had seen it on its way, that shaft of regret to pierce me was not sharpened of surprise.

My fortunes were rolling fat with at least three millions of dollars, for I had not held the town a decade to neglect my own good. If it had been Big Kennedy, now, he would have owned fourfold as much. But I was lavish of habit, besides being no such soul of business thrift as was my old Captain. Three millions should carry me to the end of the journey, however, even though I took no more; there would arise no money-worry to bark at me. The loss of the town might thin the flanks of my sub-leaders of Tammany, but the famine could not touch me.

While young Van Flange had been the reason of a deal that was unfortunate in my destinies I had never met the boy. Now I was to see him. Morton sent him to me on an errand of business; he found me in my own house just as dinner was done. I was amiably struck with the look of him. He was tall and broad of shoulder, for he had been an athlete in his college and tugged at an oar in the boat.

My eye felt pleased with young Van Flange from the beginning; he was as graceful as an elm, and with a princely set of the head which to my mind told the story of good blood. His manner, as he met me, became the sublimation of deference, and I could discover in his air a tacit flattery that was as positive, even while as impalpable, as a perfume. In his attitude, and in all he did and said, one might observe the aristocrat. The high strain of him showed as plain as a page of print, and all with a clean delicacy that reminded one of a thoroughbred colt.

While we were together Anne and Blossom came into the room. This last was a kind of office-place I had at home, where the two often visited with me in the evening.

It was strange, the color that painted itself in the shy face of Blossom. I thought, too, that his interest stood a bit on tiptoe. It flashed over me in a moment:

"Suppose they were to love and wed! What then?"

The question, self-put, discovered nothing rebellious in my breast. I would abhor myself as a matchmaker between a boy and a girl; and yet, if I did not help events, at least I wouldn't interrupt them. If it were to please Blossom to have him for a husband, why then, God bless the girl, and make her day a fortune!

Anne, who was quicker than I, must have read the new glow in Blossom's face and the new shine in her eyes. But her own face seemed as friendly as though the picture gave her no pang, and it reassured me mightily to find it so.

Young Van Flange made no tiresome stay of it on this evening. But he came again, and still again; and once or twice we had him in to dinner. Our table appeared to be more complete when he was there; it served to bring an evenness and a balance, like a ship in trim. Finally, he was in and out of the house as free as one of the family.

For the earliest time in life a quiet brightness shone on Blossom that was as the sun through clouds. As to myself, my delight in young Van Flange grew upon me like a habit, nor was it made less when I saw how he had a fancy for my girl, and that it might turn to wedding bells. The thought gave a whiter prospect of hope for Blossom; also it fostered my own peace, since my happiness hung utterly by her.

One day I put the question of young Van Flange to Morton.

"Really, now!" said Morton, "I should like him vastly if he had a stronger under jaw, don't y' know. These fellows with chins like cats are a beastly lot in the long run."

"But his habits are now good," I urged. "And he is industrious, is he not?"

"Of course, the puppy works," responded Morton; "that is, if you're to call pottering at a desk by such a respectable term. As for his habits, they are the habits of a captive. He's prisoner to his poverty. Sad! One can't be so deucedly pernicious, don't y' know, on nine hundred a year." Then with a burst of eagerness: "I know what you would be thinking. But I say, old chap, you mustn't bank on his blood. Good on both sides, it may be; but the blend is bad. Two very reputable drugs may be combined to make a poison, don't y' know."

There the matter stuck, for I would not tell Morton of any feeling my girl might have for young Van Flange. However, Morton's view in nowise changed my own; I considered that with best motives he might still suffer from some prejudice.

There arose a consideration, however, and one I could not look in the face. There was that dread birthmark! — the mark of the rope! At last I brought up the subject with Anne:

"Will he not loathe her?" said I. "Will his love not change to hate when he knows?"

"Did your love change?" Anne asked.

"But that is not the same."

"Be at peace, then," returned Anne, taking my hand in hers and pressing it. "I have told him. Nor shall I forget the nobleness of his reply. 'I love Blossom,' said he; 'I love her for her heart.'"

When I remember these things I cannot account for the infatuation of us two — Anne and myself. The blackest villain of earth imposed himself upon us as a saint! And I had had my warning. I should have known that he who broke a mother's heart would break a wife's.

Now when the forces of reform governed the town affairs went badly for that superlative tribe, and each day offered additional claims for the return of the machine. Government is not meant to be a shepherd of morals. Its primal purposes are of the physical, being no more than to safeguard property and person. That is the theory; more strongly still must it become the practice if one would avoid the enmity of men. He whose morals are looked after by the powers that rule grows impatient and, in the end, vindictive. No mouth likes the bit; a guardian is never loved. The reform folk made that error against which Old Mike warned Big Kennedy: they got between the public and its beer.

The situation, thus phrased, called for neither intrigue nor labor on my own part. I had but to stay in my chair, and "reform" itself would drive the people into Tammany's arms.

In those days I had but scanty glimpses of the Reverend Bronson. However, he now and then would visit me, and when he did I think I read in his troubled brow the fear of machine success next time. Morton was there on one occasion when the Reverend Bronson came in. They were well known to one another, these two; also, they were friends as much as men might be whose lives and aims went wide apart.

"Now the trouble," observed Morton, as the two discussed that backward popularity of the present rule, "lies in this. Your purist of politics is never practical. He walks the air, and for a principle he fixes his eyes on a star. Besides," concluded Morton, tapping the Reverend Bronson's hand with that infallible eyeglass, "you make a pet, at the expense of statutes more important, of some beggarly little law like the law against gambling."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the Reverend Bronson; "surely you do not defend gambling?"

"I defend nothing," said Morton; "it's too beastly tiresome, don't y' know. But, really, the public is no fool, and with a stock-ticker and a bucket shop on every corner you will hardly excite folk to madness over roulette and policy."

"The policy shops stretch forth their sordid palms for the pennies of the very poor," said the Reverend Bronson.

"But, my boy," retorted Morton, his languid inanity gaining a color, "government should be concerned no more about the poor man's penny than the rich man's pound. However, if it be a reason, why not suppress the barrooms? Gad! What more than your doggery reaches for the pennies of the poor?"

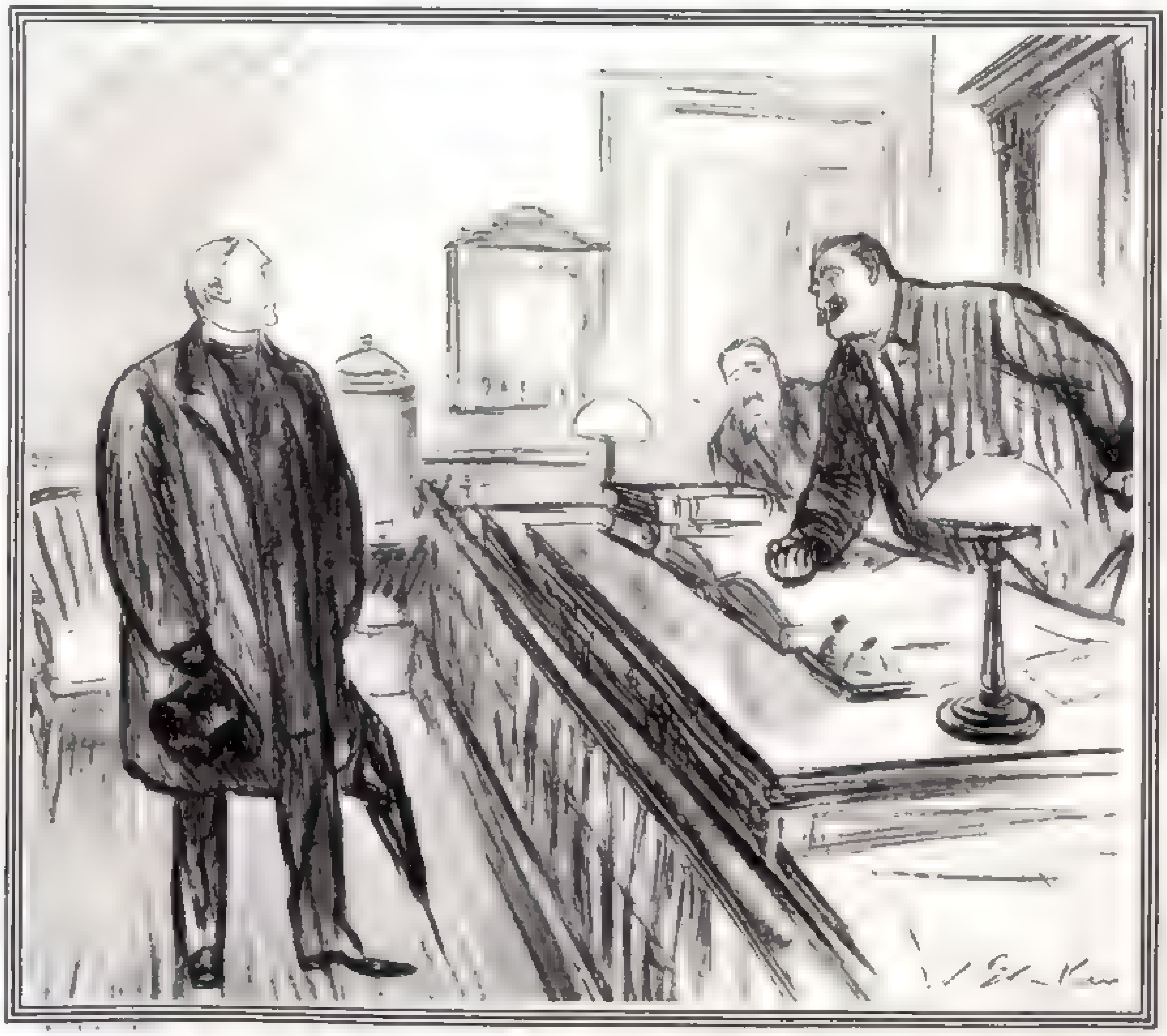
"There is truth in what you say," consented the Reverend Bronson gloomily. "Still, I count for but one as an ax-man in this wilderness of evil; I can fell but one tree at a time. I will tell you this, however: at the gates of you rich ones must lie the blame for most of the immoralities of the town. You are guilty of two wrongs: you are not benevolent, and you set a bad moral example."

"Really!" replied Morton, "I, myself, think the rich are a deuced bad lot; in fact, I hold them to be quite as bad as the poor, don't y' know. But you speak of benevolence. Now I'm against benevolence. There is an immorality in alms just in proportion as there's a morality to labor. Folk work only because they lack money. Now you give a man ten dollars and the beggar will stop work."

"Let me hear," observed the Reverend Bronson, amused if not convinced, "what your remedy for the town's bad morals would be."

"Work!" replied Morton with quite a spark of animation. "I'd make every fellow work — rich and poor alike. I'd

(Continued on Page 30)



"GET OUT, OR I'LL HAVE YOU CHUCKED OUT!"

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Mine and Thine

JUDGE GROSSCUP'S frank speech at Chicago on the subject of State carelessness in creating corporations, and the shocking absence of the feelings of moral or even financial responsibility in so many managers of corporations, was something more than a healthful sign of personal courage and independence, although it was that. The chief asset of men of large property who have been so insolently disregarding the rights of their fellow-citizens and the laws of the land has been their constant clamor that he who assailed them was giving encouragement to demagogues, socialists, anarchists and the like. They have tried, with not a little success, to infect the quiet masses of the people with the notion that an outbreak of violence was imminent, and that all friends of order must get together and sleep on their arms and permit no discussions of such dangerous questions as the distribution of wealth, and the power of trusts in money and in railways and in merchandise.

Judge Grosscup's frankness will encourage thousands to breathe freely and to think freely. The fact is that we are in no danger of a violent outbreak of any kind, that we have no large or even considerable number of citizens who see red when they see the rich. But we are in some danger of seriously hampering ourselves through being too tolerant of those who have the utmost contempt for all property rights except their own. We must enlarge the field covered by the good old word "thief," without contracting its repulsive significance.

"Thief" doesn't mean only him who makes off with a purse or a door-mat. It means anybody and everybody who consciously has and holds that which rightfully belongs to some one else. And the fact that he owns a palace and a yacht is not in mitigation but in aggravation.

Why Russia Stays in Manchuria

THE game of international politics is almost always amusing and never more so than when it is a question of what Russia is going to do and what the other Powers would like to have her do. While the trouble with the Boxers was acute, and the eyes of the world were on Pekin, Russia quietly slipped into Manchuria, and she has been there ever since. In spite of numerous protestations and assertions to the contrary, it is safe to say that she will stay there.

Theorists about the irrefutable principles of justice and the comity of nations may object, but their remonstrances will not carry any great amount of weight at Petersburg. Russia is an expansive power, and one of the noteworthy facts about an expansive power is that it has a tendency to expand. When a glacier is formed and starts for the sea it generally goes to the sea. People may theorize and say that it ought not to go, and they may try, if they are very credulous or very foolish, to stop it from going. It is all the same to the glacier. It moves steadily on in the might of its awful power, blindly obedient to the great laws of nature, and those who stand in the way are sure sooner or later to come to grief.

The other nations — England, Germany, France, the United States, and particularly Japan — are very much disturbed over the occupation of Manchuria by Russia, and they would like to do something about it if they could, but it is evident that they cannot really do anything. What has Russia done in Manchuria that these other nations have not done — England in various parts of the world, France in Algeria and Tonkin, Germany in Africa, and the United States in the Philippines? The only difference is that Manchuria is a pretty big slice to take at one time; but Russia has a big appetite.

All the arguments in behalf of the subjugation of the inferior races by the superior — that is to say, by the stronger — apply to the Russian occupation of Manchuria with irresistible logic Manchuria, five years ago, was an undeveloped wilderness, inhabited by warring tribes of savages. Russia is constructing railroads, opening mines, starting factories, putting in the telegraph and the telephone, building towns, and, most important of all, pouring in thousands of colonists, who are preparing to raise an amount of wheat that in a few years more will materially affect the markets of the world. There will be discussions about treaty rights, the open door, and topics of that sort; but Russia will not evacuate Manchuria.

Paradise and the Gardener

IT IS now possible to pay eighteen thousand dollars for a hatpin — and the existence of the supply implies the existence of a demand. Year by year, month by month, the craving of women for personal luxuries grows, grows, grows. The passion for it extends to the remotest hamlets, interferes with the housework and the milking in the remotest farmhouses.

There is, beyond question, in this indication of a healthy progress, a healthful broadening. It is the national offspring of the democratic desire for equality, for getting up next to the best. But there is a line between the luxury that elevates and the luxury that degrades. And though no one can draw that line for any but himself or herself, every one *must* draw it. And if the women are not to degrade the men of this nation into mere machines for providing them with the dollars to waste upon luxury, they must guard the ideals which are traditionally theirs. America has been truly called the "paradise of women." But with their power goes responsibility. And the woman whose husband and sons are mere dollar-hunters must be very sordid to be wholly content with herself in the national paradise they have created for her at what a fearful cost!

A Quaint People

IN CHINA whenever any district suffers from bad crops or destructive storms or deadly plagues or calamitous conditions of whatever kind, not only are all the gods of brass, stone and wood ducked and whipped and starved, but also all the government officers are degraded and the head officer is usually beheaded.

The Chinese are indeed a quaint people. To draw a comparison, what should we think if we voted public officials in or out of office, or if they appealed to us for support, or the outs appealed to us for an inning, on the strength of the weather conditions, the harvests, the volumes of business, the rates which employers had to pay their employees? How we should laugh. How absurd the politicians making these fantastic Chinese appeals would seem.

Our Own Potato-Patch

OUR statesmen are so busy manufacturing picturesque problems or dealing with picturesque problems of recent manufacture that they have little time for our real, our big, our pressing national problems which, unfortunately, are practical and humdrum and give small opportunity for oratory or fist-shaking or teeth-gnashing, or even for the brilliant play of mighty intellects.

For example, Europe is pouring its brawn upon us at the rate of a million a year. And about a third of our possible area for cultivation is not in readiness for settlers. Here's a big job of national housework — plain, "parochial," but so splendidly American of the traditional kind.

By all means let's dream of stars and foreign complications and attending to other people's business — in our hours of leisure or of sleep. But in the working hours let us busy ourselves with such things as our own housework. We need a group of statesmen of the old-fashioned, "home-body" kind. There's still right smart of hoeing to be done in our own potato-patch.

The Right and Wrong of It

"THERE are two sides to every question," is one of the weariest of that hardworked family, the proverbs. In a sense this is true — almost every proverb has a trap in it. There are two sides: the right side and the wrong side. But there are not two right sides nor two wrong sides.

The trouble lies in that men are rarely broad enough or thoughtful enough to see *the whole* of a question. They see the small part of it immediately under their eyes, the part that appeals to their prejudices or self-interest or special knowledge. The trust baron can see that the working-men's demands for wages are extortionate because they threaten what he regards as his just profits. But he cannot see that the working-men are right in suspecting that somebody — why not they? — are being cheated to give trust barons commissions of tens and scores of millions for pumping wind and water into solid industries

Still, when we are all so big and broad that we can see the whole of the right side of every question, what will there be left to talk about but the weather?

The School for Parents

A WRITER in a Kansas City newspaper, recognizing the growing demand for amusement everywhere, ventures to invite attention to the fun there is to be got out of bringing up a baby. He goes on to show that twentieth century science has abolished colic and midnight floor-walking and most of the other annoyances which used to detract from the pleasures of parenthood

There is some truth in this, but if it were all true it would be a great human calamity. There are hardships of the sort that try body and soul beyond endurance; and in so far as civilization and the progress of science abolishes these it is all to the good. But if ever progress should make life too easy, progress would soon be retrogression. And of all the means to the development of character — which is the real end and aim of progress — none is comparable, at least none now in existence is comparable, to bringing up a baby — to learning patience and self-control and self-sacrifice, especially self-sacrifice

Beyond question it is easier to bring up a baby than it used to be. The laws of mind and of body are better understood But there still remain the peculiarities of temperament, the blunders and follies and perversities inevitable in such dense ignorance as envelops the mind of a child. These make "raising" a family as hard as it ever was in the most important respect. And that is well

Sufficient Unto the Day

WHENEVER we hear of the culture clubs and thought circles and reading rings that make the winter less tedious for the more highly educated in our small cities and towns, they are busy with some such things as Ibsen's plays, or Maeterlinck's philosophy, or dramatic dialogues, or the obscurer parts of Browning, or the attempts of Swinburne or Stephen Phillips to prove that they can't write so well about classic Greek subjects as Homer and Euripides could. All this indicates mental activity and aspiration, too. But are not the activity and the aspiration, perhaps, misguided?

There is a certain satisfaction for a certain sort of person in dabbling in that which does not interest the ordinary run of minds. But when that sort of intellectual snob succeeds in convincing, largely by intellectual browbeating, a large number of intelligent persons in his town that such vanities constitute "culture," ought there not to be a revolt, a declaration of intellectual independence? There may be people who have time for such "culture," but have we time for it? Searching Ibsen for queer psychological states to puzzle one's husband or sweetheart or parents with — is there nothing more useful to think about? The reason the Greeks once knew Homer by heart and packed the theatres to hear Euripides' tragedies was that Homer and Euripides discoursed of things of the most intimate personal concern to the Greeks of those days. Why should not we dispense with crude modern attempts to distract our attention from the things that personally concern us as twentieth century Americans with the responsibilities of our time and environment upon us.

A Matter of Business

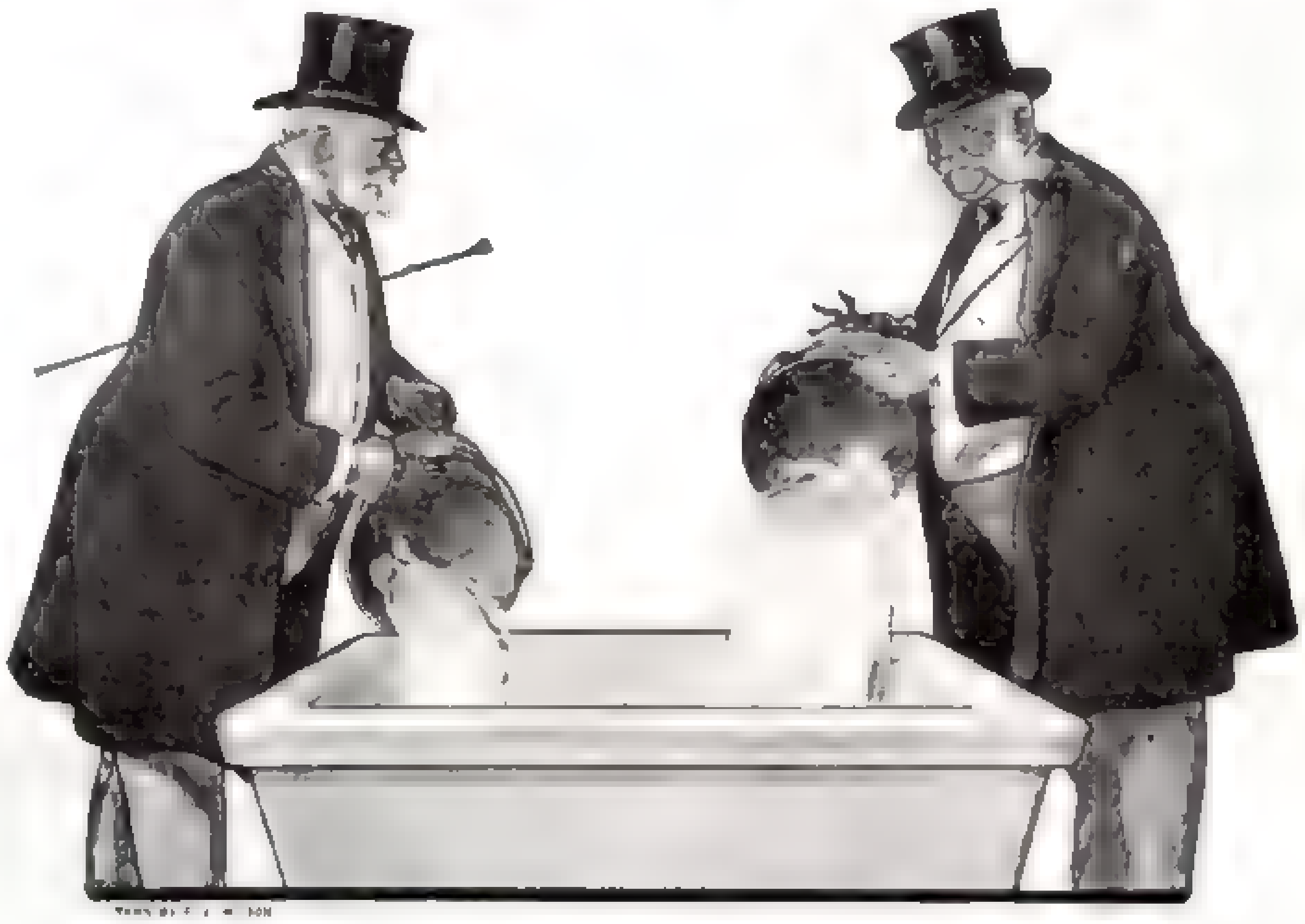
SENATOR BEVERIDGE in his articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST made it very clear long ago why Japan and Russia were so nervously irritable each toward the other and why a collision was all but inevitable. But behind this surface "why" lies the deeper "why" that all spectators of a war or an international quarrel ask themselves — the participants ask it, too, but usually not until they are nursing the hideous wounds and paying the staggering bills of the combat.

If those who took part in wars had not been so fearful of smirching their laurels of "glory," if those who wrote of wars had not been so eager to earn popularity by playing upon the universal human adoration of heroism and courage, we might not be laboring under some of the most pernicious of delusions on the subject of the real nature of the conditions that result from men going forth to slay one another. And aversion to war might rest upon the same sort of deep moral sentiment as that which makes murder abhorrent instead of resting chiefly upon a commercial conviction that "war doesn't pay." However, "it doesn't pay" is an invaluable aid to civilization's great work of ending war, and for that work any ally, however sordid, is welcome

Changing Water Into Cash

The Latest Phrasing for a New Way to Pay Old Debts

By Edwin Lefèvre



IT IS because the "craze" of the stock boom was the creation of new industrial securities on a stupendous scale that we find the greatest excesses in that department of the stock market, and, now that the day of reckoning seems nigh, it is there, naturally, that the financial indigestion which Mr. Morgan months ago said ailed us is most severe Mr. Morgan meant that the public had bought so many hundreds of millions of new securities and old that it had not digested them. The process of assimilation consists of a change in the character of the holdings, from the speculators, who are the first buyers, to the investors, who are the ultimate owners of securities. A speculator will sell if the price rises, because he has made a profit, or if it falls, because he does not wish to lose any more than he can help. But investors, who ask safety rather than exorbitant profits and a fixed income instead of market fluctuations, are not so much affected by more or less superficial developments, nor will they "discount" coming events or probabilities like the speculators. It takes years for the investment holdings of a stock to be much greater than the speculative, because confidence is necessarily of slow growth. All the fertilizers in the world will not make a tree grow beyond a certain rate. But the high financiers of the country found so widespread a desire on the part of the American people to buy securities that so long as the supply was created it did not particularly matter how it was created, if only it were ready on time The pioneers made fabulous fortunes. They had hosts of imitators and emulators who, however, did not all find theirs a profitable plagiarism. The belated promoters had allowed the psychological moment to pass. When they acted it was clear that their efforts were foredoomed to failure. The public might not have grown wiser, but it had overeaten and it was obliged to diet carefully. It is still dieting.

In the more recent disclosures of the unsuccessful promotions a great ado has been made, but it will be noticed that the troubles have come mostly from the inability of the underwriters and promoters to induce the public to buy the new securities. Denunciation of these, the belated promoters, would be very well if the successful pioneers at the great game of getting something for nothing also were condemned. Between the two classes the only difference is one of degree and timeliness. At the bottom the motive was the same. It is, next to love, the strongest motive known to man: greed. Establishing this, the financial student can realize the meaning of many deals, not clear from the financial but pellucid from the human point of view.

The greatest stock-market fortunes, or at all events the quickest, were made out of the manufacture of brand-new securities, made on the premises while the lamb waited. Now, the country had grown prosperous and the earning capacity of industrial plants was obviously greater than in the hard times So the increased earning capacity was daily capitalized, and then, to make sure the promoters were not cheating themselves, the new capitalization was again increased or even doubled. And the public, listening only to the golden voice of the ticker, saw delectable visions of sudden wealth, won without working, unearned money and undeserved luxuries, and bought the inflated securities. The United States Steel Corporation was the greatest of all, and it was composed of a half-dozen companies, none of which was more than two years old and each of which had been formed in turn by a half-dozen or more smaller and older companies or properties. The other consolidations were much smaller. But if the formation of new trusts or semi-trusts offered great opportunities to stock-market strategists, there were some rich mines also in the older trusts. There was no need to consolidate; that had been done years before. Wherefore, it was merely a case of exchanging old securities for new, on the basis of two for one, or, if "bonds" were given for "stocks," of four for one. Incredible? The public was gambling in stocks characteristically—that is to say, in the American way, recklessly, on a gigantic scale. "Everything went" at first.

A good example of the modern financial practice is afforded by the following:

Five years ago James R. Keene bought in the open market at a round $90 a share the majority of the stock of a great "industrial," which, of course, had not been undercapitalized It was a discredited concern, in the stock market, by reason of flagrant stock-jobbing practices of some of the "insiders." Mr. Keene bought it, he says, because for some years it had shown average earnings of something like eighteen per cent. per annum. Of course, he also thought he could make a nice little "turn" in it, being a far more skillful market manipulator than the men who were manipulating it, and since he now owned the control, those directors who were wicked could no longer use loaded dice on him. It must be admitted that the stock was too cheap at 90, and the only reason why it was not selling higher was that investors and speculators alike feared the eccentricities of the management. The common stock when Mr. Keene first went into it amounted to $17,900,000. He rushed the price upward 50 points; people began to see what a cheap stock it was, when Mr. Keene detected signs of "unloading" on the sly by an associate and sold out. The stock broke violently on Keene's characteristic manœuvre. But the others saw how easily the stock could be made to sell for higher prices still, and they carried on the manipulation thenceforth. In 1898 the company issued to insiders $3,100,000 of common stock, bringing the total common outstanding to $21,000,000. In October of the same year they issued over two millions of preferred, bringing the total preferred to $14,000,000. In March, 1899, the company declared a dividend of 100 per cent. in stock. Those who knew what the directors were going to do bought stock in anticipation of it, and found themselves in possession of two shares instead of one. The stock was simply doubled. Also the company issued an additional $15,000,000 to buy out a competing concern, though nothing like this amount of money had been put into it. In Wall Street an "opposition" is often capitalized for millions, and, what is more to the point, it can "cash in."

In December, 1898, the company had sold a part of its business, which had been carried on at an annual loss of about one million dollars. An additional $1,500,000 common stock was issued. In July, 1901, it was voted to exchange $54,000,000 common stock for $109,000,000 of four per cent. bonds. The net results are these: Original common stock of the Trust, at the beginning of the boom, $17,900,000 selling at 90, or $16,110,000 in cash expanded into $109,000,000 of four per cent. bonds which sold as high as $65, or higher, or, say, over $70,000,000; an appreciation in five years of more than $50,000,000. In 1898 the total common and preferred stock was $29,835,000; now in preferred stock and four per cent. bonds it is $123,000,000, an increase in face value of $93,165,000, or a growth of three hundred per cent.!

It will be said, naturally: "But the earnings and profits of the Company must have expanded proportionately!" Well, the Company earned $4,957,804 in 1898 and $6,303,498 in 1900, an increase of twenty-seven per cent. Figuring the gain in earnings on the present capitalization which increased over three hundred per cent., it is seen that the increased earnings amounted to less than one and one-half per cent. This is beyond question the most remarkable specimen extant of the practical financiering of to-day. It was believed that the new four per cent. bonds would prove more attractive to investors and speculators than the old stock. They *sounded* better. However, it is current gossip that the bonds have not been marketed. They have declined in price considerably.

This, to be sure, is an extreme case, and it must be remembered also that there has been a very substantial reaction in security prices. But if the investor will take the trouble to reduce many of these experiments in high finance to their elements, values will not seem too low even after the decline of this year. Nor was the experimenting confined to the industrials. There are some very interesting specimens of railroad overcapitalization and stock transmutation. The trouble, indeed, is that there are too many. They are all interesting, full of incident and "human interest." Oftentimes between the lines of dry statistics one can read stories of achievement, of progress and advancement, of modernization and more scientific operation, and, alas, of more scientific graft—which makes them all the more interesting. But to give the full details of even one "deal" is precluded.

"Railway securities" are mentioned admiringly by people who speak contemptuously of "industrials." Take the case of one standard investment. The road's methods were conservative and it was said that the management was not alive to the requirements of modern railroads. It was old-fashioned enough, to be sure, to pay seven or eight per cent. dividends on the stock. A syndicate secured control of the property and finally bought out nearly all the holders, securing $18,322,400 out of a total of $18,750,100 common and $3,472,200 of the $3,479,500 preferred stock. The road was "reorganized." It had outstanding $8,650,850 of six and seven per cent. bonds. The new one issued instead $54,000,000 of three and three and one-half per cent. bonds. The old road's preferred stock was $3,479,500; the new is $20,000,000. The old common stock amounted to $18,571,110. The new is $20,000,000. The total capitalization of the old road was $30,881,450; that of the new is $94,000,000! The old road was capitalized—in stock and bonds—at $34,040 per mile. The new one at $102,000. When business is good there will be no trouble. But when it falls off it will be another matter

The other side to this is probably that the world has no room for incompetents, and the road under the old management was operated unscientifically, which means uneconomically. The syndicate saw how it could make the stock pay more under its or some other expert's management.

Oklahoma—A

Here is the Condition

THE East is overcrowded. Competition is keen. Expenses are high. Opportunities are few. The young man who wants to get ahead, or the middle-aged man who feels that his life has been more or less of a failure, finds his pathway blocked.

The other side of the story is this: In the Southwest, particularly in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, are vast areas of unimproved and unoccupied land — land which does not yield the crops Nature intended it should. Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings of all sorts — for mills and factories; for drug, grocery and dry goods stores; for banks and lumber yards. Mechanics are needed. Skilled and unskilled labor of all kinds is in demand.

Among the half million and more subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST there are, one would suppose, at least 25,000 who are figuring on a change of location. These people find their present field too limited or their capital too small to compete with older and more firmly established rivals. It is for them that this article is intended. It is published in the hope that they will read every word in it, and that having done so, they will decide to "try the Southwest."

If they are energetic, resourceful, adaptable and industrious, they will never regret the day when they resolved to break away from their present environment. It is desirable that they take with them sufficient funds to tide them over a few months, but they will do well to remember that hard work and the ability to meet occasional disappointments with a smiling face will go further than money.

Oklahoma City is only 15 years old, but its population is in the neighborhood of 35,000

Facts About Oklahoma

Oklahoma Territory is southern in point of geographical position. The people are western in their aggressiveness and untiring energy; they are eastern in their educational facilities and lines of thought; they are northern in their methods of farming. The Territory possesses the happy medium in the kindly climate and the ability to bring forth the products that are native to the North, East, South and West of the United States. Cotton, the staple of the South, is a leading product. Tobacco is raised with as much success as in Kentucky and Tennessee. Wheat and corn, the grain of the northern and western States, are raised more extensively than any other commodity. The wheat crop of Oklahoma for 1902 aggregated 30,000,000 bushels. The corn crop for the same year exceeded 65,000,000 bushels. Potatoes, fruits and all manner of grasses, vegetables and other grains yield prolifically.

The raising of live stock is one of the most profitable pursuits. The pasturage is rich in verdant grasses and wholesome water, while the mild, dry winters make it possible to turn the cattle into the growing wheat fields. Horses, mules, Angora goats, sheep and hogs are raised as cheaply as in any other State in the Union.

There is much walnut and oak, hickory, pine, and the lumber production runs into millions of feet annually.

The taxable valuation of the territorial books show more than $65,000,000 taxable and $175,000,000 of real wealth. There are now about 107,000 children attending the public schools of Oklahoma and the population is 96 per cent. of American birth and 97 per cent. are under the age of 50. More than 80 per cent. of the population owns its own homes and 90 per cent. of the settled farms are now endowed with quick assets above the value of the land in the shape of live stock, farming implements, forage stocks and dairy supplies.

Thus far there is no record of a pulmonary disease originating in the territory, and the average annual mortality in the district generally lying along the 35th degree of latitude is smaller than in any rural district of which we have statistics.

There are Obstacles

Of course there are. There always are. If going to Oklahoma were as simple an undertaking as boarding a street car or calling on a neighbor, the population of the territory would be ten times as great as it is. But it isn't a simple undertaking; it's a Big Thing — one of the biggest things in a man's life. It means the severance of family and social ties. It means going to a new country and living among new people. It means that for a time at least one is apt to lead a rather lonely life. In some cases, it means that a man must start all over again. There *are* obstacles. They are big enough to deter many a man, but they are not insurmountable and they are not one-tenth as great as those our forefathers met and overcame. It is not necessary to go back to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to find a parallel. Take Indiana and Ohio and Illinois, 70 or 80 years ago. What did the newcomer find? Did it not take him weeks, yes, even months, to reach his destination? Did he not have to make the journey under conditions of absolute hardship and sometimes of danger? And when he reached his journey's end, was the outlook especially reassuring? Did he not have to clear his land and build his house and fence his fields? Of course he did. And are you made of softer stuff than he? Could you not, if necessary, endure some of the privations which your forefathers endured? You could; of course you could. But you need not. For the Oklahoma of today is very different from the Illinois of 1830. It is easily reached.

The climate is healthful. Its "pioneer days" are a thing of the past. It has been settled long enough to enable its citizens to provide themselves with all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life. The sun shines bright and clear 300 days in every year.

The rainfall is abundant; the soil fertile and the people hospitable. The towns are hives of industry and the country responds generously to every demand that is made upon it.

No Place for Drones

Oklahoma is no place for drones. Men who cannot make a living where they now are, are not likely to better their condition in life by removing to the Southwest. The opportunities there are infinitely more numerous than in older sections, but that does not mean that you can become a millionaire by loafing on street corners or talking politics in the back room of a saloon. There is work for all, but a man must not only demonstrate that he can work, *but he must work*.

In proportion to its population, Oklahoma has fewer "snaps" and "soft jobs" than any other section of the United States. It is a new country and its wealthiest citizens are its hardest workers.

Men Who are Wanted

Here and there in Oklahoma there are openings for professional men, but, as a rule, the field is already fully occupied. There are, if anything, too many lawyers. The climate is wonderfully healthful, and for that reason the demand for physicians is not as great as one might suppose. There are, perhaps, a dozen towns in the Territory where a dentist could locate with reasonable assurance of making a good living. The school system is good. With the rapid growth in population comes a corresponding demand for teachers. But it may take two or three months for a teacher, no matter how well qualified he may be, to find just what he wants.

The best openings in Oklahoma, however, are for business men, manufacturers, capitalists and farmers. A list of the industrial needs is given below.

ALINE, O. T., Woods Co., Pop. 400. Broom Factory, General Store, Bakery

AMORITA, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 100. Butcher Shop

ANADARKO, Caddo Co., O. T., Pop. 3500. Steam Laundry, Cotton Gin, Canning Factory. (Good wheat country.)

APACHE, Caddo Co., O. T., Pop. 1200. Flour Mill, Cotton Gin, Creamery, Mill for Manufacturing Cotton Fabrics, Cigar Factory, Brick Plant, Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store, Ice Plant, Stock Buyer

ASHER, Pottawatomie Co., O. T., Pop. 500. Cotton Mill, Oil Mill (Good opening, flowing wells here.)

ASHLEY, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 100 Drug Store, Hardware, Implements, Clothing Store, Harness Shop, Barber Shop, Physician, Blacksmith

AUGUSTA, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 600. Newspaper, Laundry, General Store. (Good wheat market.)

BISON, O. T., Pop. 100. Flour Mill, Drug Store, Furniture Store

CALUMET, Canadian Co., O. T., Pop. 350. General Store, Harness and Saddlery, Wall Paper, Flour Mill

CARNEGIE, Caddo Co., O. T., Pop. 30. Hotel, General Store

CERRAL, Canadian Co., O. T., Pop. 100. Hotel, Restaurant, Blacksmith, Physician

CLEO, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 700. Canning Factory, Flour Mill, Ice Factory, Electric Light, Cotton Gin, Tailor, Creamery (Good trade and wheat country.)

CLINTON, Custer Co., O. T., Pop. 300. Flouring Mill, Cotton Gin, Factories (Good location.)

COUNCIL, Oklahoma Co., Pop. 150. Hotel, Physician, Hardware Store, Drug Store, Lumber Yard, Mill.

n Opportunity

DALE, Pottawatomie Co., O. T., Pop. 100. Hardware Store, Implement House, Canning Factory, Dry Goods Store, Boot and Shoe Store

DICKSON, Oklahoma Co., O. T., Pop. 50. Physician, Blacksmith, Grain Elevator

DOVER, Kingfisher Co., O. T., Pop. 125. Canning Factory, Ice Plant (good water). Good fruit and vegetable country

DRIFTWOOD, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 50. General Store, Butcher Shop, Barber Shop, Restaurant.

EL RENO, Canadian Co., O. T., Pop. 8000. Canning Factory, Wagon Factory, Gas Plant, Packing House

ENID, Garfield Co., O. T., Pop. 10,331. Street Cars, Wholesale Dry Goods House, Wholesale Paper House, Wholesale Hardware, Wholesale Drug House, Condensed Milk Factory, Canning Factory, Beef and Pork Packing Plant, Paper Box Factory, Machine Shop, Mattress Factory, Soap Factory.

ERICK, Greer Co., O. T., Pop. 600. General Merchandise, Grain Elevator, Coal Dealer, Hotelkeeper, Physician, Grocery Store.

FERGUSON, Blaine Co., O. T., Pop. 50. Salt Works, Stucco Works, General Merchandise

ss, Wichita Co., O. T., Pop. 700. Electric Light Plant, Broom Factory, Oil Mill, Ice Plant, Telephone System, Barber, Tailor Baker. (Oil well prospects good.)

OTEBO, Kiowa Co., O. T., Pop. 1000. Telephone, Electric Light, Water Works, Gas Works, Shoe Store, Clothing Store

EARY, Blaine Co., O. T., Pop. 1500. Tailor, Wholesale Grocery

REENFIELD, Blaine Co., O. T., Pop 50. Hotel, Bank, Hardware Store

UYMAN, Beaver Co., O. T., Pop. 300. Hotel (not less than 25 rooms (Centre of ranch district.)

ARRAH, Oklahoma Co., O. T., Pop. 300. Bank

OBART, Kiowa Co., O. T., Pop. 5000 Cotton Factory, Hotel, Restaurant (Commercial Club interested.)

YDRO, Caddo Co., O. T., Pop. 900. Hotel, Dry Goods Store, Boot and Shoe Store, Drug Store, Ice Plant

NGERSOLL, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 900. Book Store, Tailor

ABELLA, Woods Co., O. T., Pop. 100. Bank. (Good country surrounding.)

INGFISHER, Kingfisher Co., O. T., Pop. 3000 Broom Factory, Creamery, Cheese Factory, Canning Factory

WTON, Comanche Co., O. T., Pop. 6000. Flour Mill.

NE WOLF, Kiowa Co., O. T., Pop. 600. Saddle and Harness (Will need elevators and industries soon.)

CLOUD, Pottawatomie Co, O. T., Pop 1400. Canning Factory, Excelsior Factory. (Good fruit and vegetable country.)

EDFORD, Grant Co., O. T., Pop. 1800. Ice Plant, Laundry

KEENE, Blaine Co., O. T., Pop. 1200. Ice Plant, Electric Light Plant, Brick Plant, Canning Factory, Tannery, Creamery, Broom Factory.

LAHOMA CITY, Oklahoma Co., O. T., Pop. 33,360 Hardware Furniture, Shoe Store, Dry Goods, Cotton Fabric Mill, Straw Board Plant, Foundry, Fruit and Vegetable Canning Factory, Wholesale Dry Goods House, Wholesale Hardware, Wholesale Drug House Wholesale Plumbers' Supplies, Natatorium, Auditorium, Wholesale Boots and Shoes, Wholesale Hats and Caps, Overall Factory, Shirt Factory, Hardwood Finish Factory, Tile Factory, Starch Factory, Packing House, Wholesale Heavy Hardware, Mattress Factory

ND CREEK, Grant Co., O. T., Pop. 2000. Hotel

EDING, Kingfisher Co., O. T., Pop. 50. Physician.

YRE, Roger Mills Co., O. T., Pop. 1200. Bakery

AWNEE, Pottawatomie Co., O. T., Pop. 15,000. Street Railway.

CUMSEH, O. T., Pottawatomie Co., Pop. 2500. Canning Factory, Cotton Factory. (Good fruit and vegetable country.)

XOLA, Greer Co., O. T., Pop. 400. Hotel, General Merchandise, Drugs, Hardware, Meat Market, Restaurant, Furniture, Physician.

TEXHOMA, Beaver Co., O. T., Pop. 20. General Merchandise, Drug Store, Blacksmith Shop. (Centre of stock region. Stock shipping point.)

UNION CITY, Union P. O., Canadian Co., O. T., Pop. 350. Canning Factory, Creamery.

WALTER, Comanche Co., O. T., Pop. 700. Dentist, Brick Plant, Flour Mill, Water Works, Dry Goods, and Clothing Store

WATONGA, Blaine Co., O. T., Pop. 1800. Creamery Hotel, Flour Mill, Ice Plant, General Merchandise, Tailor (Address Commercial Club.)

WAUKOMIS, Garfield Co., O. T., Pop. 1055. Ice Plant.

WAURIKA, Comanche Co., O. T., Pop. 500 Cotton Gin, Compress Oil Mill, Ice Plant, General Merchandise. (Good farming country.)

It is only fair to state, however, that before this article is published many of these openings will be filled.

Price of Land Increasing

A little more than a year ago a Chicago real-estate agent made a trip through Oklahoma. As a result of his investigations he decided that a certain county in the Southwestern portion of the Territory offered the greatest inducements to settlers. He secured options on several thousand acres of land at $7, $8 and $9 an acre. He advertised; found buyers and disposed of his holdings at $12, $14 and $16 an acre. He has only a few hundred acres left and these he is selling at $22 an acre. In less than a year he has made a fortune.

The showing he has made is, perhaps, exceptional, but it is mentioned here in order to make the reader understand that in Oklahoma land values are increasing rapidly and that delays are dangerous. What has been done in one part of the Territory is likely to be done in another. And so, if you intend casting your lot with Oklahoma, the sooner you go the better it will be. A delay of a single day may result in the loss of an opportunity that will never again offer itself.

Oklahoma corn crop for 1902 exceeded 65,000,000 bushels.

Homeseekers' Excursions

The management of the Rock Island System is anxious to assist in the development of the territory traversed by its lines. It is not actuated by any other than business motives. Philanthropy has no part in its plans. It is a common-sense proposition that the more people there are in the States and Territories which its lines serve the greater will its earnings be. It is, furthermore, as certain as any uncertain thing can be, that out of a given number of people who visit Oklahoma for the purpose of "looking it over" a certain percentage will remain. They will remain because by doing so they can better their condition in life. They can make more money in less time and with less effort than in older and more thickly settled communities. They can provide for their children and their children's children—not by leaving them a vast fortune, but by giving them all that any right-thinking person wants—an opportunity.

In order to make it an easy matter for the investigator to satisfy himself that conditions in the Southwest are all that they are claimed to be, the Rock Island System offers what are known as Homeseekers' Excursion rates. Dates are shown below:

November 17.
December 1 and 15.

On the dates named a rate of one fare for the round trip plus $2 will be in effect from points on the Rock Island System to points in the Southwest. The rate from Chicago to Oklahoma City and return, for example, will be $24.85; to Chickasha $25.85; to Guthrie $23.95. Corresponding reductions will be made from and to other points.

Tickets are good to return any time within 21 days of date of sale and stop-over privileges are allowed, on the going trip, at and west of Manhattan and Alta Vista, Kas., and Steinauer, Neb.

How to go About It

Let it be assumed that you have been impressed by what you have read and heard about the Southwest. Let it be assumed, further, that you have made up your mind to give it a trial. The next question is: What ought you to do to save time and money and to find out where you should locate?

In this connection the Passenger Department of the Rock Island System can be of value. Write a letter to the undersigned, stating as briefly as possible—

1—How much money you have.
2—What line of business you wish to engage in.
3—Which locality you prefer.

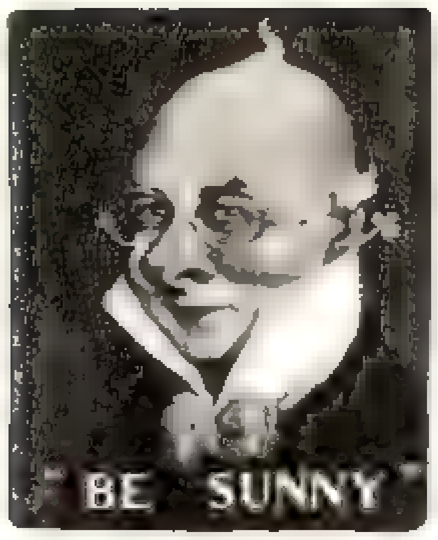
In the course of four or five days you will receive a letter giving you precisely the information you want; or, if it is not possible to furnish it immediately, your letter will be acknowledged and you will be advised that the information you ask for will be supplied at a later date. And it will be. It sometimes happens that in order to obtain needed data it is necessary for this office to communicate with half a dozen persons. This takes time—two, three, even four weeks. But in any event the information will be supplied and at as early a date as possible.

With the information in your possession, you can determine whether or not you will act on it. If you decide that you will, your next step should be a visit to the Southwest. Opportunities of doing this at low cost are of frequent occurrence—see information under heading "Homeseekers' Excursions."

JOHN SEBASTIAN

Passenger Traffic Manager

Rock Island System, Chicago



"Force-thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

I BELIEVE that the man of to-day has what might be called a light-running, in-door stomach

¶ A few centuries ago we were all out-door dwellers — Robber Barons. Cannibal Kings, Doughty Knights and such historical novel characters. We ate great meals of half-cooked meats, washed them down with gallons of mead and ale, and got along splendidly. Because we lived out-doors and had out-door stomachs.

¶ There was little machinery in those days and we did more muscle work. Cities like London were next door to the country: to-day it's all different.

¶ It's time diet changed to suit the times.

If machinery does most of the muscle work nowadays, it must also help us with our digestion. "FORCE" is the furthest advance towards an ideal food for the stomach of to-day. Just now we want as much nutrition as we did when we were Robber Barons, but only half as much work for these light-running, in-door stomachs of ours.

¶ "FORCE" forms the morning meal of two million clear-eyed, quiet-nerved people — the members of "The 'FORCE' Society."

Their day's work is easier than other folks'.

They do not Hurry.

Nor Worry!

They say to the rest of the world each morning,

Be Sunny.

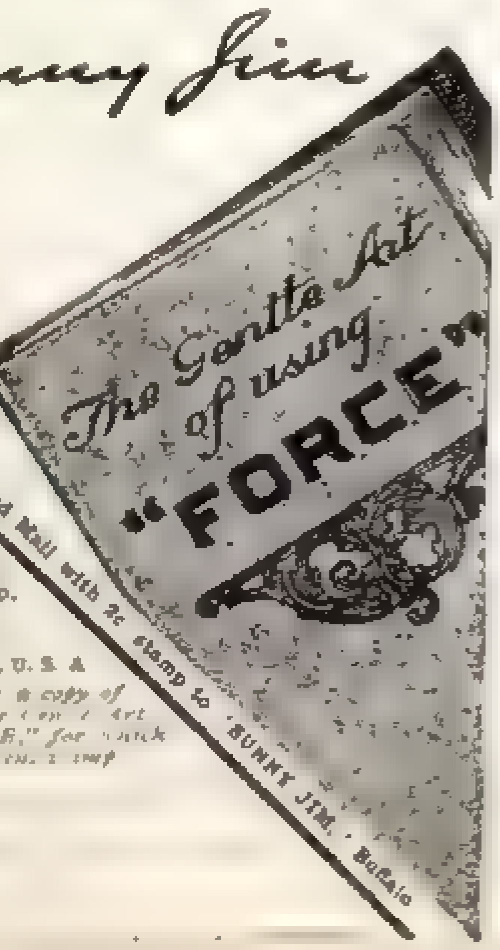
¶ Which reminds me that I've written a book — my first.

It treats of two subjects: how to serve "FORCE" in many ways, and how to be sunny — always. It's worth so much I can't charge for it — except a two-cent stamp, which, if you'll send with the coupon below, will entitle you to one copy.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(To be continued)


The Gentle Art of using "FORCE"

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S.E.P. 11-14

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BUFFALO, U. S. A.

Please send me a copy of your book "The Gentle Art of Using FORCE," for which I enclose a two-cent stamp

Name

Address

THE COST

(Continued from Page 3)

school — and a military department for men and a musical department for women. And it's going to have lots and lots of real university schools — when it gets the money. And there's a healthy, middle-aged wagon maker who's said to be thinking of leaving it a million or so — if he should ever die and if they should change its name to his."

"But it's co-education, isn't it? Father would never consent. It was all mother could do to persuade him to let me go to public school."

"But maybe he'd let us go together where he wouldn't let you go all alone."

And so it turned out. Colonel Gardiner, anxious to get his daughter away from Saint X and into new scenes that might distract her attention, consented as soon as Olivia explained her plan.

. . . .

Instead of entering "Senior Prep." Pauline was able to make Freshman with only three conditions. In the first week she was initiated into Olivia's fraternity, the Kappa Alpha Kappa, joined the woman's literary and debating society, and was fascinated and absorbed by crowding new events, associations, occupations, thoughts. In spite of herself her old-time high spirits came flooding back. She caught herself humming — and checked herself reproachfully. She caught herself singing — and lowered it to humming. She caught herself whistling — and decided that she might as well be cheerful while she waited for fate to befriend her and Jack. And she found that she thought about him none the less steadfastly for thinking hopefully.

Battle Field put no more restraint upon its young women than it put upon its young men — and it put no restraint upon the young men. In theory and practice it was democratic, American, Western — an outgrowth of that pioneer life in which the men and the women had fought and toiled and enjoyed, side by side, in absolute equality, with absolute freedom of association. It recognized that its students had been brought up in the free, simple, frank way, that all came from a region where individualism was a religion, with self-reliance as the cardinal principle of faith and self-development as the goal.

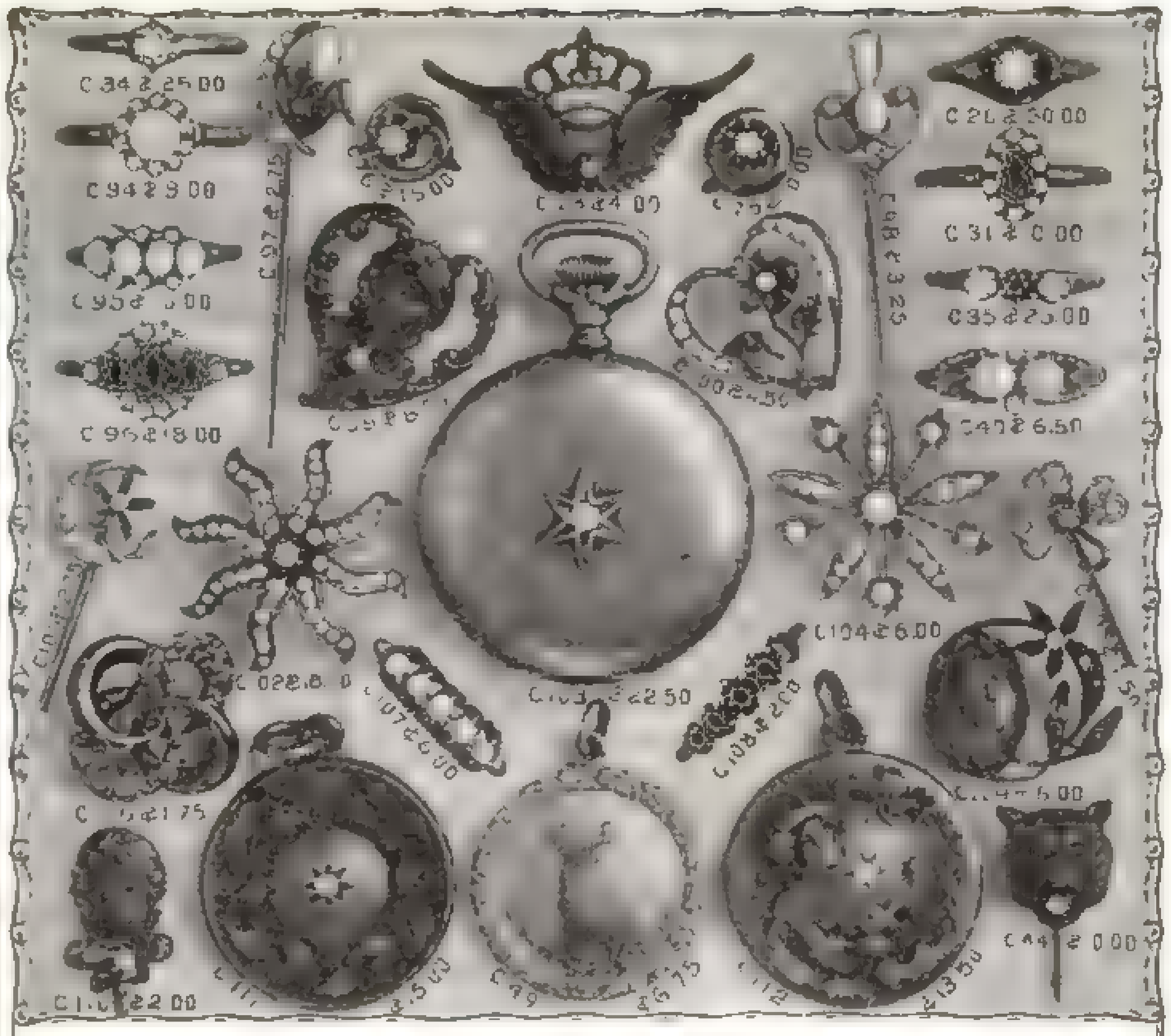
There were no dormitories at Battle Field then. Olivia and Pauline lived at one of the hundred or more boarding-houses — a big, square, white "frame," kept by a Mrs. Trent, the widow of a "hero of two wars."

Her hero had won her with his uniform when he returned from the Mexican war. His conduct was so irregular and his income so uncertain that it had been a relief to her when he departed for his second war. From it he had brought home a broken constitution, a maimed body and confirmed habits of shiftlessness and drunkenness. His country took his character and his health and paid him in exchange a pension which just about kept him in whisky and tobacco. So long as he was alive Mrs. Trent hated him as vigorously as her Christianity permitted. When he was safely in his grave she canonized him, put his picture and his sword, belt and epaulettes in the conspicuous place in the parlor, and used his record for gallantry to get herself social position and a place of honor at all public gatherings.

Her house stood far back from the highway in a grove of elms and walnuts. Its angularity was relieved by a porch with a flat roof that had a railing about it and served as a balcony for the second-story lodgers. There were broad halls through the middle of the house downstairs and up. Olivia and Pauline had the three large rooms in the second story, on the south side. They used the front room as a study and Pauline's bedroom was next to it.

Late one afternoon she was seated at the study window watching a cherry-red sun drop through the purple haze of the autumn. She became conscious that some one was on the balcony before the window of the front room across the hall. She leaned so that she could see without being seen. Sharp against the darkening sky was the profile of a young man. Olivia joined her and followed her glance. The profile remained fixed and the two girls watched it, fascinated. It certainly was a powerful outline, proud and stern, but with a mouth that was sweet in its kindliness and gentleness.

"I wonder what he's thinking about," said Olivia in an undertone — he was not fifteen feet from them. "I suppose, some scheme for conquering the world."



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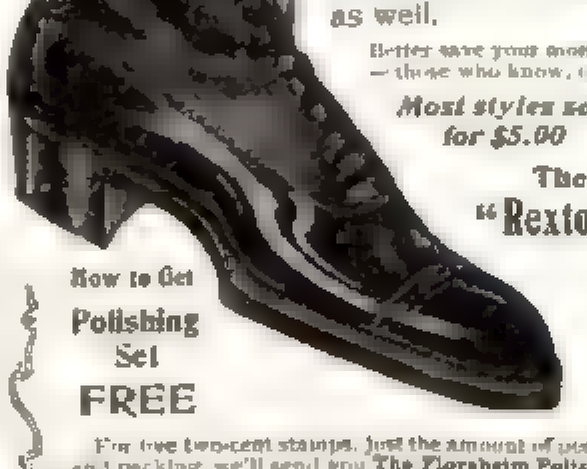

YOU pay $8 to $10 for a made-to-measure shoe — more for fancy kinds. There's just as good leather — hand bench work — finish in THE FLORSHEIM SHOE. It wears, fits and looks as well.

Better save your money — those who know, do.

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How to Get Polishing Set FREE

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is largely influenced by what he reads. If that is clean and wholesome he is pretty likely to lead a clean life and amount to something.

The Boys' World

is a clean, bright, straightforward boys' paper. It brings a boy's religion into his daily life: teaches him that religion is a manly thing and how he may be helped by it. That such a paper was needed is evidenced by the immense popularity that has greeted THE BOYS' WORLD. Its circulation is already nearly *a third of a million* and is growing rapidly. Our Special Offer brings you this paper for three months (13 weeks) for ten cents.

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For Boys and Girls of from 3 to 14 Years

It makes happy, healthy children. The only machine propelled by the arms; prevents weak lungs and [illegible] Safe [illegible] always near the ground. Healthful [illegible] Easy [illegible] Economical [illegible] Helps Children [illegible] Splendid birthday or Christmas gift [illegible] Various patterns [illegible] free. Write to-day.

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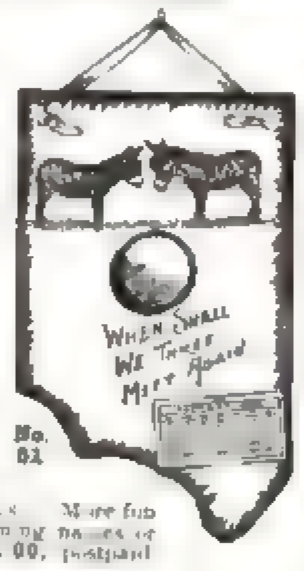
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No. 51

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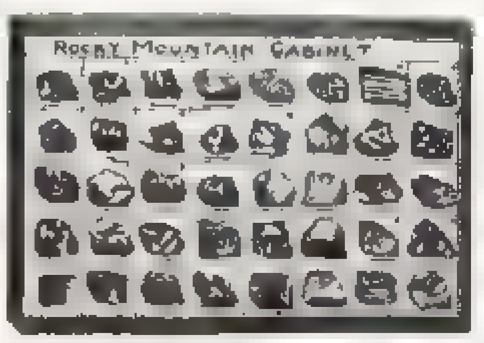
Rocky Mountain Cabinet. Actual size 6¾ x 9¾ in. 40 varieties of Rocky Mountain Ores, Minerals and Agates. [illegible] entertaining and more lasting. Price $1.00, express prepaid.



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INDIAN IDOL. This good luck Indian Charm, with history, will be sent **FREE** with each order received before December 15, 1903. *"May it be as good to you as it has been to us."*

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THE H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO.
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Most of Battle Field's youth came from the farms of that Western country, the young men with bodies and brains that were strong but awkward. Almost all were working their way through — as were not a few of the women. They felt that life was a large, serious business impatiently waiting for them to come and attend to it in a large, serious way better than it had ever been attended to before. They studied hard; they practiced oratory and debating. Their talk was of history and philosophy, religion and politics. They slept little; they thought — or tried to think — even more than they talked.

At a glance this man was one of them, a fine type. "He's handsome, isn't he?" said Pauline. "But ——" She did not finish; indeed it was not clear to her what the rest of her protest was. He reminded her of Dumont — there was the same look of superiority, of the "born to lead." But his face seemed to have some quality which Dumont's lacked — or was it only the localizing effect of the open sky and the evening light?

When the bell rang for supper he apparently did not hear it. The two girls went down and had talked to the others a few minutes and all had seated themselves before he entered. An inch or so above six feet, powerful in the chest and shoulders, moving with a large grace until he became self-conscious or approached the, by comparison, frail pieces of furniture. He had penetrating, candid eyes that looked dark in the gaslight but were steel blue. His face now wore the typical Western-American expression — shrewd, easy-going good humor. Mrs. Trent, entrenched in state behind a huge, silver-plated coffee urn with ivory-trimmed faucet, introduced him — "Mr. Scarborough" — to Olivia, to Pauline, to Sadie McIntosh, to Pierson and Howe and Thiebaud (pronounced Cay-bo). He sat directly opposite Olivia. But whenever he lifted his eyes from his plate he looked at Pauline, who was next to her. When she caught him he blushed and stirred in his chair so uneasily that it creaked and crackled, and his normal difficulties with his large hands and the small knife and fork were distressingly increased.

Pauline was disappointed in him — his clothes were ill-fitting and gave him the appearance of being in danger of bursting from them; his hair was too long, suggesting a shaggy, tawny mane; though his hands were well-shaped they had the recent scars of hard manual labor. Thus, when Olivia spoke enthusiastically of him after supper, she made no reply. She would have been ashamed to acknowledge the reasons for her lack of admiration, even had she been conscious of them. But the next morning at breakfast she revised her opinion somewhat. He talked, and he had a remarkable voice — clear, musical, with a quality which made it seem to penetrate through all the nerves instead of through the auditory nerve only. Further, he talked straight to Pauline, without embarrassment and with a quaint, satiric humor. She was forgetting for the moment his almost uncouth hair and dress when, in making a sweeping gesture, he upset a glass of water and sent a plate of hot bread flying from the waitress' hand.

"He'd do well in the open air," thought she, "but he's dangerous in the house."

Still, she found him interesting and original. And he persistently sought her — his persistence was little short of heroism in view of the never-wholly-concealed sufferings which the contrast between her grace and style and his lack of both caused him.

"He looks like a king who had been kidnaped as a child and brought up in the wilds," said Olivia. "I wonder who he is."

"I'll ask him," replied Pauline, rather proud of her power with this large, untamed person.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

A Condensed Account

COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT, who was on the ill fated Maine at the time of her destruction, says that after that terrible catastrophe a number of the survivors were conveyed by the Bache to the quarantine hospital at Key West.

It appears that one of the wounded jackies was questioned as to what he knew of the frightful explosion.

"Well, sir," replied the sailor, "I can't say that I knows much of it. I was a-corkin' it off in me hammock, sir, when I hears a h of a noise! Then, sir, the nurse says, 'Sit up an' take this.'"

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518L
566L
190L
396
497
145
513L
591L
560L
541L
151

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[illegible] brooch, baroque	[illegible]	[illegible]	.90	[illegible]	.40
[illegible] brooch, pearls	1.75	[illegible]	.25	190L — Sterling silver scarf pin, ruby eyes	.45
497 — [illegible] stock pin, pearl	.75	541L — Sterling silver brooch or chatelaine	.75	396M — Sterling silver locket, two pictures	1.00
445 — [illegible] brooch, pearl	1.50	560L — Sterling silver brooch, holds picture in back	1.50	497M — Sterling silver coffee spoon, holly	.75
[illegible] — Sterling silver [illegible]	.55	566L — Sterling silver brooch	.85	490M — Spoon like 497M, gold bowl	1.00
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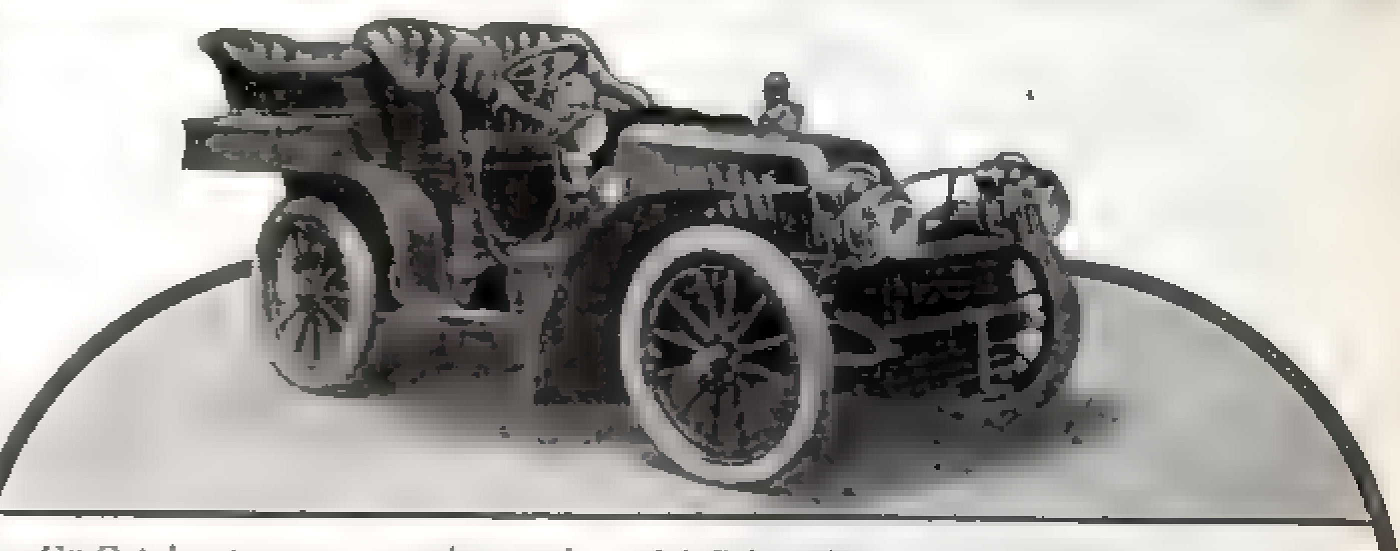
OUR GUARANTEE The proprietors of the Baird-North Co. are [illegible] and are thoroughly reliable, straightforward business men. [illegible] HON. WM. BATCHELDER, *President Merchants' National Bank, Salem*. [illegible] *Mercantile National Bank, Salem*.



On October 1, 1903, a regular stock model Columbia 24 H. P. Gasoline Touring Car reached New York City from Chicago, having covered 1,177 miles in 76 hours (total elapsed time), establishing the greatest of road records. During this wonderful run not a repair was made to the machine other than stopping a puncture.

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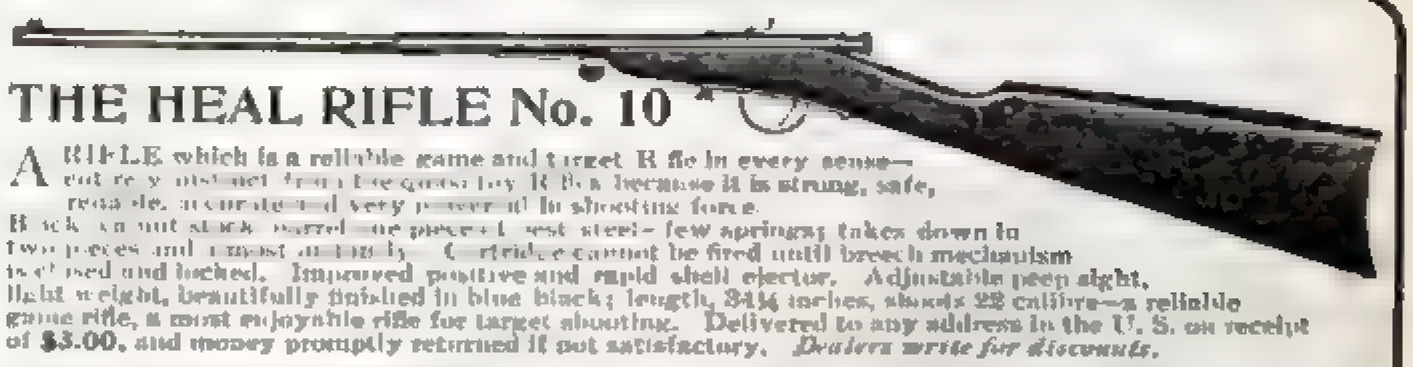

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Black walnut stock, barrel one piece of best steel — few springs; takes down in two pieces and almost instantly. Cartridge cannot be fired until breech mechanism is closed and locked. Improved positive and rapid shell ejector. Adjustable peep sight, light weight, beautifully finished in blue black; length, 34¼ inches, shoots 22 calibre — a reliable game rifle, a most enjoyable rifle for target shooting. Delivered to any address in the U. S. on receipt of $3.00, and money promptly returned if not satisfactory. *Dealers write for discounts.*

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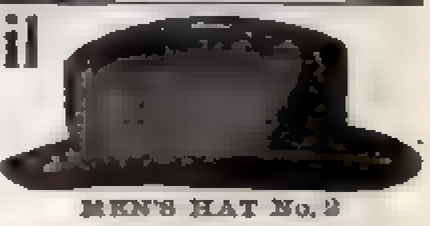

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High Life and Higher Education

(Concluded from Page 11)

and more evil than one wishes they were. Whether a young fellow is to go into business, law or the ministry, his best asset, next to his education, is a knowledge of the world of men, and the age of eighteen or nineteen is none too early to begin it. A young man who cannot keep his balance then has little chance of doing so when he is thrown up against life in the more trying temptations of bread-winning. As for the outcry I have used as a text, if it discloses any great evil it is the underpayment of our college professors. Many of the instructors at our richest university receive only five hundred dollars a year. Few of the professors receive more than four thousand. While the cost of living and the standard of living have advanced to the elevation of the porcelain bath, their incomes have remained at the level of the flat tin tub. Instead of telling the American parent that the colleges are hot beds of luxury, it would seem wiser for the professor to say simply and with dignity that the college faculty is the abode of poverty.

There is, however, a very great evil in American undergraduate life. Its origin is not in wealth or in character, but in the system which is at the base of the social order. In the old college of two or three hundred men, all living in a single set of buildings and dining in the same hall, there was every chance for a free mingling of all sorts of men. It was not only easy to make acquaintances, but impossible to avoid them. The result was a compact and friendly college life that insured strength and permanency to the college traditions. In the modern universities of three and four thousand no such interplay of social forces is possible. The tendency is for the rich to know only the rich and the poor only the poor—a tendency which is equally unfortunate for both. When a man succeeds in becoming intimate with his classmates of all kinds it is only by means of a rare combination of ability, address and, one may add, good fortune. Vigorous efforts have been made to insure a closer social union, and with some success. But the problem as a whole is as yet unsolved. There is a strong and, I think, a growing tendency to find the ultimate solution in the English idea of dividing the university into a number of small colleges, each of which is a unit socially and in athletics. All the primary needs of life are supplied by the college—rooms, board, friends, clubs and sports. That a man shall make friends and acquaintances in college is all but inevitable, and when he shows especial capabilities, the way out into the greater life of the university is open to him through the friends he has made in college. The English system is certainly much pleasanter. In effect it is far more democratic, in that it makes it possible for any man, almost without regard to his poverty or wealth, to become a vital part of the life about him.

◆

The Fashion in Chimneys

STANFORD WHITE, the architect, early in his career designed a house for a certain wealthy citizen of Poughkeepsie notorious for his peppery temper and his belief in his own importance. By the mistake of a draughtsman the chimney on the plans was made somewhat lower than it should have been. On discovering it, as the building was nearing completion, the peppery individual rushed away to the telegraph office, boiling with indignation, and sent the following dispatch:

> *Chimney on plans of my house two feet shorter than ordered and agreed on. Blunder inexcusable. What have you to say for yourself?*

He then returned to the house much puffed up, and spent the next half-hour explaining to the builder how he had "settled that young New York upstart." At the end of this time a messenger boy arrived and handed him this:

> *Plans O. K. Houses wearing their chimneys very short this season. Makes it handy for Santa Claus.*

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You can make a careful reading of this article worth thousands of dollars to you. This is literally true, and I don't care what your occupation is so long as you are now or wish to become engaged in any line of intellectual effort. I want you to accept free of cost and postage prepaid our 32-page book entitled

THE SCIENCE OF SALESMANSHIP

The only price we ask for it is a careful reading. This book is of course especially valuable to salesmen and saleswomen. Every commercial traveler, every retail clerk, every specialty salesman, regardless of the line of goods handled, and every promoter throughout this broad land ought to have a copy of this book. But I don't stop there. Every professional man, every business man, every intelligent man who expects to succeed in the world ought to own it. And why can't you when all it costs is one cent invested in a postal card to bring it? Why is it valuable to all who are now or who wish to become brain workers? Because it tells about **the science of salesmanship**, and salesmanship in the abstract is the power to influence others. It is no hypnotism, no so-called mysterious forces. It is practical common sense. To master this science means development of that central magnetic force of real manhood and womanhood, positive character, the natural result of which is the power to carry people with you, to make them think as you think and believe as you believe. It means to make you an expert in character reading or the art of sizing people up. It means logical thinkers and speakers. It means an understanding of psychology or the laws of the human mind.

Will you risk one cent for a postal or two cents for a stamp to send a letter so I can send you that book and tell you all about it?

A. F. SHELDON, President

SHELDON SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC SALESMANSHIP
942 McClurg Building, Chicago

Lives are Lost

every day and

can't be replaced by insurance, like property. Protect the lives, as well as the property of your family with

BADGER'S Fire Extinguisher

Always Ready to put any Fire out. Strong. Simple. A child can use it.

Agents Wanted

in every city and town to introduce it. Liberal commissions.

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.
Dept. B, 33 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

The "Best"

The World's Best Light

Sold in every civilized country on earth. Costs less than kerosene, gives six times more light than electricity.

A Pure White Steady Light

Makes and burns its own gas. No wick, no odor, no smoke. Absolutely safe. For indoor and outdoor use.

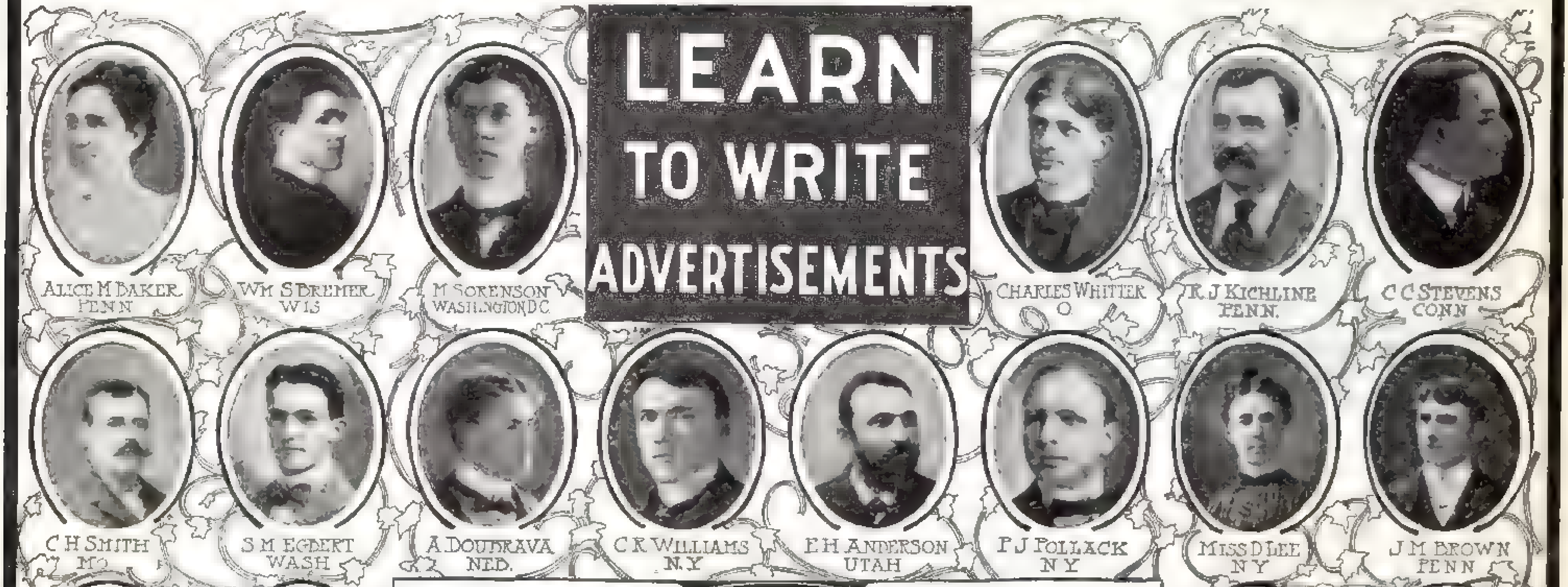
Agents Wanted

Exclusive territory, liberal commissions. Catalog free.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
Owners of Original Patents
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio

You Can Earn $25.00 to $100.00 Per Week if You

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS


ALICE M BAKER
PENN
WM S BREMER
WIS
M SORENSON
WASHINGTON D C
CHARLES WHITTER
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PENN.
C C STEVENS
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S M EGBERT
WASH
A DOUBRAVA
NEB.
C K WILLIAMS
N Y
E H ANDERSON
UTAH
P J POLLACK
N Y
MISS D LEE
N Y
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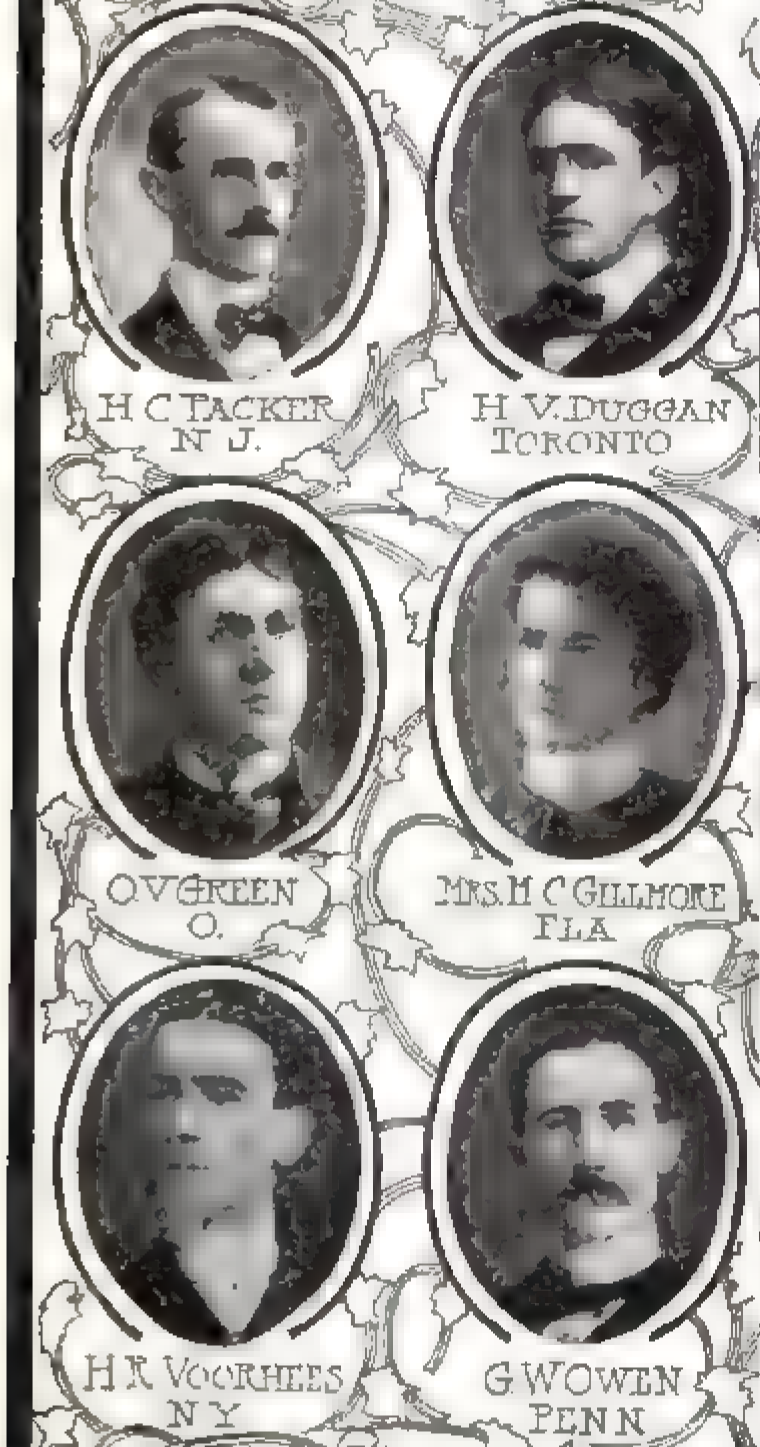
H C TACKER
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MRS H C GILLMORE
FLA
H K VOORHEES
N Y
G W OWEN
PENN

Not only a help
in your present position,
but helps you to a better position

These Faces Mean Much to You

They are the faces of men and women who have answered our advertisements during the past seven years with a full appreciation of the fact that advertising is the foundation upon which a business man's success must be built.

Learn from the oldest, biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. Learn from the founders themselves.

When we say, we can **positively teach you advertisement writing by mail,** we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us. Our lessons are for each individual, and just as personal as if you were the only student

THE PAGE DAVIS CO is to day teaching the various branches of advertising to College Professors and Students, Preachers Orators Lawyers, Politicians, Doctors, Novelists Journalists Playwriters Actors Merchants Manufacturers, Inventors and representatives of every other calling The work of advertisement writing as taught by the Page Davis Co is not only a business in itself but **It is a great education.** It is new thought that better fits men and women for their respective vocations There is hardly a business in the world not profitably susceptible to a practical working knowledge of publicity. This is positive

Notice to Employers *Concerns desirous of engaging competent Ad writers at $25.00 to $100.00 a week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful Ad writers in some of the largest houses in the country. This service is gratis*

We will answer promptly and completely, IF YOU WRITE TO US FOR OUR LARGE PROSPECTUS, MAILED FREE

Page-Davis Co.

Cor. Washington and Wabash
CHICAGO

ELLEN P YATES
N Y
J S WILSON
IDAHO
M F DOLLINGER
W VA
E M MYERS
IND
F H LUKE
O
R S WALKER
ILL

EDW K MEDARA
N Y
F D SPENCER
NEB
C VICKER
CHICAGO
GEO HENRY CLARK
MASS
E S DIMOCK
TORONTO
HORACE C DALE
PENN
D G SALTSMAN
N Y
C R MASON
KY
ADELAIDE LAUTERBACK
CAL
GEO H ROCK
CONN
T EK
MINN
W A MITCHELL
MO
M J BROWNING
W VA
MISS O A HOEFLING
MINN
C E DIBBLE
CONN
C O WEANING

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A NOTABLE NOVEL — Mr. Richard Whiteing's Yellow Van will have to be reckoned with in appraising the novels of the year.

¶ If one were to set about the search for a single phrase which should sum up in so many words the inheritance of English fiction, would it not determine on something that should strive to express an insistence on moral ideas? Matthew Arnold had a well-known formula that literature is a criticism of life and that life is three-fourths conduct. In that sense all literature, he argued, is moral; it lives or falls by the test of moral ideas. But whoever is read in other literature feels at once a different note in the English. The Englishman is not dealing with conduct in the large spirit of moral government, but with moral government in the spirit of personal contention. He has a thesis to maintain, he is a disputant or an advocate, he runs to "problems" and crotchets and little pained and tearful interjections. He must step out from behind the wings to scold his characters to the audience like Thackeray, or to weep over them like Dickens. If he is Mr. Hardy he must fling down a challenge with his title page—Tess of the Durbervilles: A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented

Now there is nothing against the problem novel. "There's nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so;" there's no ill thing that may not be so well done that men will not admire the manner of its accomplishment. It is possible to conceive a problem novel where the author should have a belief not a crotchet, where he should have the self-restraint to keep the fact before the explanation, and the artistic intelligence to hold in greater dignity his belief than the necessity for declaiming about it. It is possible, for do the Scriptures anywhere say that the camel shall never go through the eye of the needle?

It is possible, and one begins to believe after the opening chapters of The Yellow Van, by Richard Whiteing *(The Century Company)*, that at last it is true. For one who has read the published pribble-prabble that went before, with its question of questions, landlordism, capitalism, bridge playing and what not, there could be few more delicious surprises than those first chapters of the book itself. One has read the announcement—"Oh, dear!" one has said with half a gasp and half a yawn, "another umbrella where there should be a torch." But he reckons ill who leaves the author out. Genius may do anything, and one begins to believe with those first chapters that the dragon of the problem has at last met its St George. They are so fluent, so urbane, so tolerant, so dignified; they so abound in ripe reflection and felicitous statement; they so give the sense of being taken up into a high place to survey the kingdoms and dominions of the earth. But let us look at the story.

The Duke of Allonby has brought home an American bride. It is here another "amazing marriage." This time there is only the native exchange of beauty and worth for pride, prestance and strength; they really love each other. And those delightful opening chapters do indeed place one with Augusta to look out from her new heights over all that lies before and beneath her. But at the far edge of the horizon is a faint puff of smoke—perhaps the dragon has not breathed his last. No more he has. He rears his head higher, he spreads his four feet to the four corners of the page and blackens all the brightness of the land. The development of the thesis begins and the beauty of the story ends.

Mr. Whiteing's thesis, in two words, is that aristocracy is outgrown, that it no longer serves but fattens on the country. The Duke is a good man, amiable, intelligent and well meaning, but the feudal system is

ESTABLISHED 1878

Goods bearing this celebrated trade-mark are RIGHT!!

GOODYEAR WELT

JAMES MEANS SHOE

THE RETAIL PRICES ARE FIXED AT $2.50 and $3.00

CAUTION—Be sure that you find the above trade-mark, including the words "Goodyear Welt" on the soles of every pair. **Reject substitutes.**

THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN has been known and approved by the public for more than a quarter of a century. It is the first shoe ever put on the market at retail prices fixed by the manufacturers for the protection of retailers and wearers.

TO WEARERS OF SHOES. These goods are sold by leading retailers. Wherever you may live we will place them easily within your reach if you will drop us a postal card.

TO RETAILERS OF SHOES. We sell only one retailer in a city or town unless the population exceeds 40,000. If the agency for the **James Means Shoes** has not been established in your town, the present moment is an excellent one for writing to us in regard to that agency. It is quite possible that you have power to keep this celebrated line out of the hands of your competitors in business.

Dept. 4, JAMES MEANS COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

Unique Novelties in Watches for Ladies' Wear

For Sale by all Jewelers — Catalogs on Request

Solid Gold, Enamels, Silver, Gun Metal or Gold Filled Casings
Open Face or Hunting Cases

New England Watches
LEAD THE WORLD
In Diversity of Styles and in Quality of Production

New England Watch Company
Offices 137 & 139 Maiden Lane, New York
131 & 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago
Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco

Atar Myosotis
(FORGET ME NOT)

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms, etc. If you do not find it at your merchant's, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

Selz Royal Blue Rubbers

are so well worth getting they are well worth asking for; better-than-usual rubbers, at the price of the usual.

Ask your shoe man for them; he may offer "something just as good"; he hasn't got it: try another dealer or send to us.

Rubber footwear of all kinds for all purposes—Good shoes ditto.

SELZ CHICAGO.
Largest makers of good shoes in the world.

ARMY & NAVY LIQUID GLUE

You've tried liquid glues and cements and they didn't stick? That's because they were fish glues. The new patented liquid glue "Army and Navy" is different—made from pure hide and sinews

Don't throw away broken china or bric-à-brac. **Army and Navy Liquid Glue** will mend china, glass, metal, wood or leather. Will stick together anything stickable.

Put up in tubes and bottles. If your dealer hasn't it, send 5 cents for sample tube

WACHTER MFG. CO.
509 West Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

The new table delicacy that everybody loves. A wholesome, clean, pure syrup, good for every home use. Sold in air-tight tins which keep its goodness free from dirt and dust, so common with common syrup. 10c, 25c, and 50c
AT GROCERS
CORN PRODUCTS CO., New York and Chicago

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 847 F St., Washington, D. C.

Make Money Making Ads

The expert Ad Writer easily produces a storeful of business from the newspaper, not because he was born under a lucky star, but because he has been trained to write good ads by some one that knew how

We Know How To Write Good Ads

Any one familiar with the rise of the I. C. S. must acknowledge that we are better qualified to teach ad writing by mail than any other school or individual on earth.

Write for our **"Advertising Booklet"** *before enrolling in any other school.*

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

KEEP YOUR HOUSE WARM

this winter and save coal by fitting your doors and windows with

Ford's Air-Tight Weather Strip

A perfect protection from cold draught and dust. It is inexpensive, made entirely of wood, and absolutely the best strip on the market. Send for illustrated booklet (free).

We want agents in each locality and offer very liberal terms to good men. Write to us.

Charles J. Ford 221 Senior Bldg., Holyoke, Mass.

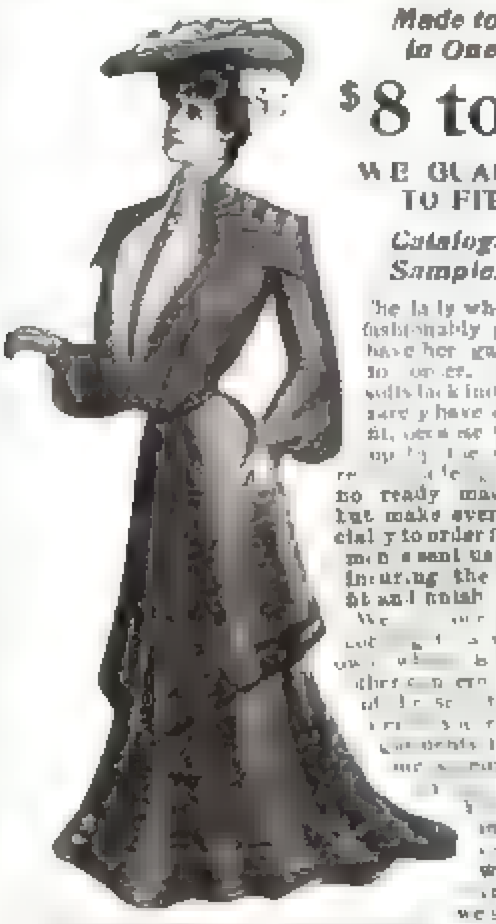
EYE AND MIND

We teach **Journalism, Story-Writing, and Illustrating**, by mail. If requested we will send you a free booklet fully describing any course, and the achievements of its graduates, or a free booklet telling how we sell **MSS** [illegible] to nearly 2,000 publishers, **Syndicate Sheets**, and how we criticise, revise and prepare **MSS.** for publication.

THE [illegible] WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, FOUNDED, 1895
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

TELEGRAPHY Stenography, etc., thoroughly taught. EASTMAN trains for practical work. **Positions** for all graduates. Complete **Home Learner's** telegraph outfit $3.00. Simplified shorthand, **by mail**, $2.00. Catalogue free.
C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

New Winter Suits



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$8 to $40

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The lady who wishes to be fashionably gowned must have her garments made to order. Ready-made suits lack individuality and rarely have either style or fit, because they are made up by the thousands [illegible]. We keep no ready made garments but make everything especially to order from measurements sent us by mail, thus insuring the perfection of fit and finish. We [illegible] garments [illegible] We take [illegible] We know we can fit you, [illegible] we [illegible] entirely satisfactory, return it promptly, and we will refund your money.

We send free our new WINTER Catalogue illustrating 126 of the latest New York fashions. In choosing your suit you may select the jacket of one style, the skirt of another and the sleeve of a third, if you prefer, and have the garment made according to your own taste. We send *free* with our Catalogue a line of samples from our stock of over 400 foreign and domestic fabrics, so that you may select and examine the material from which you wish your garment made. **If you fear we cannot fit you ask your best-dressed friend—she is probably one of our customers.**

OUR CATALOGUE ILLUSTRATES

Tailored Suits,	$8.00 to $40.00
Handsome Skirts,	$4.00 to $20.00
Stylish Jackets,	$8.00 to $35.00
Traveling Dresses,	$10.00 to $35.00

We pay express charges to any part of the United States

Write us fully; your letters will be answered by women of taste and experience, who will, if you desire, aid you in selecting styles and materials. When you send us an order, they will look after it while it is in the cutter's and tailor's hands, and will give it the same care and attention that you would have if it were made under your personal supervision.

Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent *free* by return mail to any part of the United States. Ask for new **WINTER CATALOGUE No. 51.** Mention whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a [illegible] what you [illegible].

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Established 15 years

Hand Made "Kenilworth" Furniture

Gift Things for Christmas

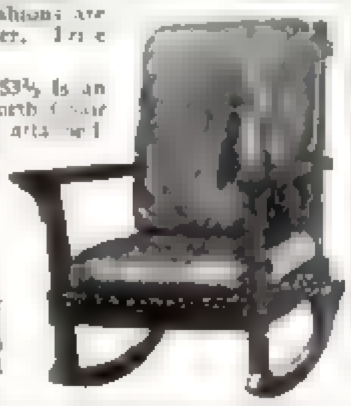
Kenilworth Furniture pieces make at once the most practical and artistic gift things.

They will lend an air of quiet refinement to your parlor, sitting-room, or den.

Kenilworth Furniture is made of the best white oak, finished in weathered oak or any of the popular dull finishes.

We sell direct from the factory to consumers with only one profit added. Our prices are easily 25 to 60 per cent. less than retail.

Kenilworth Chair No. 53 is a very strong and comfortable deep seated arm chair. It combines trimness with lightness and great strength. The cushions are best quality roan silk leather. Price $23.00.



Kenilworth Rocker No. 53½ is an exact replica of the Kenilworth Chair except that it has rockers [illegible] These two pieces together [illegible] a very [illegible] set. Price of rocker $23.00.

OUR NEW 80-PAGE CATALOGUE IS FREE

It shows engravings of beautiful hand-made things for library, den, dining-room, hall or cosy corner. Also 50 pieces of the wonderful Philippine Fiber Furniture.

The Cook Co., 408 Pine St., Michigan City, Ind.

A Few Cents a Day

will make you and your family safe against the uncertain future. Read the free booklet "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

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921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

too much for him. Augusta is high-spirited, unselfish and unspoiled, but the system is too much for her. Rose and George Herion are earnest, industrious and deserving, but they dare to raise their hands and the system crushes them, kills them—and both the Duke and his lady with the best will in the world are bound by the system beyond the power to save them. The Yellow Van itself (from which the book takes title) is a sort of peripatetic pulpit, supported and filled by the preachers of the new gospel of unrest, but its persistence is purely futile—the system is too much for it.

One sees in even so short a summary how much power there is in such a development, and we on this side of the water are not likely to be accused of hostility to its conclusions. The more the pity that it should not be left to work itself out. But, no, it must be "strengthened," reinforced by argument, and "timely" reference to subjects fresh in the public mind—to bridge and the American invasion gathering behind the bastions of our trusts. It only needs a glance at the stock sheet to see how such mercenaries serve the cause they join. They desert or they dominate their ill-advised employer. They do both to Mr. Whiteing. Much of his timely reference deserts him, and his passion for argument ends by overpowering him. His story disappears under the weight of it or changes to a personally-conducted tour with short lectures from the manager on the various objects of note. The last chapter is almost pure economics.

Nevertheless the novel is a notable one, abounding in evidence of varied gifts. It will undoubtedly have to be reckoned with in any appraisement of the year's fiction.

CHEERFUL AMERICANS—Mr. Loomis, who is one of them, gets the start of his critics.

¶ Mr. Charles Battell Loomis dedicates his preface to the reviewers, because they are the only persons "in a position to answer back." Ah, but he has forestalled them! With every copy sent to the reviewers goes a nice little printed, slip. The reviewer, who is a hard-hearted, conscienceless pen-driver and never intended to read the book, finds himself confronted with this:

"Upon reading While the Automobile Ran Down, now issued in this volume, Edward Everett Hale wrote the author: 'Permit an old dabster in the art of short stories to felicitate you on the inimitable conception of your story. . . . We old gladiators pass off the stage joyfully—when we know that the managers have such good substitutes in store.'"

The reviewer has no ill will for Mr. Hale; in mere politeness to the cloth he cannot contradict him. Do you not see that all his thunder is stolen? What can he do but agree with the Doctor, and add that Araminta and the Automobile is just as good, with anybody's choice for second place?

IN OLD PLANTATION DAYS—A pleasant volume of gracious comedy and light pathos from Mr. Dunbar.

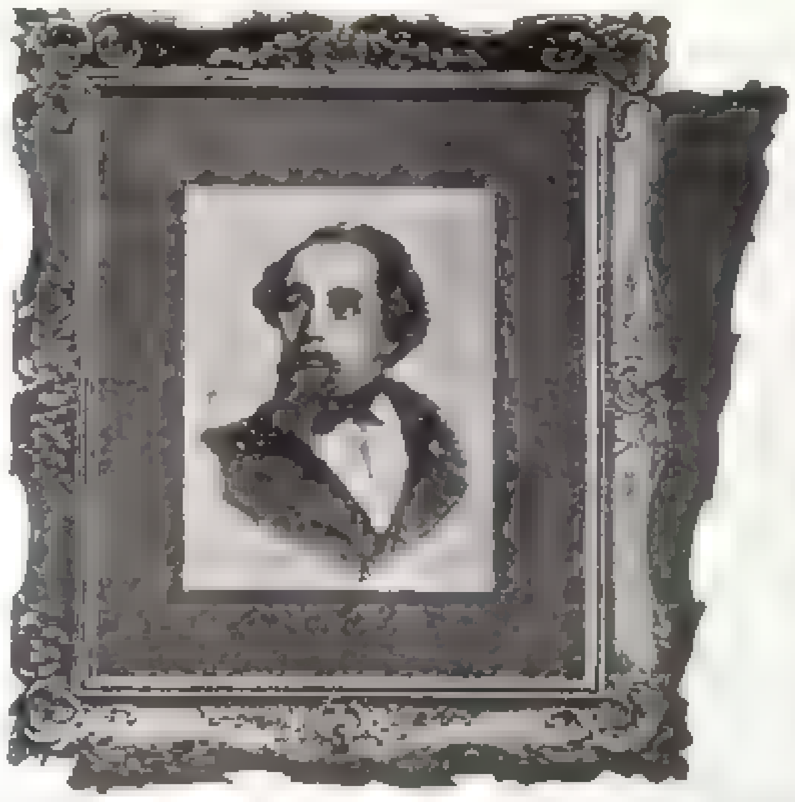
¶ Somewhere in the annals of the negro race in America there is material for master work. Mr. Opie Read saw a flash of it when, with a reminiscence of a plantation song, he wrote of the plow hand in the field "calling on the Lord to send his chariot to take him home."

But there is no echo of that call in the literature of the negro, or in the literature that the white man has built around the negro. His part is one of gracious comedy and light pathos. He is at his best in the part in a plantation setting, and such you will find him—in the quarters, in the field, waiting on his master at the "big house"—in Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar's volume of short stories In Old Plantation Days *(Dodd, Mead and Company)*.

FIRST IN A CANTER—David Gray gives a second volume of capital horse and hunting stories.

¶ There is something about the hunter, the trapper, the man who is much about animals, whether he be the hostler of a post inn or an M. F. H., that has ever caught what E. Nesbit cleverly names the "literary sense." David Gray, who writes a capital short story, has the feeling for it, and has been particularly successful in getting the mingled "smartness" and simplicity of good-mannered good fellows of either sex without burdening them with too much brains or too weighty love affairs. Gallops 2 *(The Century Company)* has everything that endeared its predecessor to all readers who do not take their literature as a duty.

Sent Free



This is a copy of Graves' striking steel engraving of Charles Dickens. It is impressed on imperial Japan vellum, and constitutes a most appropriate portrait for the walls of any library. The impression is unframed and measures 9½ x 12 ins.

The original painting by W. P. Frith, R. A., is hung in Lord Rosebery's Buckinghamshire home. It portrays the author at the age of 47, when the now immortal SYDNEY CARTON, in A Tale of Two Cities, was in process of creation.

IF YOU ARE a lover of Dickens' (and who is not?) you will prize this fine engraving and will give it a prominent place in your library. I send it to you with my compliments and simply request the privilege of forwarding you **on approval** and **entirely at my own expense** a specimen set of the

NEW VICTORIAN EDITION OF
Dickens' Complete Works

It is called the "Victorian" because it is the counterpart of the edition presented by the author himself to Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria.

To secure the American market and to prove to American book-buyers that I have produced as handsome a set of books as the English edition, and for **One-Third** the price of the imported sets, **I have brought out this new Victorian Edition.**

New Type—New Illustration Plates—New in Every Particular

I have made it possible for the American reader to own a complete de luxe "library" Dickens without the necessity of paying import duty, freight tariff, and the excessive cost of English composition and plate making.

There are 160 illustrations in the set comprising all the famous drawings that were made under the eye of the author by Cruikshank, "Phiz," Seymour, Browne, Barnard, Green, French, Fraser, Fildes, Maddox, Walker and Stone, celebrated artists every one.

The set consists of twenty imperial octavo volumes, size 9 x 6 inches; 700 pages of text; binding, a blue silk buckram; deckle-edge paper; gold tops.

Every detail of typography and binding is admirable. The pages are set up in clear and readable style, and printed on a hand-made, laid, white stock.

One Hundred Specimen Sets at About the Cost of the Unbound Sheets

I am naturally proud of the "Victorian" since I believe that its production will establish me as the representative American publisher of Dickens' writings—a position that has long been held in England by a single London house.

In order to have my edition thoroughly examined in every section of the country by the American public, I will distribute 100 complete sets, magnificently illustrated and bound, at about the cost of unbound sheets, charging the deficit to "advertising expense."

As before stated, the make-up of the Victorian Edition is in every detail identical with the famous edition which Charles Dickens dedicated to the Queen, and which cost £24 ($120), besides import duty and freight tariff: My own edition will eventually cost $65, but you can just now secure one of these specimen sets for only $35, and on easy payments.

Sent Free for Examination

SEND THE COUPON and I will forward you on approval all the volumes for examination at your leisure. This is, in fact, the first American Dickens that will *stand* examination. You may then keep the set, or you may return it at my expense; I'll have an expressman call for it. IN ANY CASE, YOU MAY RETAIN THE PORTRAIT WITH MY COMPLIMENTS. It comes to you in the box with the books. But mail the coupon to-day, while these 100 sets are offered.

Of course, I will gladly supply any additional information, but I much prefer to send the volumes themselves on approval; they tell their own story. Then, too, correspondence takes time, and if you desire to participate in the distribution of these one hundred sets *you must act quickly.*

NATHAN SIMON, Publisher, NEW YORK

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S. E. P.
Nov. 14

NATHAN SIMON
114 Nassau St.,
New York

Send me for examination free of all obligation to purchase, charges prepaid, and subject to return within ten days at your expense, one complete set of the **Victorian Edition** of Dickens' works in **silk buckram** binding. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1.00 within 10 days of receipt and $2.00 each [illegible] until the [illegible] to pay to me [illegible] are paid for.

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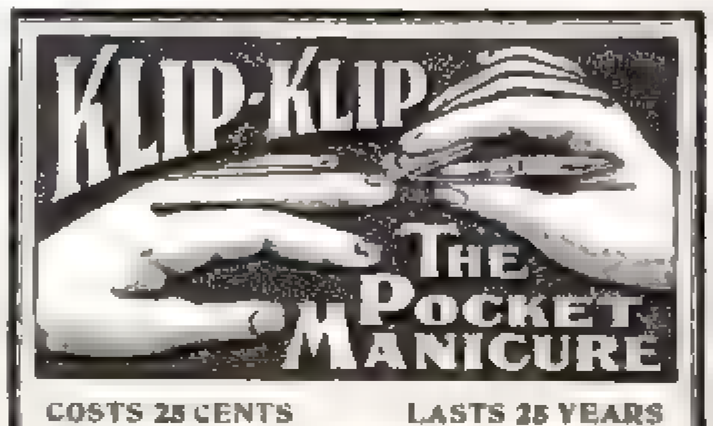

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1107 Superior Street, Toledo, Ohio

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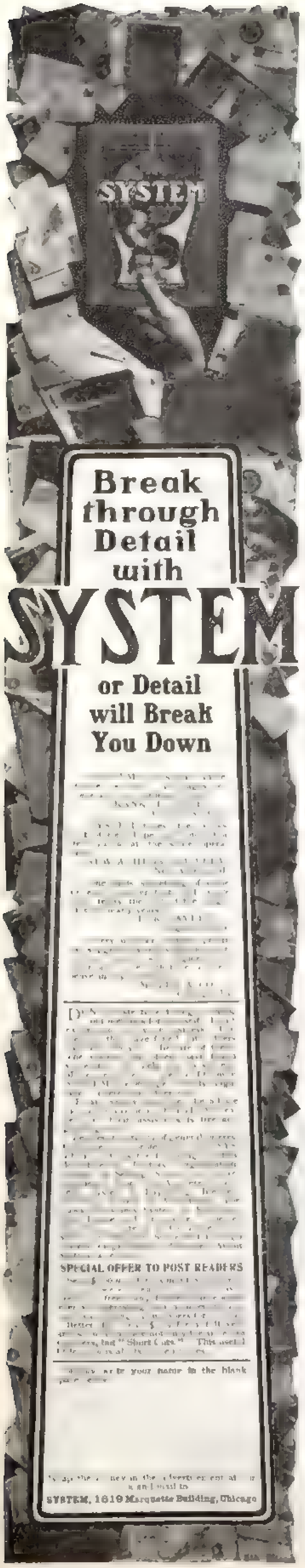
If not they will appear straight and trim if you wear our easy Pneumatic and Cushion Rubber Forms. Patent applied for throughout the world. Adjusted instantly, defy detection. Immediately adopted by men of fashion. Write for full description, mailed under plain letter seal. HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Inc., Dept. L 3, Buffalo, N. Y.



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write your name in the blank

SYSTEM, 1619 Marquette Building, Chicago

The Reading Table

Brevetted for Bravery

IN THE Senate cloakroom one afternoon last winter some one began chaffing Senator Blackburn on the exceedingly great number of "generals," "majors" and "colonels" dwelling in the State of Kentucky. Mr. Blackburn took the chaff in good part; indeed he even added to the merriment.

"A gentleman from Georgia who was visiting Lexington," he attests, "was presented to a Major Titherington, of that place. The Georgian, whose family has always been more or less inclined to the military, was charmed by the geniality of his new acquaintance and, as Southerners are accustomed to do under such circumstances, began to question him as to his antecedents. Eventually they discovered that they were 'kin' in greater or less degree.

"'Now, tell me,'' said the Georgian, "how you gained the rank of major—in the Civil War, I presume?'

"'No, sir,'' replied the Major.

"'Oh, I see!'' responded the other, "then you were perhaps in the volunteer service during the recent little affair with Spain?'

"'No, sir,'' said the Major imperturbably, "to tell you the truth, sir, I am called 'Major' because I married the widow of the late Major Sparks!'"

When Morgan's Money Talked

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN rarely indulges in speech-making. On one occasion, however, dear to the memory of his friends, he made a palpable hit in an after-dinner effort. The affair was a banquet to celebrate the successful and long continued pastorate of the well-known Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, New York. Doctor Rainsford's curates were present and two or three well-known men of the city, outsiders, but friends of the institutional work. In all about fifteen persons sat down at table.

Mr. Morgan had been prevailed on to act as toastmaster, with the understanding, however, that no speech was to be expected from him. When the cigar-and-story point of the dinner was reached Mr. Morgan touched off each speaker by a simple "naming of his name." But the diners grew impatient, and finally the prevailing sentiment expressed itself in cries of "Speech! Speech!" and significant glances at the head of the table.

Mr. Morgan, whose genius for mastery is only equaled by his tact in yielding a point, rose and began to describe how Doctor Rainsford had been induced to come to the church. He told of the doubt and the hesitation.

"Would he come or would he not come?" said Mr. Morgan. "And what would lead to his decision?"

At this period in his speech Mr. Morgan became slightly embarrassed, and thrust his hand deep down in the pocket of his trousers, where it encountered and jingled some silver currency.

"What would cause him to decide to come to our church?" repeated Mr. Morgan, and again came the answering jingle of the coin, audible to every diner in the room. Then with a final tinkle of money, Mr. Morgan went on hastily: "So Doctor Rainsford decided to come."

The reference to the call and acceptance, with this implied side light on the cause that persuaded, was too much for the guests, and the best laugh of the evening was equally on the rector and the toastmaster.

No Gentleman

REPRESENTATIVE John Wesley Gaines, who has just returned from abroad, tells a story of W. S. Gilbert, of Mikado fame, which, says Mr. Gaines, is now going the rounds in London.

It appears that Mr. Gilbert was so unfortunate, not long ago, as to lose his umbrella while dining at the well-known Carlton Club, of which he has long been a member. In a rather waggish mood the librettist caused a notice of his loss to be posted in the cloak room, the said notice being in these words:

"The nobleman who took the undersigned's umbrella will confer a great favor on Mr. Gilbert by leaving it, the umbrella, with the clerk of this club."

Some one remonstrated with Mr. Gilbert with reference to this notice, saying that he

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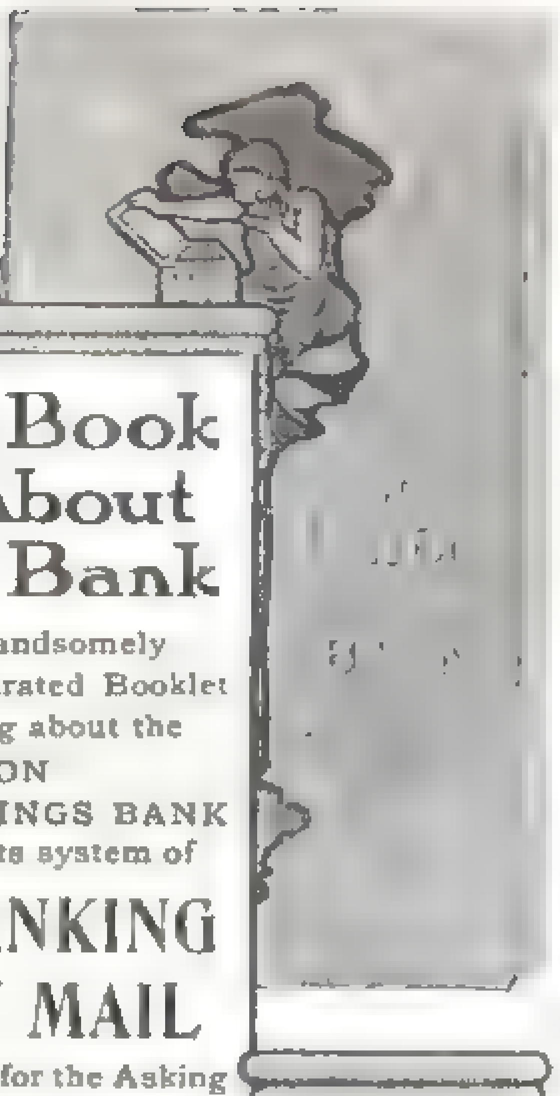

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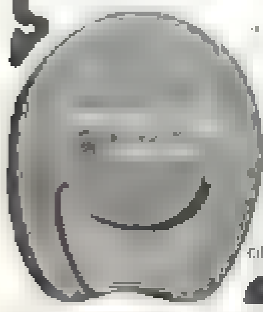

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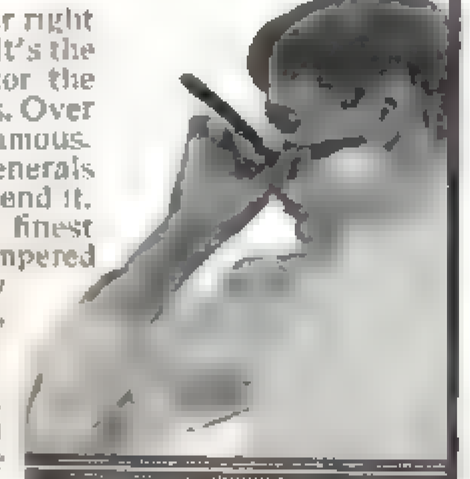

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thought it was a gratuitous affront; and he asked why Mr. Gilbert should assume that a nobleman had taken the umbrella.

"Oh!" exclaimed the witty Gilbert, most seriously, "according to the first article of the club's rules, its membership 'is composed of noblemen and gentlemen.' And, since the person who took my umbrella is certainly not a gentleman, it follows that he must be a nobleman."

A Discouragement to Thrift

SENATOR DEPEW tells of a man in Peekskill, New York, who is known thereabouts for his extremely thrifty disposition. It appears that one morning a fellow-townsman met the frugal man on his way to his business for the day, and to his great surprise observed that he was attired in his very best apparel—in fact, dressed for all the world as if he were going to an afternoon tea.

Seeing the ill-concealed look of astonishment of his friend, the man of the frugal temperament said:

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"News?" stammered the other. "What news?"

"Twins!" exclaimed the thrifty man laconically.

A light came into the face of the friend. "So that——" he began, with a glance at the resplendent attire of the man who "never overlooked anything."

"So that accounts for this," interrupted the latter. "What's the use of trying to be economical?"

English as She is Spoke

PERHAPS the best known of Washington's public schools is the Force, named after Peter Force, a distinguished citizen of the Capital, who died many years ago.

It is at this famous school that President Roosevelt had three of his sons enrolled when he entered upon the duties of the Presidency. It is said that the President chose this public school at which his boys should receive primary instruction for the reason that he desired them to be placed in thoroughly democratic surroundings. That they are so situated is evident when it is stated that among the other pupils of humble position is the eight-year-old son of an English coachman employed at the British Embassy, which is not far from the school.

It is in connection with this little Briton that an instructor at the Force tells the following story.

It appears that the little fellow in question is in his first year at the Force, having attended another school in previous years. He was evidently greatly "rattled" recently during a recitation in English grammar when the question was put to him:

"What part of speech is the word 'am'?"

Whether his confusion was due to the fact that he was a new pupil at the Force, or to the fact that he was seated next to the son of the President of the United States, is not precisely known; at any rate, the little fellow stammered out:

"Which, ma'am; the 'am that you eat or the 'am that you be?"

An Authority on Penology

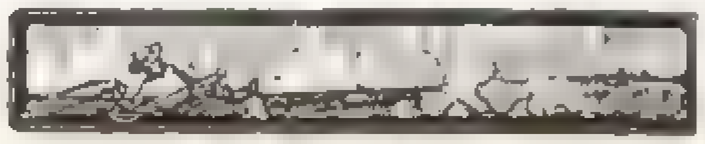
SOME dozen years ago when Richard Harding Davis penetrated the trans-Mississippi region to gather material for his book, The West from a Car Window, he stopped over in a small Indian Territory town where he was assured that there were extensive local color deposits. Proceeding along the street he met two men apparently just in from some distant ranch. They were tall, untamed, intoxicated and "bad." Placing a hand of size on Mr. Davis' shoulder one of them said:

"Young feller, is there a jail in this yere town where they lock up men?"

Mr. Davis saw that his best chance of avoiding trouble was to meet the man on his own ground of boisterous camaraderie, so he looked up and said carelessly:

"Guess not. I've been here two days and I——"

"There ain't none then," broke in the man with a tremendous thump on the author's back, "you'd 'a' been in it 'fore this time if there was'" and they passed joyously on, leaving Mr. Davis with another tube of the desired local color.



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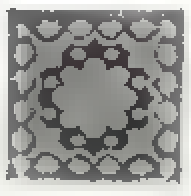

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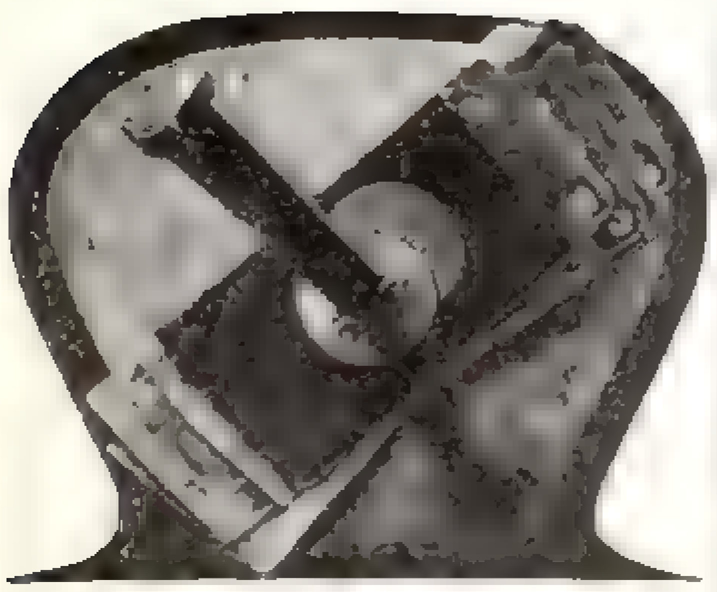

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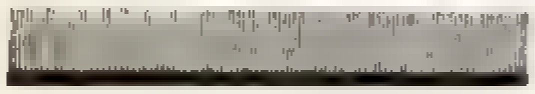

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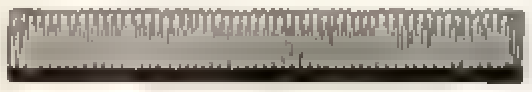

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First Principles for the College Man

By Charles F. Thwing, LL. D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

THE first principle of college life is the principle of doing one's duty. The first duty of the college man is to learn his lessons. I have known many college men who learned their lessons, who yet failed to get from the college all that they ought to get. But I have never known a man who failed to get his lessons, whatever else he may have got, to receive the full advantage of the course. The curriculum of every good college is the resultant of scores or of hundreds of years of reflection and of trial. It represents methods, content, purposes, which many teachers through many experiments of success and of failure have learned are the best forces for training mind and for forming character. But for the student to receive worthy advantage from these forces he is obliged to relate himself to them by hard intellectual attention and application. Sir Leslie Stephen says that the Cambridge teachers of his time were not given to enthusiasms, but preached common sense, and common-sense said: "Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree." The duty of the American college student is no less evident. He is to stick to his triposes. His triposes are his lessons. Among the greatest of all teachers was Louis Agassiz. A story has become classical as told by the distinguished naturalist, Dr. Samuel H. Scudder, regarding the methods of the great teacher with his students.

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In brief the story is that Mr. Scudder on going to Agassiz was told, "'Take this fish and look at it. We call it a Hæmulon. By and by I will ask you what you have seen.' . . . In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish. . . . Half an hour passed, an hour, another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face—ghastly! from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three-quarters view—just as ghastly. I was in despair. At an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

"On my return I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the Museum, but had gone, and would not return for several hours. . . . Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and, with a feeling of desperation, again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish: it seemed a most limited field. . . . At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature.

"He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me. . . . When I had finished he waited, as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment, 'You have not looked very carefully; why,' he continued most earnestly, 'you haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the animal itself. Look again! Look again!' and he left me to my misery.

"I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"'Oh, look at your fish,' he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue.

"'That is good, that is good,' he repeated, 'but that is not all; go on.' And so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else or use any artificial aid. 'Look, look, look,' was his repeated injunction."

Doctor Scudder says that this was the best entomological lesson he ever had, and a lesson of which the influence extended to the details of every subsequent study.

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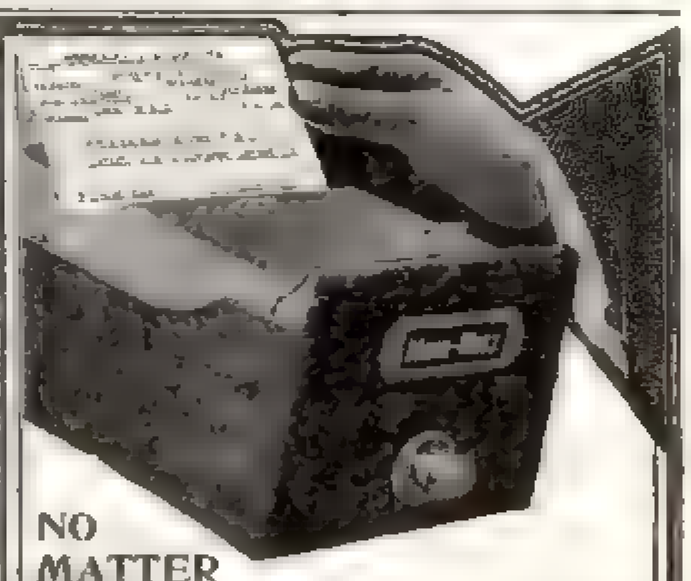

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A Bunch of Roses and five other plays by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. Handsome cloth binding, 272 pages. $1.00 net.

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The duty of learning one's lessons is, in these times, opposed by at least two elements of college life. One is self indulgence and the other is athletics. Self indulgence is a general cause and constant. Athletics have in the last thirty years come to be a force more or less dominant. Athletics represent a mighty force for collegiate and human betterment. Football, which is *par excellence* the college game, is an admirable method of training the man physical, the man intellectual, and the man ethical. But football is not a college purpose; it is a college means. It is a means for the promotion of scholarship, for the formation of manhood. When football or other forms of college sport are turned from being a method and a means into being ends in themselves the misfortune is lamentable.

At the last Harvard commencement Professor Shaler, than whom no man in Harvard is more vitally in touch with all undergraduate interests, spoke of the harm wrought upon many students through their absorption in athletics. It cannot be denied for an instant that many men are hurt by giving undue attention to sports. Of course many men are benefited, and are benefited vastly, by athletics, but men who are harmed should at once be obliged to learn the lesson of learning their lessons. That is the chief lesson which they ought to learn.

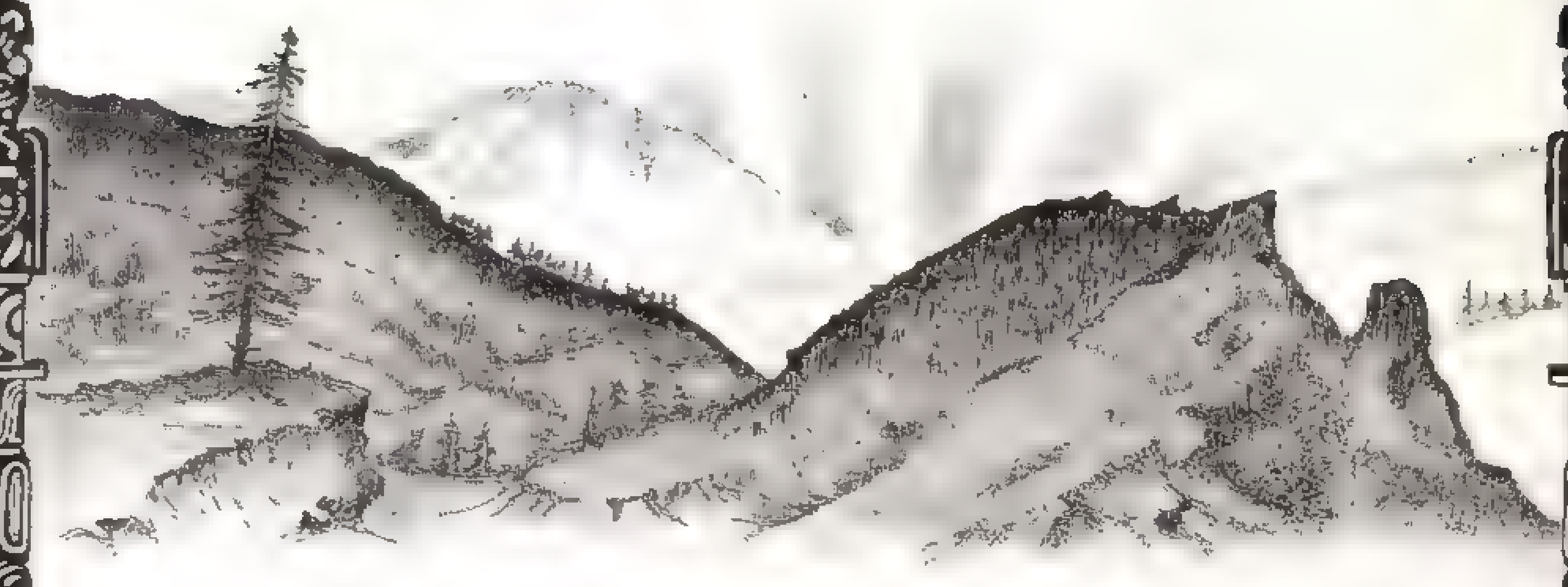
Finding One's Self

The duty of learning one's lessons leads to a further principle. It is the principle that a student in college should come to a worthy conception of himself. He is to become a new creature. He is to be born again. He is to be born from above. He is to find himself. The larger share of the life of most students up to the age of eighteen has been lived in the external senses. They have not come into a large and free consciousness of self. But gradually or suddenly they do seem to find themselves. Finding one's self is a change as real as the change of losing one's self. Losing one's self is putting one's self out of proper relations; finding one's self is putting one's self into proper relations. The first relation, and the most important, is the relation of one's self to one's self. The finding of one's self is an actual, positive, real change with most young people. Only yesterday a student said to me, "I have found myself." And another said, "I can point to the day and the place where the conviction came to me that I was myself, having my work to do, my character to form, my career to fulfill." This principle of finding one's self is primary.

In the ascending spiral of conditions and forces a third principle emerges. The student should have reverence for man, reverence for man as man has come up out of his past to his present height of character and achievement. If there be anybody in the world who should have reverence for man, that person is the college student. For the college as an institution is the resultant of many and widely-separated and long-continued forces. The individual college, too, represents the life of former generations breathed into the life of the present age. The most important historic traditions of Oxford and Cambridge are not found in ivy-covered and crumbling wall, nor in the velvety turf cropped for five hundred years. But they are found in personal relationships. In this room Wordsworth lived; here Tennyson found his voice; in his quadrangle Newman thought and dared. Personal sentiment is dominant. The college man who dwells in such an environment, or who is a visitor in those scenes, cannot but be moved with a mighty reverence for the worthies who here thought and wrought. The studies, too, of the college man embody the same ground for reverence. Literature represents the thought which successive generations have created and regarded as worthy of transmission from age to age. Mathematics represents the result of the application of man's mind to the fundamental realities of time and space. Law and jurisprudence represent those methods and principles which humanity has saved out of the wreck and ruin of civilizations. These subjects form the student's lessons and are the topics of his thought. These subjects, born of the past, created out of the struggles of generations, quicken a mighty sense of respect and veneration for humanity.

With Face to the Future

But the face of the college man is rather toward the future than toward the past. He is more prophet than historian. Therefore I wish to say that the principle of enthusiasm for humanity is primary in the college man's



Come in on the Ground Floor

Stop to think for a moment what it means to be "In on the ground floor"—to be the first in a Klondike, with claims bursting with richness all around you, waiting to be staked out.

The expert advertiser occupies much this position today. When he has proved his ability, positions seek him, and a few hundreds or thousands per year make little difference to the wide-awake, result-figuring merchant who employs him and who has found that one keen, able advertising manager can market more goods in a year than a host of travelers—and the advertiser piles up no railroad or hotel expense.

Advertising will hereafter be the most potent factor of 20th Century Commerce.

The ambitious, far-seeing young man, anxious to make the most of his abilities, will read the signs of the times—he will become an advertising expert and "get in on the ground floor."

WALTER McMILLAN

Walter McMillan will serve as a good illustration of a young man who "woke up." He was employed as a clerk by the Armour Packing Company, of Kansas City, with nothing in prospect but the desk with its endless drudgery. He read the signs correctly, and after careful investigation decided that the Chicago College of Advertising could give him the thorough, practical advertising education he craved. Almost immediately after completing the course he was referred by the college to the Kansas City Journal, where he started at just *four times the salary* he was receiving in his former position. He is there to-day and has been still further advanced.

What Mr. McMillan has done you can do.

Le Roy James, formerly a clerk with the Northern Trust Company, of Chicago, had almost the same experience. Only a few weeks after completing the course he was introduced by the college to the publisher of the Magazine of Mysteries, and is *now their Western Manager.* We wish you could talk with him personally about the college, and what it has done for him. It might cause you to look into your own probable future and think deeply.

The smaller merchant very naturally suffers from the effects of the heavy advertising expenditure of the "big fellows"—but he has a recourse.

LE ROY JAMES

He can become a skilled advertiser himself or induce a son or a bright employee to study the science of advertising and fully protect his interests. He can become as much a leader in his own town and surroundings as the city merchant in the country at large, through having practical advertising knowledge at his disposal.

Many merchants are doing this. Our most earnest students are merchants, and they are model students, too. They are men of foresight and experience and go at it with the vim and determination which is the sure forerunner of success. They realize that practical advertising knowledge is of as much importance to them as a well-selected stock—and its acquisition means a mine of wealth to them. When they graduate they are naturally qualified to command high salaries; but they wisely refuse to consider the most flattering offers—their knowledge means too much to them in building up their own enterprises.

K. R. RUTLEDGE

[illegible], PENN.,
July 23, 1903

Chicago College of Advertising,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Since K. R. Rutledge, the son of one of our firm, completed your course of advertising we have been getting better and quicker results from our advertising, and the money we spent for his instruction has been a better investment than any money we have ever spent for advertising.

Very truly yours,
J. R. RUTLEDGE & CO.

Those who have in mind the proverb, "It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks," will remember that there is a difference in dogs. The wisdom and foresight of one mature canine is well demonstrated in the following letter, which is only *one* of its kind:

I am often asked "why did you give up your medical practice and go into advertising?" and I have no hesitation in replying, that while I could make a modest living at medicine, I could not lay up anything for the future, that I was carrying two hundred pounds pressure of energy and using only ten. I wanted to work hard and all the time and get paid for it. I wanted the opportunity to go after business and not sit and twirl my thumbs and wait for it to come to me. "How did I start?" On the advice of Mr. Thomas Balmer, in March, 1901, I took up a course in advertising, partly finished it when the Mahin Advertising Company signaled me to come on board.

In ninety days I was earning my guarantee, in five months I was in Europe where I remained several months for one of our customers, and have been busy enough ever since to satisfy the most ambitious. All this, merely to show that the acorns planted in the initial study at an advertising school grow into oaks mighty fast, especially if an expert gardener like Mr. Mahin looks after the cultivation.

Every scholar of the Chicago College of Advertising gets the benefit of the same master minds that gave me an opportunity to use my capacities to the best advantage.

JOHN E. BEEBE, M.D.
Senior Solicitor, Mahin Advertising Company

Chicago, September 1, 1903

DR. JOHN E. BEEBE

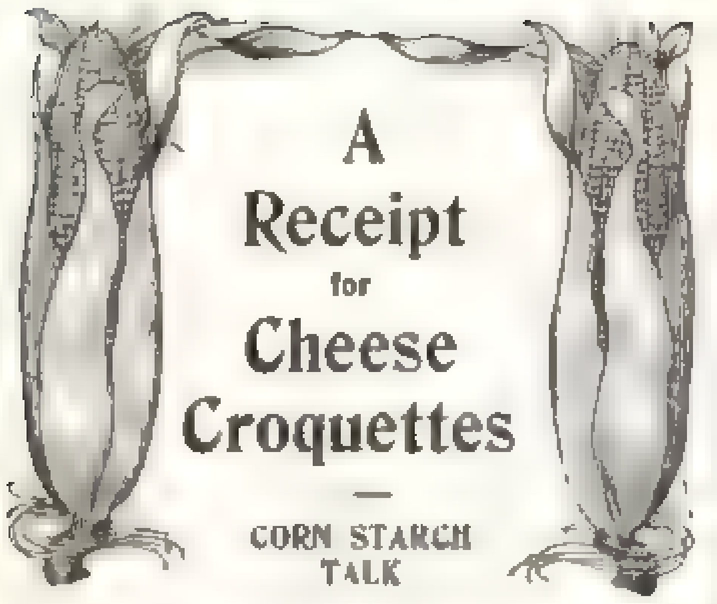
If you are engaged in business, and particularly if competition is keen and you are discouraged at the outlook, you should read the above letters again and ponder. You can arrive at but one conclusion—you will decide to enroll with the Chicago College of Advertising. But remember one thing—your competitor is "considering" the same as you are. Come in on the ground floor—do what he is thinking of doing, and do it FIRST.

We don't wish you to act on impulse, however. Investigate—write people about us—we court investigation. And when you find (as you will) that we have understated rather than overstated the thoroughness, comprehensiveness and practical utility of our course, we shall take a personal pride in training you to become a power in the advertising field.

We can put into your life, and by correspondence, *without interfering with your vocation*, the heaped up experience of *the leading advertising* men of Chicago, the logical advertising center of the United States.

Send for our Third Annual Announcement, Free Test Blank, and full information.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, 986 Williams Bldg., Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., CHICAGO



A Receipt for Cheese Croquettes

CORN STARCH TALK

By Mrs Helen Armstrong.

The use of cheese in various forms is becoming more frequent every year and it is well that it should be so as cheese furnishes proteid in a high degree. A mild cream cheese, cooked only enough to be melted, is easily taken care of by the average stomach, and greatly to be preferred to the raw article. Cheese by itself is too concentrated and needs starchy food with it to make a perfect combination. The ideal form of starch is obtained in Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, a product which has stood the test of years and is considered the standard of excellence. By combining this with cheese we may prepare many wholesome and delicious dishes. One of the daintiest, perhaps, is in the form of a croquette, and this may be served either as an entree, with broiled tomatoes, or a tomato sauce, or as an accompaniment to a salad.

CHEESE CROQUETTES.

Make a cream sauce with two tablespoons of butter, three level tablespoons of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a cup of milk. Beat into this the yolk of an egg and season highly with paprika and a little salt. Add two tablespoons of grated cheese, and when melted remove from fire and stir in gently one and one-half cups of mild cheese cut in cubes. Cool the mixture thoroughly, shape into squares or diamonds and bread them as any croquettes. Fry in hot fat, drain well on soft paper and serve in a nest of parsley or lettuce.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

creed. Enthusiasm for humanity has its basis in love for man as man, in a belief in the indefinite progress of man and in a determination to promote that progress. In a posthumous romance of Hawthorne the heroine points out to her lover the service which they will give to mankind in successive endless generations. In one age, poverty shall be wiped out; in another, passion and hatred and jealousy shall cease; in a third, beauty shall take the place of ugliness, happiness of pain, and generosity of niggardliness. In reality, not in romance, every student is to feel a passion for human service. These toiling and tired brothers and sisters are to be loved, not with a mere emotional affection, but with a mighty will. One is to adopt the principle of Gladstone and not of the Marquis of Salisbury in relation to humanity. The student also is to believe that the human brotherhood is capable of indefinite progress. The law of evolution makes the belief in human perfectibility easy; the principles of religion make the belief glorious. Slow is the progress. One generation turns the jack-screw of uplifting one thread; but it is a thread. Humanity does rise. Linked with this love for man and the assurance of his progress the college man is to determine himself to advance this progress. Whatever his condition, whatever his ability, he is to do his part. As is said in that noble epitaph to Wordsworth, placed in the little church at Grasmere, each is to be "a minister of high and sacred truth."

I am not, I think, going too far if I refer to one further principle fundamental to the college man. This principle refers to his relation to the Supreme Being. That Being may be conceived under many forms, as Love, as Omnipotent Force, as Omniscient Knowledge, as Perfect Beauty, as Absolute Right. The college man interprets the Supreme Being under at least one of these forms, and he may be able to interpret him under all of these forms. To this Being he should relate himself. Let the college man learn, and learn all, but he should not neglect to learn of the Divine Being. The college man should love, and love every object as it is worthy of loving, but he should not decline to love the Supreme Being. For He is Supreme. The college man is to follow the wisest leadership, to obey the highest principles, to give himself to the contemplation of the sublimest; but his following, his obedience, his self-surrender are to bring him to and keep him with the Being Supreme. Religion thus broadly interpreted makes a keen and mighty appeal to the college man. Let the college man be religious, let not the college man have a religion. Let religion be a fundamental element of his character, and not a quality of his changing self. His religion, like that of every other man, should first be human, not scholastic, first essential and natural, not arbitrary

"Miss Mariar"

By Betty Sage

The sewing-room was swept to-day,
  The old machine is humming.
To-morrow is the first of May
  And Miss Mariar's coming.
And now for most two weeks she'll be
  Beside the window sitting,
And we must stay at home that she
  May have us for a fitting

When Miss Mariar once begins
  She's twice as quick as Jenny,
She fills her mouth just full of pins
  And doesn't swallow any;
She has the biggest pair of shears,
  And when she cuts my collar
I'm so afraid she'll snip my ears
  It nearly makes me holler.

Joe's to have a homespun gray,
  And Mary Ann a chally;
Lizzie has a new piqué,
  And there's a silk for Ally;
And Jane the sweetest dimity,
  With little sprigs of clover
I'm the youngest—I, you see,
  Just have their things made over

FREE TO ALL HOUSEKEEPERS!
FOR 30 DAYS
THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER WILL BE SENT FREE

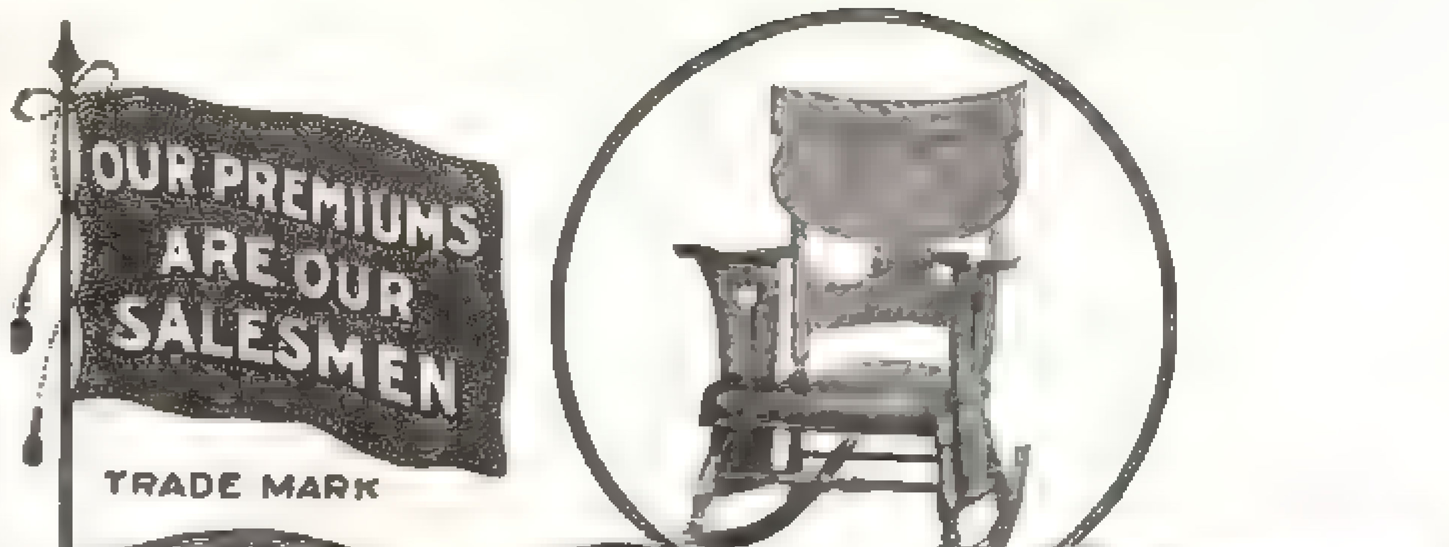
to all housekeepers who answer this advertisement without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid both ways, on 30 days' trial. Unquestionably greatest family labor saver ever invented. Saves time, expense, and wear and tear. Will do the family washing without boiling clothes, hand scrubbing or back breaking. Revolves on bicycle ball bearings and is therefore easiest running washer ever made. Will do two hours washing in ten minutes. Washes blankets as well as laces, absolutely clean, and without the slightest injury.

East Plymouth, Ohio, P. O. Ashtabula, O.
We have been using the "1900" Washer since May 15, 1900. Have done over 1,800 washings, and I think it is good for as many more. We do family work from Ashtabula. We have used 8 different machines, and the "1900" beats them all for good and fast work and durability.
GEO. M. BURNET.

It costs nothing to try. Sent absolutely free, freight paid both ways, for a trial of 30 days. No Money required in advance.
Write at once for book and particulars to
THE "1900" WASHER CO.,
391 T, State Street, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Reference: First National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Locke Adjustable Table $3.00

Attaches to almost anything—chair, bed, desk, couch, etc. Fine for reading, sewing and writing. Ideal for the sick. Universally adjustable. The only table with ball and socket [illegible]. Antique table, birch top, fittings enameled, $3.00. Quartered oak top, fittings antique copper oxidized, $4.50. Stand sold separately. Booklet with 25 illustrations FREE. Order today
C. E. LOCKE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
68 Elm Street Kensett Iowa


OUR PREMIUMS ARE OUR SALESMEN

TRADE MARK

A Fine Rocker Without Cost

This fine $10 rocker you can get without cost in money, without work, without trouble. It is one of the premiums which we give absolutely free to our patrons. The

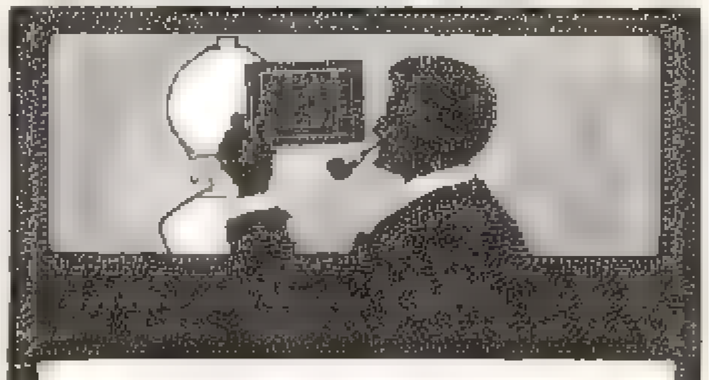
WALKER PLAN

makes this possible. This way: Buy your Soaps, Laundry and Toilet Supplies, Teas, Coffees and Flavoring Extracts, direct from us instead of from retailers. We *give you*, in the form of a fine premium, what you now pay for dealers profits and expenses. You get a dollar's worth of goods for every dollar you pay us and another dollar's worth in premiums—two dollars in value for every dollar you pay

OUR BOOK L

shows over 200 other beautiful premiums, describes our goods and tells all about the Walker Plan. It is sent free—write for it to-day

W. & H. WALKER, PITTSBURG, PA.
Founded 1837



VELOX
LIQUID DEVELOPER

Made especially for Velox by the Velox people—it makes Velox better than ever—and that is saying a great deal.

Four-ounce bottle Concentrated Solution, 25 cents.
All Dealers.
NEPERA DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

A New Idea in Banking By Mail

We issue something entirely new and original in the form of a transferable certificate of deposit (copyright applied for) for 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 years, with **Interest Coupons Attached** paying

4%

annually, that is a little bit the best proposition ever made to depositors by a conservative banking institution. A $1,000 deposit earns you $20.00 every six months. Book accounts from $1.00 and upwards solicited, on which we pay 4 per cent. per annum

KNOW MORE ABOUT IT

We issue a **Free Book** giving facts about our plan [illegible] Ask for book "B."

THE CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK
Toledo, Ohio

USED FROM THE RISING TO THE SETTING SUN

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
SUPPER

BRINGS HEALTH AND STRENGTH
Huyler's
COCOA
"QUALITY UNSURPASSED"
Grocers Everywhere

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

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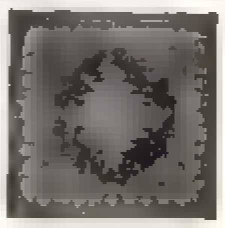

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.
Oriental Importing Co., 587D Bourse Building, Philadelphia

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LUNG & MUSCLE CULTURE
The most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of
BREATHING & EXERCISE

64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. Correct and Incorrect Breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of 10c.
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1161 Hartford Building NEW YORK

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

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patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.
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quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for illustrated catalog.
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YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF THESE BOOKS AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT

CAPTAIN MACKLIN

To any person who will send us TWO yearly subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST at the club price of **$1.25 each** we will send one of these $1.50 books, shipping expenses prepaid.

George Horace Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.*
Owen Wister's *The Virginian.*
Richard Harding Davis' *Captain Macklin.*
Henry van Dyke's *The Blue Flower.*
F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn.*
Charles Major's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.*

THE FORTUNES OF
OLIVER HORN

THE VIRGINIAN
OWEN WISTER

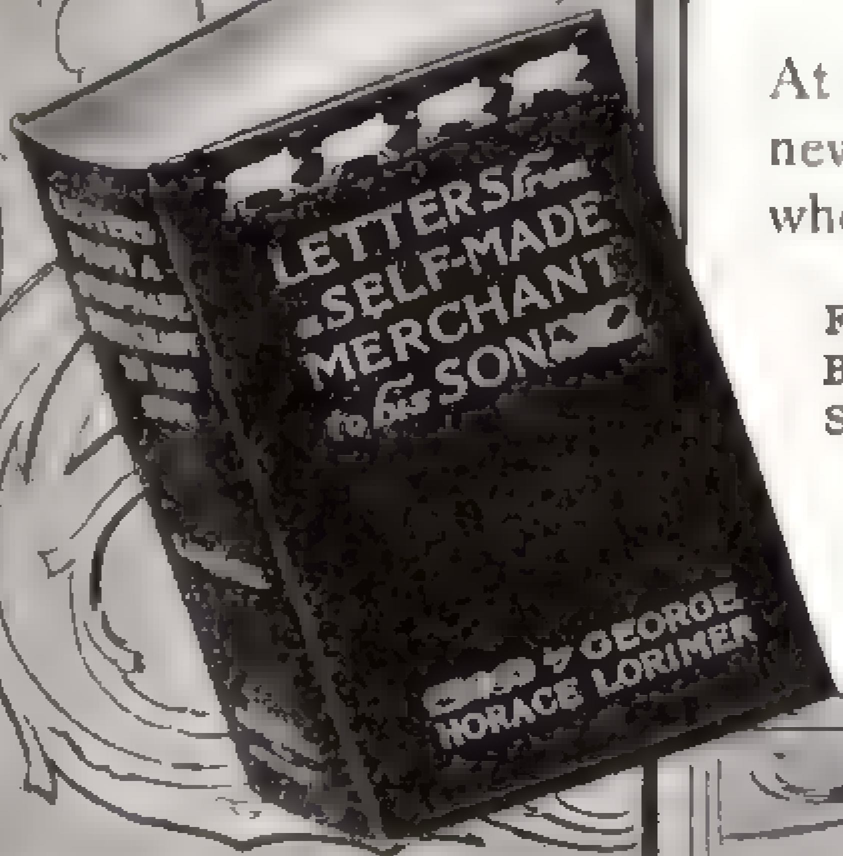
Almost everybody knows these books by reputation. They are among the best selling fiction of to-day. Each is bound in cloth and beautifully illustrated. The publisher's price of each is $1.50.

There are Two Stipulations

At least one of the two subscriptions must be a new subscriber. The book must be requested when the order is sent.

FOR EVERY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS, ACCOMPANIED BY $2.50, SENT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ABOVE STIPULATIONS, ONE BOOK MAY BE SELECTED

The Saturday Evening Post
428 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.


LETTERS from a SELF-MADE MERCHANT to his SON
by GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

DOROTHY VERNON
OF HADDON HALL
CHARLES MAJOR

DRAFTSMEN WANTED

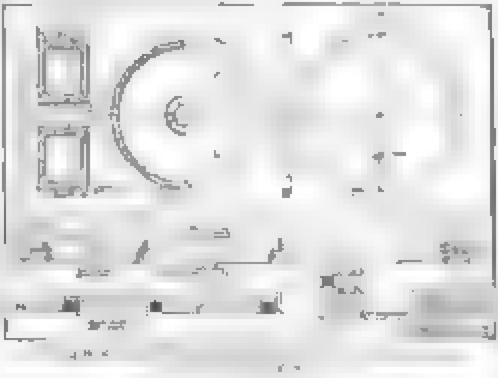
(In every technical journal want column [illegible] out of every [illegible] advertisements are for Draftsmen)

WANTED.—First class draftsman who has had experience with [illegible] manufacturing concerns; must be able to design [illegible]

WANTED.—One or two good [illegible] draftsmen. Those familiar with [illegible]

WANTED.—Head draftsman for Chicago concern; one thoroughly experienced in the

How One Student Paid Expenses by Drawing



[illegible] Auburn, N. Y.

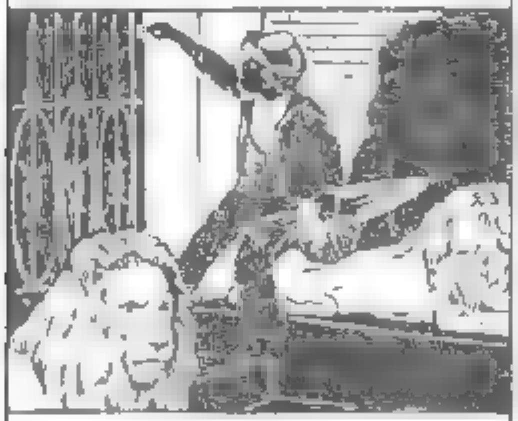
[illegible] scholarship in Mechanical Engineering for which I had enrolled.

Correspondence Courses in Mechanical Drawing

[illegible]

American School of Correspondence
at
Armour Institute of Technology
Room 122E Chicago, Ill.

Ruth McEnery Stuart's New Book



GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES

A Christmas Gift That Went a-Begging

Cloth, Ornamental, Illustrated $1.00

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY
[illegible]

DO NOT STAMMER

19th Year

THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 13)

invent fardels for the idle. The only difference between the rich and the poor is a difference of cooks and tailors really. Idleness, don't y' know, is everywhere and with all classes the certain seed of vice."

"You would have difficulty, I fear," remarked the Reverend Bronson dryly, "in convincing your gilded fellows of the virtuous propriety of labor."

"I wouldn't convince them, old chap; I'd club them to it. It is a mistake you dominies make, that you are all for persuading when you should be for driving. Gad! you should never coax where you can drive, don't y' know," and Morton beamed vacantly.

"To shift discussion," he continued lightly, "a discussion that would seem academic rather than practical, and coming to the city and what you call its appetites, let me suggest this. Much of the trouble of which you speak arises by faults of politics as the latter science is practiced by the parties. Take yourself and our silent friend"—here Morton indicated me—"take the two parties you represent. Neither was ever known to propose an onward step. Each of you has for his sole issue the villainies of the other fellow; the whole of your cry is the iniquity of the opposition. I'll give both of you this for a warning. The future is to see the man who, leaving a post to bury a post, will cry 'City Ownership!' or some equally engaging slogan, and with that the rabble will follow him as the rats followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The moralist and the grafter will both be left, don't y' know." Morton here lapsed into that vapidity from which, for the moment, he had shaken himself free. "Gad!" he concluded, "you will never know what a passion to own things gnaws at your peasant in his blouse and wooden shoes until some chap shouts 'City Ownership!' You won't—really!"

"Sticking to what you term the practical," said the Reverend Bronson, "tell me wherein our reform administration has weakened itself?"

"As I've observed," responded Morton, "you pick out a law and make a pet of it to the neglect of criminal matters more important. It is your fad—your vanity of party to do this. Also it is your heel of Achilles and through it will come your death blow." Then, as if weary of the serious, Morton went off at a sprightly tangent. "Some one—a very good person, too—I've mislaid his name—observed, 'My desire is that mine adversary had written a book!' Now I should make it: '. . . that mine adversary would own a fad!' Once upon a time, when I had a measure of great railway moment—really! one of those measures of black flag millions, don't y' know—pending before the legislature at Albany, I ran into a gentleman whose name was De Vallier. Most surprising creature, this De Vallier! Disgustingly honest, too; but above all, as proud as a Spanish Hidalgo of his name. Said his ancestors were noblesse of France under the Grand Monarch, and that sort of thing. Gad! it was his fad—this name. And the bitterness wherewith he opposed my measure was positively shameful. Really, if the floor of the Assembly—the chap was in the Assembly, don't y' know—were left unguarded for a moment, De Vallier would [illegible] everybody but himself a venal rogue of bribes. There was never anything more shocking!

"But I hit upon an expedient. If I could but touch his fad—if I might but reach that name of De Vallier, I would have him on the hip. So with that, don't y' know, I had a bill introduced to change the creature's name to Dummeldinger. I did; 'pon my honor! The Assembly adopted it gladly and unanimously. The Senate was about to do the same when the horrified De Vallier threw himself at my feet. He would die if he were called Dummeldinger!

"The poor fellow's grief affected me very much; my sympathies are easily excited—they are, really! And Dummeldinger was such a beastly name! I couldn't withstand De Vallier's pleadings. I caused the bill to change his name to be withdrawn, and in the fervor of his gratitude De Vallier voted for that railway measure. It was my kindness that [illegible] to his rescue to escape Dummeldinger. De Vallier was most grateful to me."

It was evening, and in the younger hours I had pulled my chair close to the fire, and was thinking on Apple Cheek and how I would give the last crown of money and power to have her [illegible]. This was no uncommon train. I've seen few days since she

In Spite of the Weather

Biscuit
Crackers,
and Wafers
are fresh in the

In-er-seal Package

Remember this when you go or send to the store

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Boys Wanted

Any Boy who is willing to work a few hours after school on Fridays and on Saturdays can earn many dollars by selling

The Saturday Evening Post

SATURDAY
EVENING
POST

among his neighbors and relatives. You can begin at once. No money needed to start. Write to-day and we will send you the first week's supply of ten copies free. This will provide fifty cents capital with which to start; after that all the copies you require at the wholesale price. **$300 in cash and a trip to the St. Louis World's Fair next Summer for a boy and his guest as prizes next month. This is addition** to the profit on every copy sold.

If You Will Try It we will take all the risk. Just write saying that you will do so and everything necessary will be sent.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 425 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The only Original of all Safety Razors is the ORIGINAL and mechanically perfect

STAR Safety Razor

[illegible]

The Star Safety Razor [illegible] "3 STARS" [illegible]

THE NEW STAR STROPPER [illegible]

Razors, Complete, $2.00 New Star Stropper, $1.50 Sets, $3.50 and up.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York

[illegible]

SAVE 1/2 YOUR COAL BILL

Put your hand on the smoke-pipe and you will find that most of the heat from your stove or furnace is going up the chimney.

A New Era Radiator

[illegible]

[illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

The CADILLAC the Automobile of All Seasons

This car will give the same excellent service in the cold of Winter that it will the fairest day of Summer. Any day a wheeled vehicle will go is a good day to go out in a Cadillac.

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died that did not fill my memory with her image.

Outside raged a thrashing storm of snow that was like a threat for bitterness, and it made the sticks in the fireplace snap and sparkle in a kind of stout defiance, as though inviting it to do its worst.

In the next room were Anne and Blossom, and with them young Van Flange. I could hear the murmur of their voices, and at intervals a little laugh from him. At last the door between opened, and young Van Flange, halting a bit with a hesitation that was not without charm, stepped into my presence. He spoke with grace and courage, however, when once he was launched, and told me his love and asked for Blossom. Then my girl came; she wound her arms about my neck and pressed her face to mine. Anne, too, was there, like a blessing and a hope.

They were married—my girl and young Van Flange. Morton came to my aid; and I must confess that it was he, with young Van Flange, who helped us to bridesmaids and ushers, and what others belong with weddings in their carrying out. I had none upon whom I might call when now I needed wares of such fine sort, while Blossom, for her part, living her frightened life of seclusion, was as devoid of acquaintances or friends among the fashionables as any abbess might have been. The street was thronged with people when we drove up, and inside the church was such a jam of roses and folk as I had never beheld. Wide was the curious interest in the daughter of Tammany's Chief; and Blossom must have felt it, for her hand fluttered like a bird on my arm as, with organ crashing a wedding march, I led her up the aisle. At the altar rail were the bishop and three priests. And so, I gave my girl away.

When the ceremony was done we all went back to my house—Blossom's house, since I had put it in her name—for I would have it they must live with me. I was not to be cheated of my girl; she should not be lost out of my arms because she had found a husband's. It wrought a great peace for me, this wedding, showing as it did so sure of happiness to Blossom. Nor will I say it did not feed my pride. Was it a slight thing that the blood of the Clonmel smith should unite itself with a strain old and proud and high as any in the town? We made one family of it; and when we were settled my heart filled up with a feeling more akin to content than any that had dwelt there for many a sore day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Professor of Greek

(Concluded from Page 9)

without so much as thanking him. Summering saw the weary smile, and flushed under it, hotly.

"This isn't the ordinary case, sir," he cried with a sudden impetuous pride. Then he drew himself up, and the color faded out of his fine, clear-cut young face. "I may as well tell you, sir, that if I get my examination this term I am to be married!"

The Professor of Greek looked at his pupil with more appreciative intentness, the mounting smile of incredulity dying on his lips before the youth's passionate earnestness.

"I'm to be married before Christmas," he went on, in a determined, heroic ardor of ingenuousness. "But Heaven knows, I could never support a wife, sir, if the governor cut me off. It may sound stupid to you — I know it does — but I'm not that kind. I've always had things made so easy for me! I can't plan, and scheme, and scrape!"

"But, my dear Summering" —— began the other, gently enough, with upraised eyebrows.

"Oh, I know, sir, you can't understand; but unless I ——"

"Then why not go to Doctor Struthers himself, and explain it all to him, at once!"

The eyes of the two men met; the hesitating, questioning, yet audacious glance of the one went down before the mildly impatient, gently forbearing gaze of the other.

There was a moment of silence, during which the gaunt young Professor of Greek experienced a relieving sense of the supreme and ultimate triumph of spirit over matter. The majesty of the intellectual life once more ascended its throne; aspiring mind seemed to stand with its heel on the neck of the supine body. Yet the pale young Professor of Greek still vaguely wished he had the other's breadth of shoulder.

"That's just it," Summering was saying, with downcast eyes.

"What's just it?" the older man asked encouragingly.

"Why, sir, I can't go to Doctor Struthers, because" — here he looked up bravely enough at the other man — "because the woman I'm going to marry is Miss Matilda Struthers — his own daughter."

The long, slim fingers of the young professor, drumming restlessly on his rosewood desk, came to a sudden standstill. He looked at Summering for one full and crowded minute before he spoke. Yet when he did so it was in a voice that carried with it both a touch of unbetraying gentleness and a tone of unquestioning finality.

"I — I am sure I wish you every success, Summering, and every joy. Miss Struthers I — er — I chance to know, though only slightly, sir, only slightly. But she is, indeed, a most estimable young lady, a most estimable young lady!"

"Thank you; thank you very much!" said Summering, planting his feet wider apart where he stood.

"And I think, with a little care, and, I might add, if you will pardon me, a little additional grinding on your part, that — that there will be no obstacles of an academic nature to your happiness!"

The two men shook hands, and each man, as he did so, studied the face of the other, each coming to his own soothing and conflicting conclusions.

Once more alone in the quietness of his study, permeated with its pleasantly musty odor of old books and brightened with its glimmer of old casts, the Professor of Greek pushed back his little armless white Venus and sighed profoundly. Yet after all, perhaps it was just as well — there was so much to be done, so many references to be confirmed, so many volumes to be read, so much to be written. And three times that night he began the Forty-first Chapter of The Decay of the Greek Civilization, and three times he put down his pen and sat gazing out of his short-sighted, unsatisfied eyes at the matchless lines of his little, armless, gravely-smiling, enigmatic Aphrodite.

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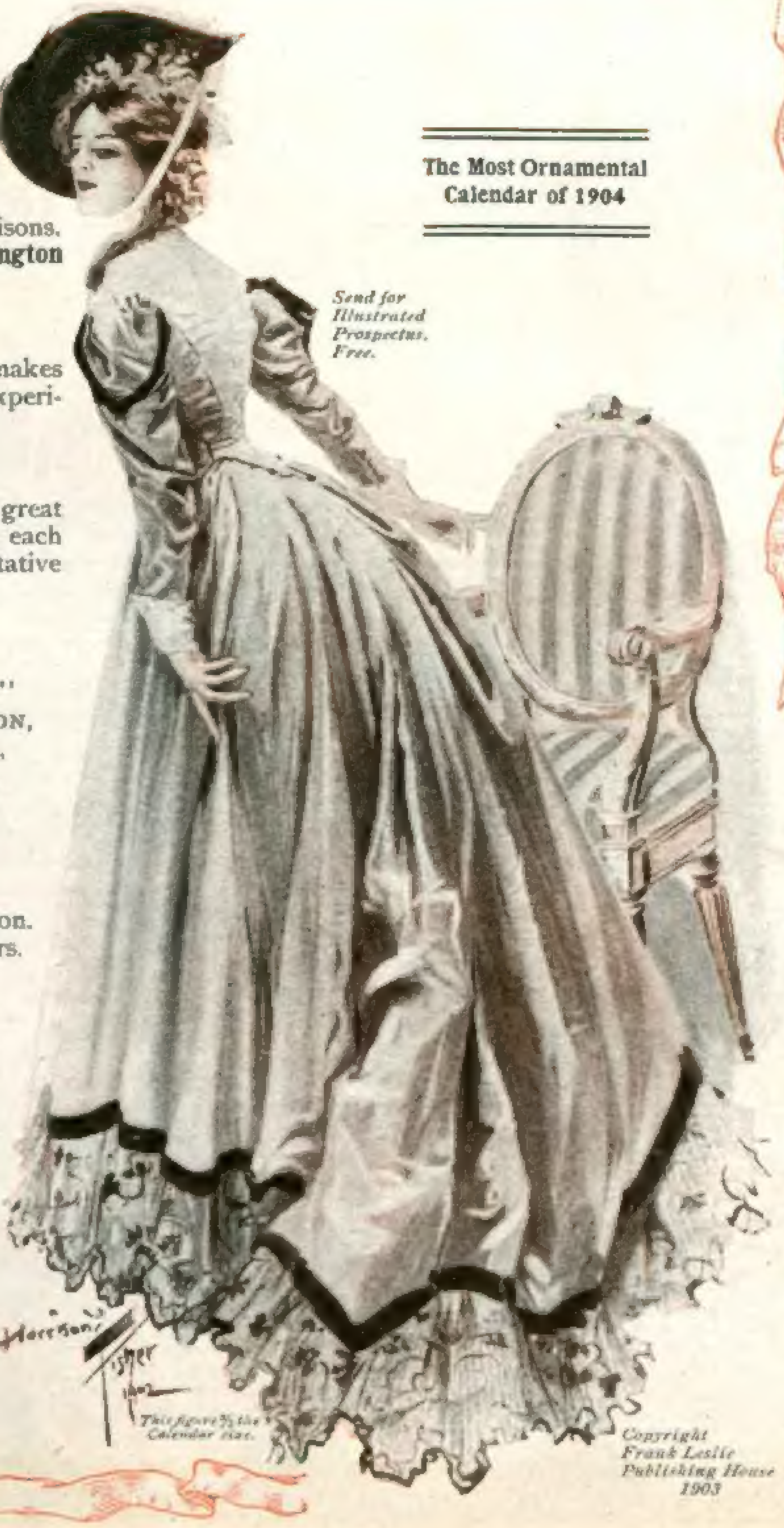

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